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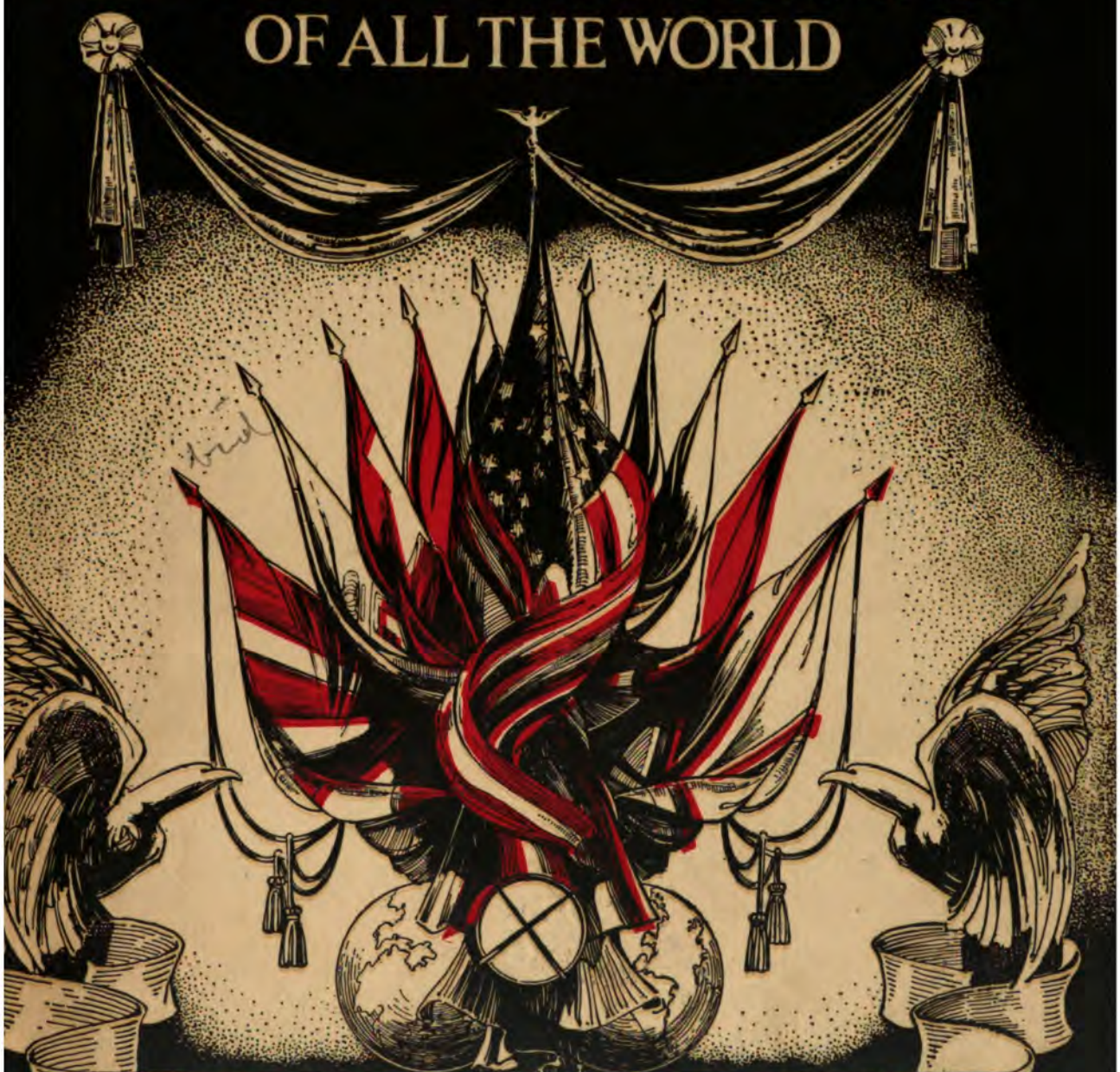
INCLUDING NATIONAL SONGS OF ALL THE WORLD



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Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York City

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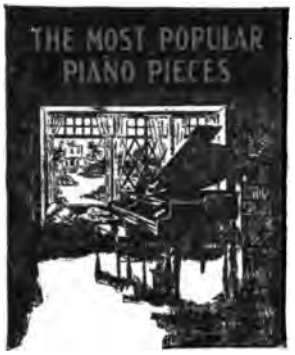
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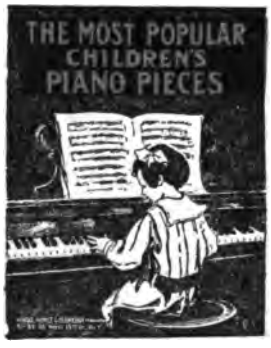
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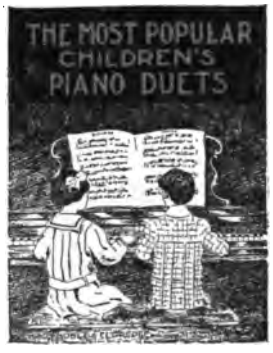
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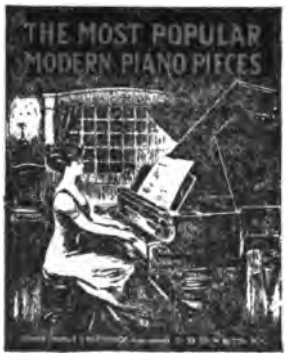
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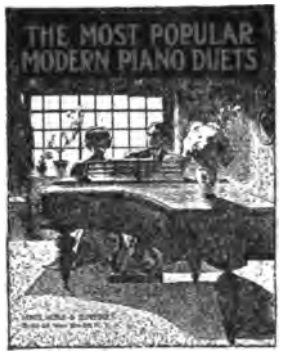
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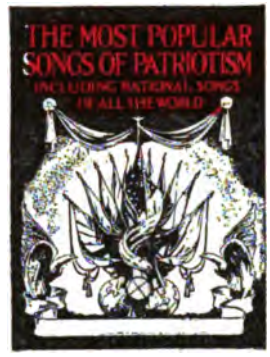

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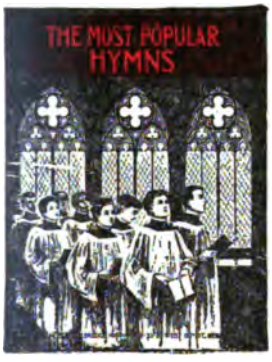

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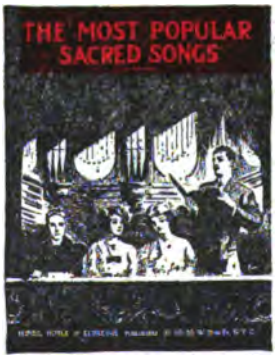

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Including the National Songs of All the Countries in the World
In Both the Original Text and the English Translation

HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, Inc., *Publishers*
NEW YORK CITY

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHERS

"I care not who makes the laws of a nation if I may write its songs."

The thought behind these words is the justification for this volume. For the nation's songs express the glories, the ideals and the feelings of a whole people and it is but natural that patriotism, the manifestation of love of country, its laws and its traditions, should be commemorated in song. The patriotic song not only gives expression to the dormant sentiments of citizens, but crystallizes those sentiments and creates the desire to emulate those who have served with honor in the past.

We are a patriotic people and rich in the songs that describe our glorious sacrifices and achievements. It has been the aim of the publishers to include in this volume all the patriotic songs of America that are recognized and that breathe in their text and melody the sentiments of devotion and loyalty to which our people have ever been faithful.

To add to the completeness of this volume the national song of practically every nation in the civilized world has been included.

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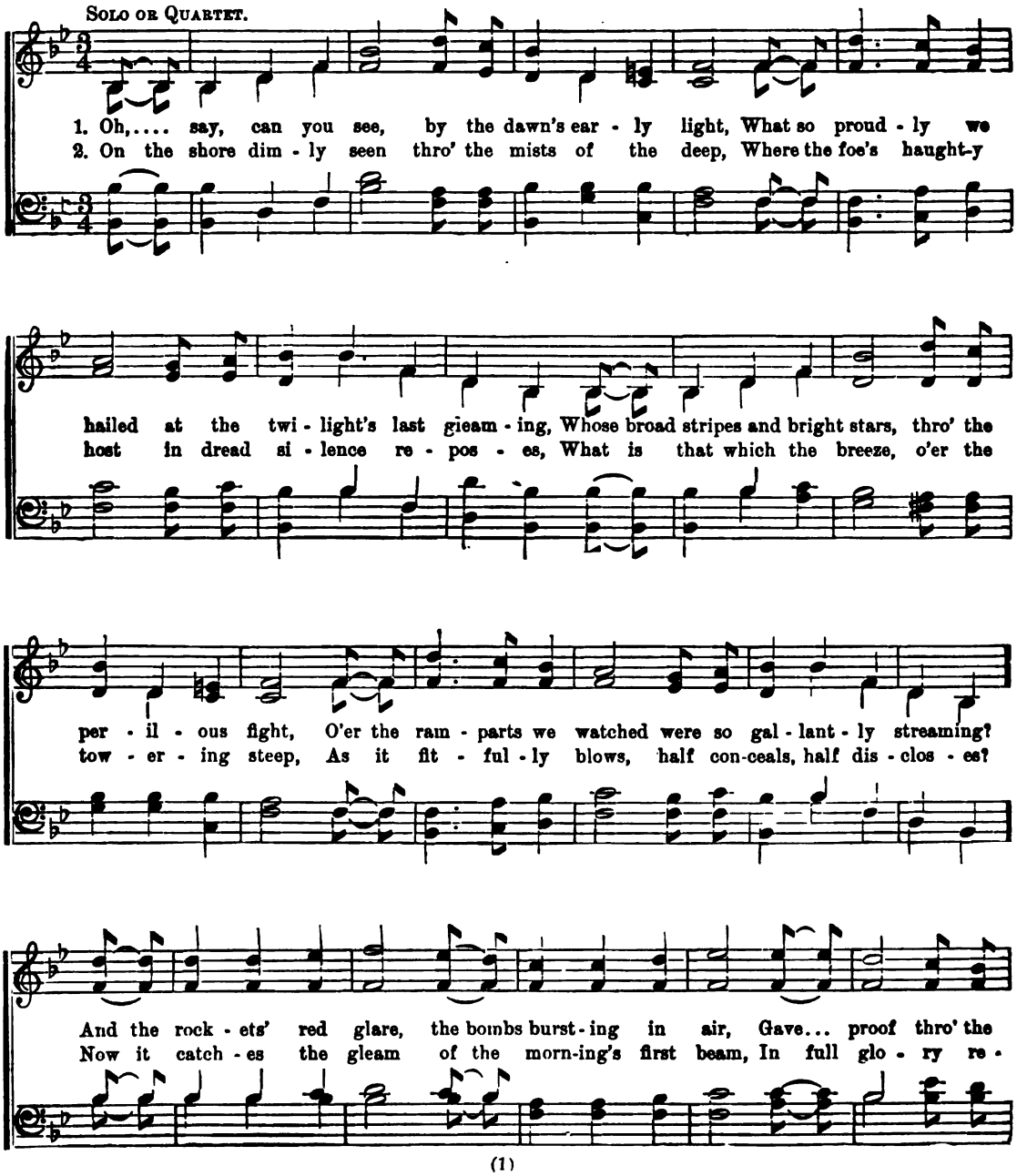
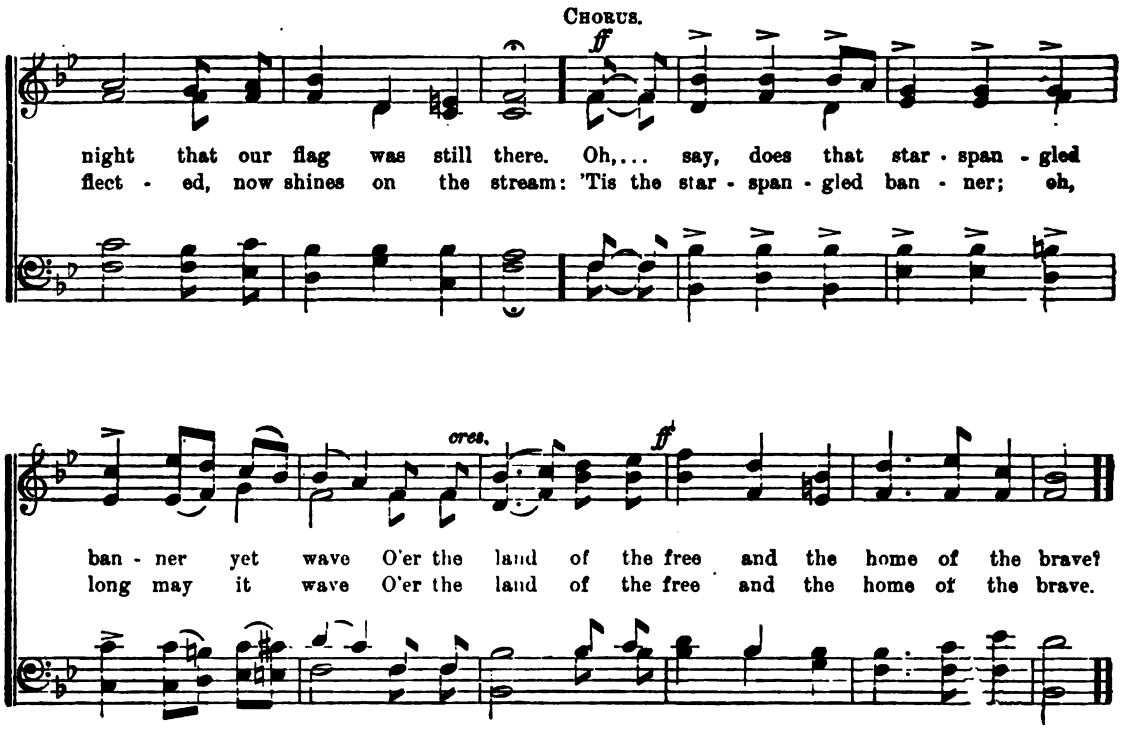
THE MOST POPULAR SONGS OF PATRIOTISM

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by Francis Scott Key. **Music by John Stafford Smith.**


Solo or Quartet.
1. Oh,.... say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y
hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es?
And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.


Chorus.
ff
night that our flag was still there. Oh,... say, does that star - span - gled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh,
cres.
ff
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

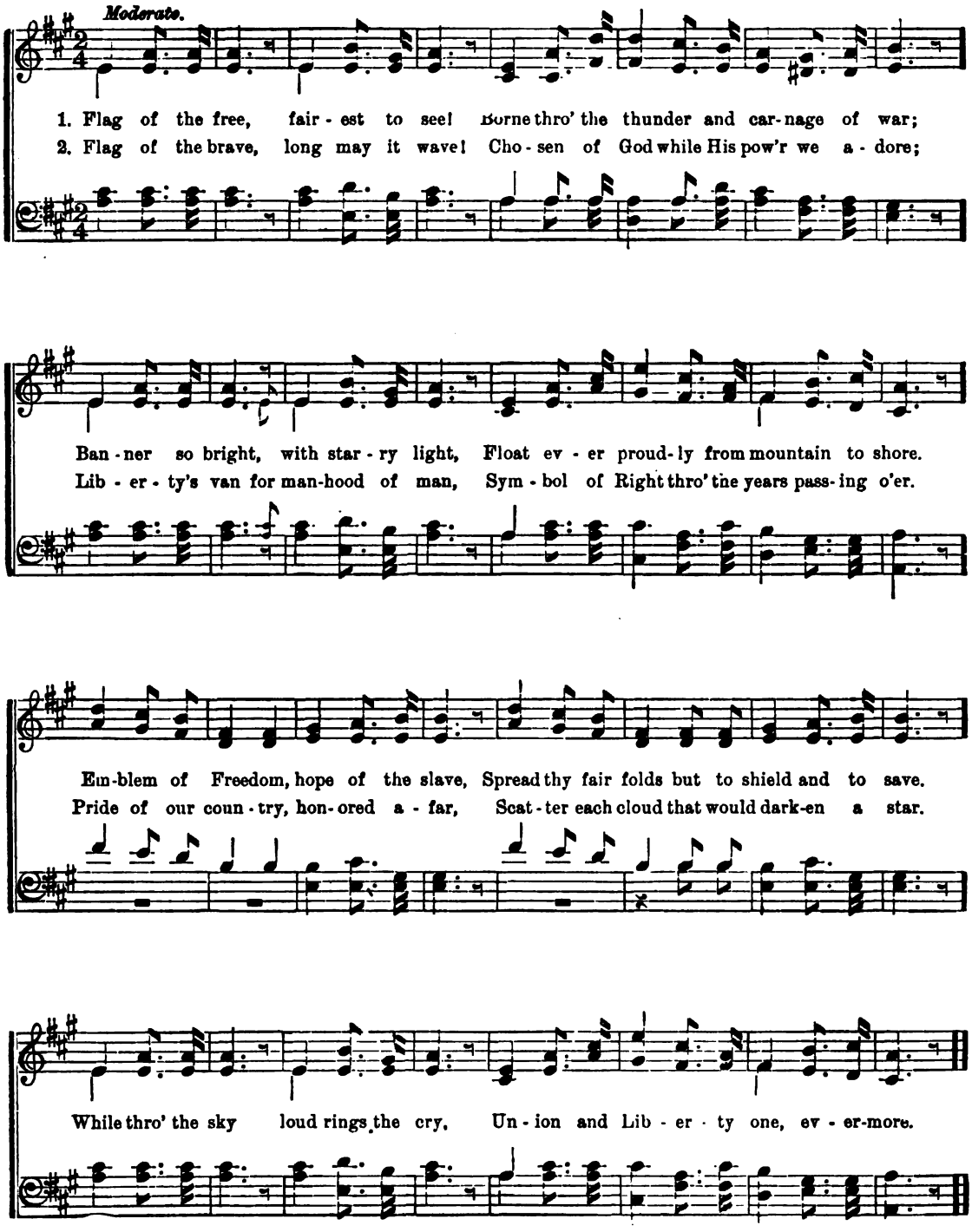
4 Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus.

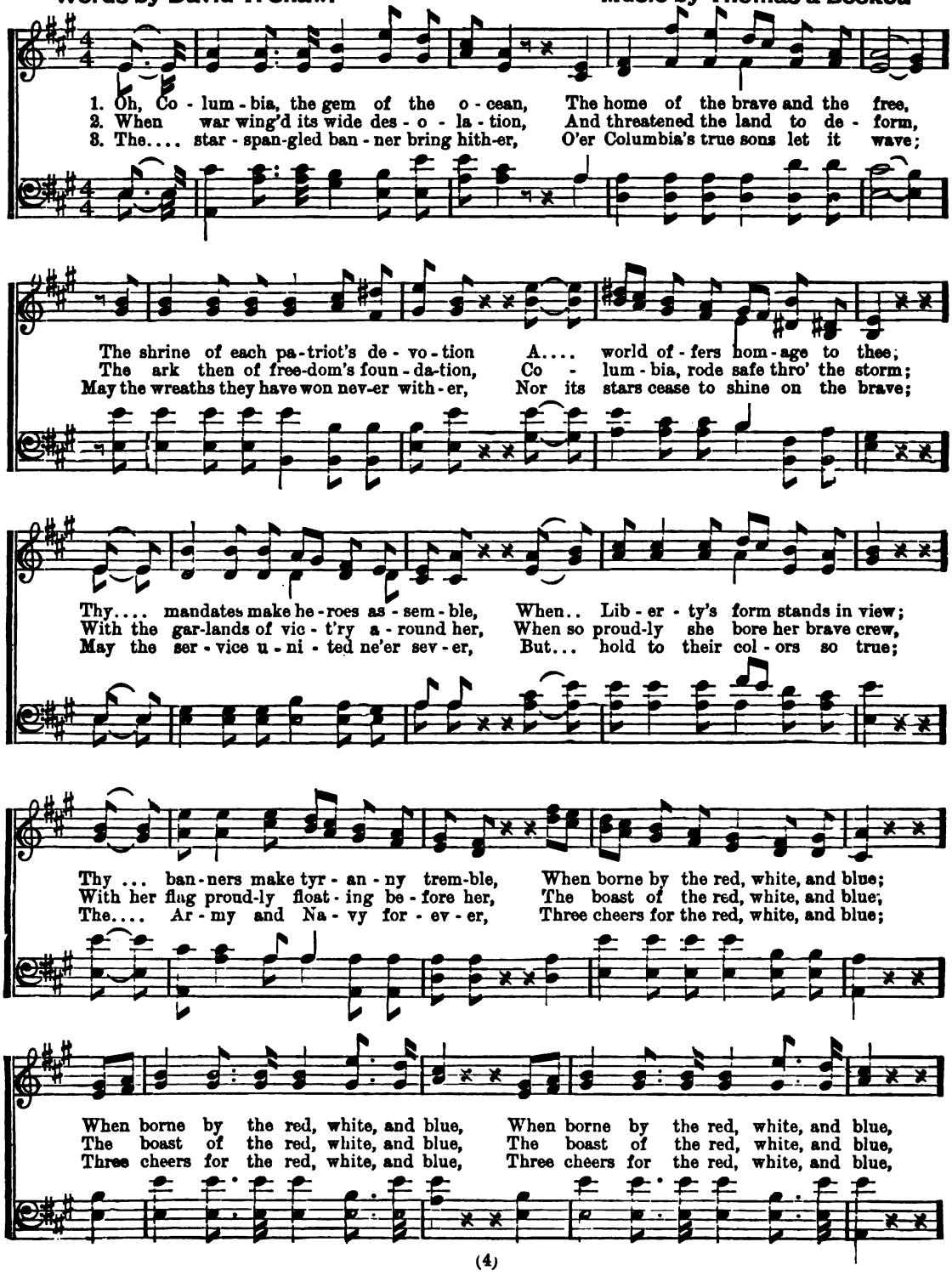
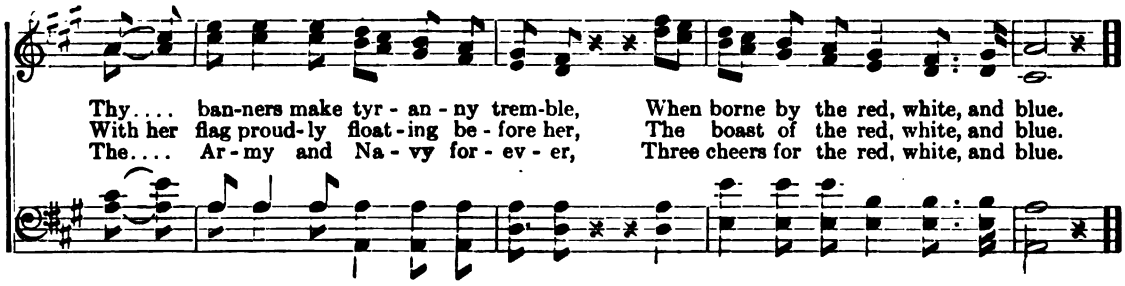
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Music by Richard Wagner.


Moderato.
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the thunder and car-nage of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave! Cho - sen of God while His pow'r we a - dore;
Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from mountain to shore.
Lib - er - ty's van for man-hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.
Em-blem of Freedom, hope of the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.
Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark-en a star.
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty one, ev - er-more.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Words by David T. Shaw. **Music by Thomas à Becket.**

1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
3. The.... star - span-gled ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
The shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion A.... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
The ark then of free-dom's foun - da-tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev-er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
Thy.... mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When.. Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
With the gar-lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But... hold to their col - ors so true;
Thy ... ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
With her flag proud-ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue;
The.... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

Thy.... ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The.... Ar-my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

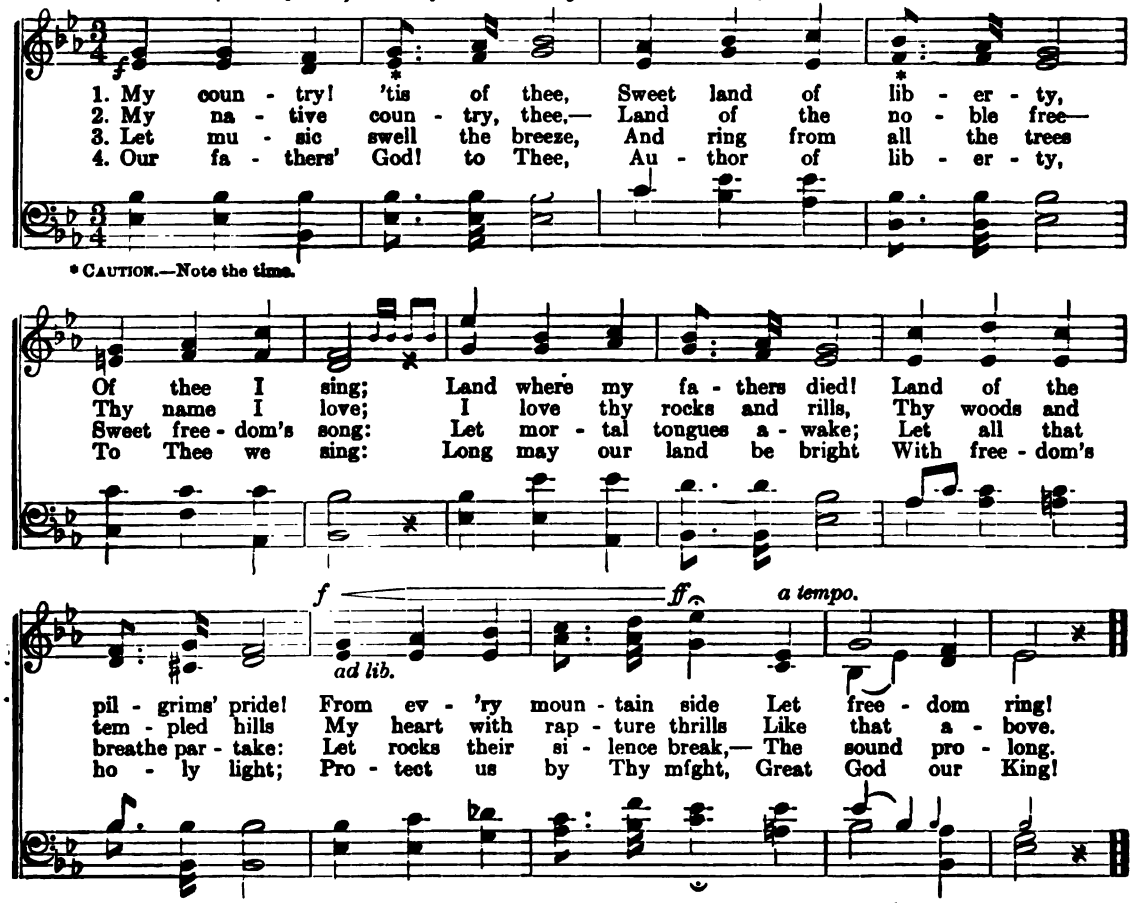
AMERICA

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

(AMERICAN TUNE.)

This tune was written in response to the feeling that our beautiful anthem should be sung to music composed for it by an American, and that the borrowed tune of "God Save the King" should be used solely for the British anthem, to which it rightfully belongs.

S. F. Smith. James J. McCabe.

Maestoso. (MM. ♩= 88)— With fervor and vigor; moderate time, not too slow.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
* Caution.—Note the time.
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
f
ff
a tempo.
ad lib.
pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take: Let rocks their si - lence break,— The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

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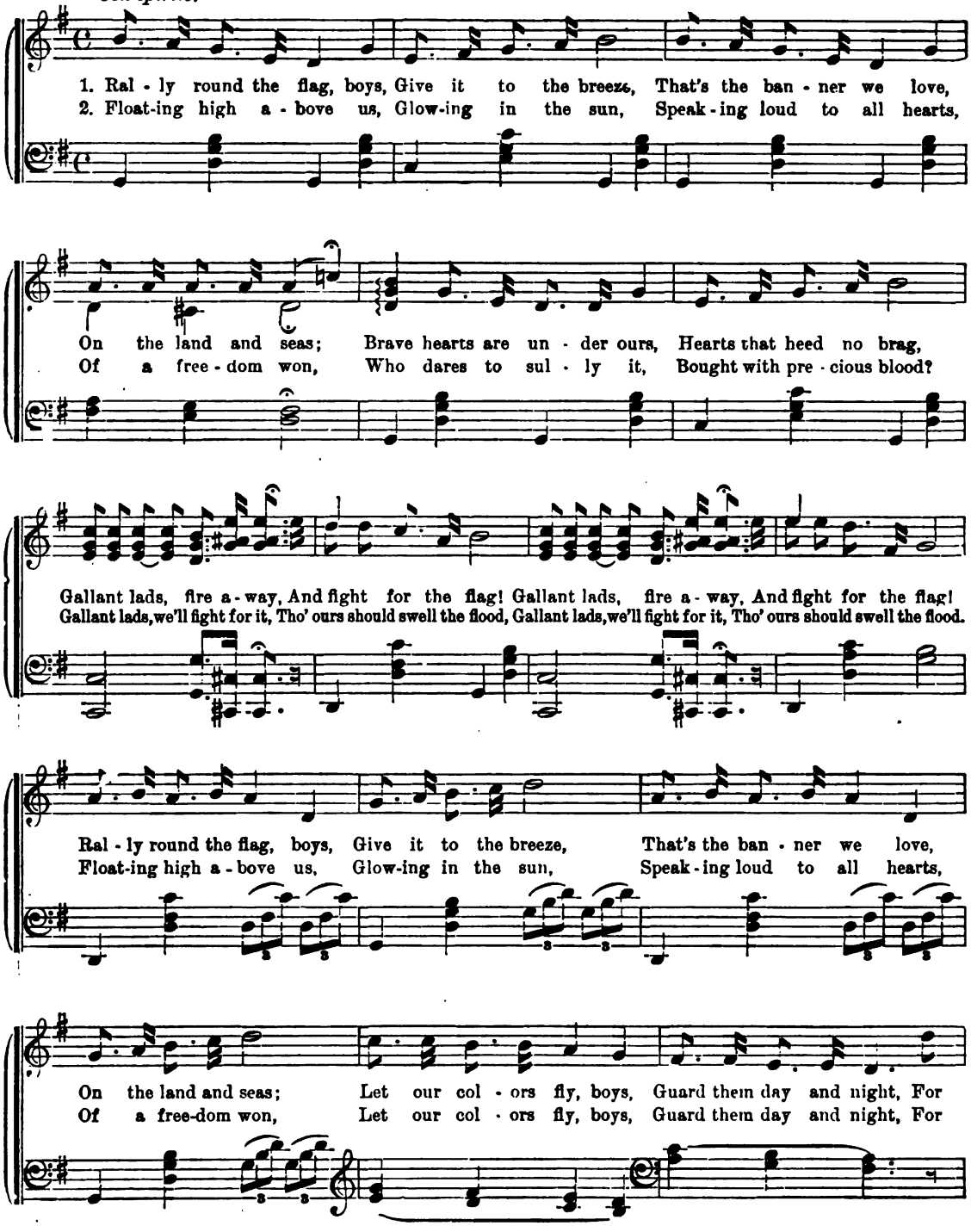
RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

Con spirito.

1. Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
2. Float-ing high a - bove us, Glow-ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,
On the land and seas; Brave hearts are un - der ours, Hearts that heed no brag,
Of a free - dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with pre - cious blood?
Gallant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire a - way, And fight for the flag!
Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood, Gallant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood.
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love,
Float-ing high a - bove us, Glow-ing in the sun, Speak - ing loud to all hearts,
On the land and seas; Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For
Of a free-dom won, Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For

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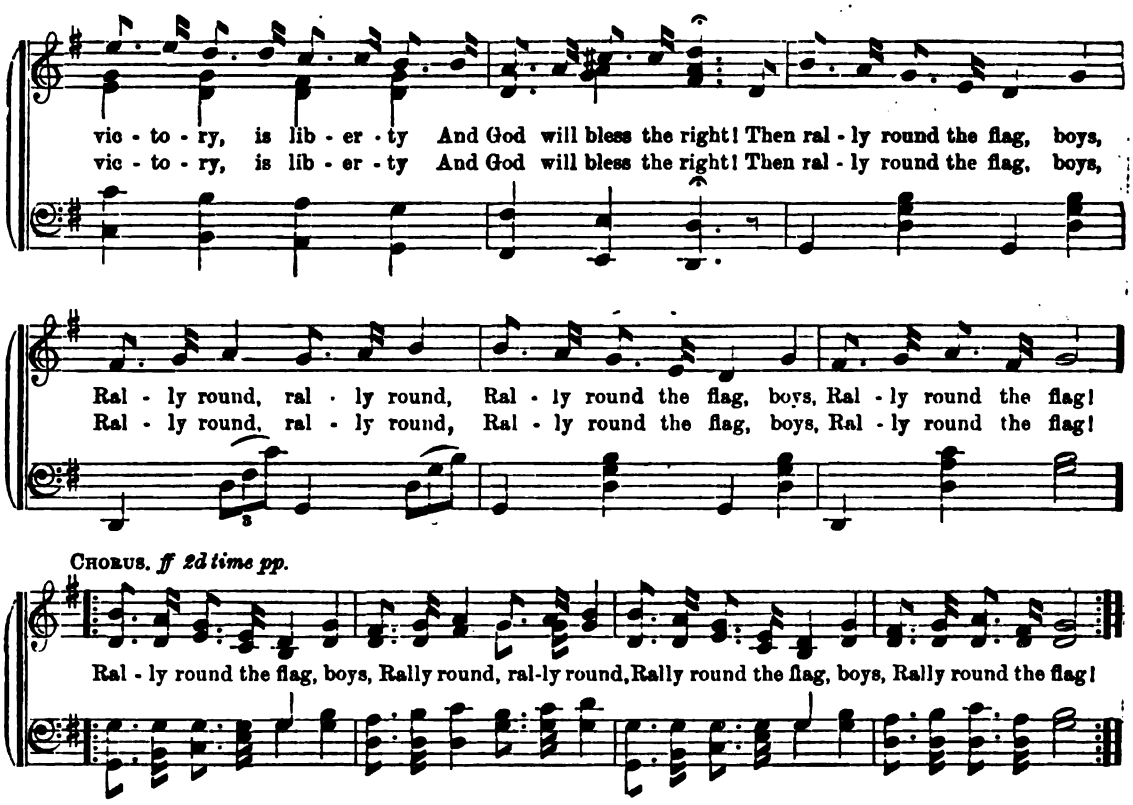
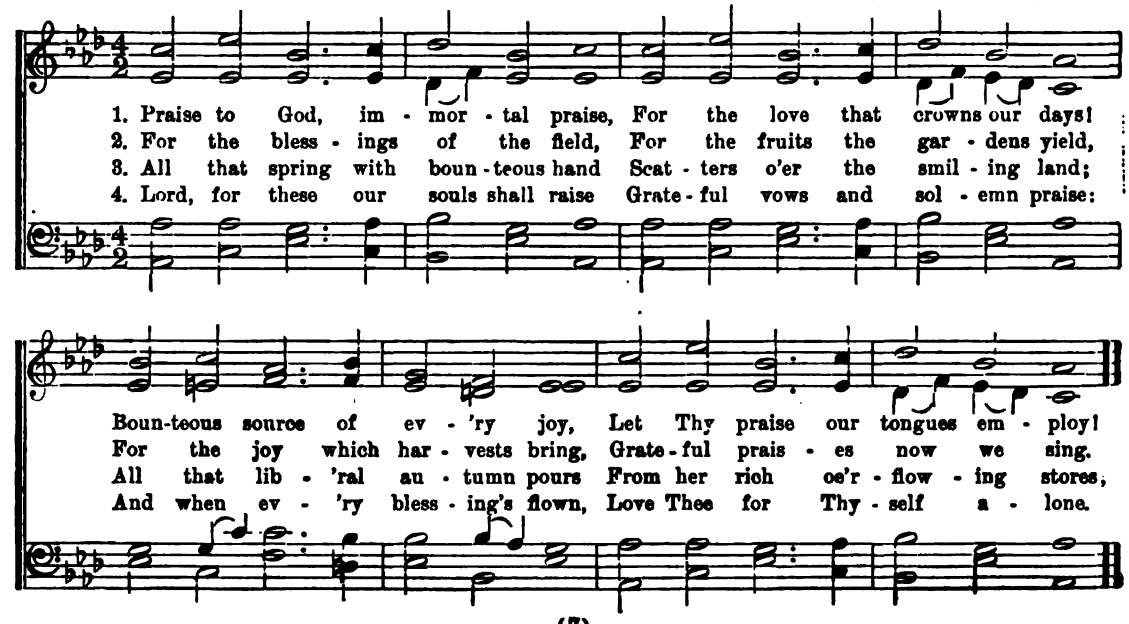
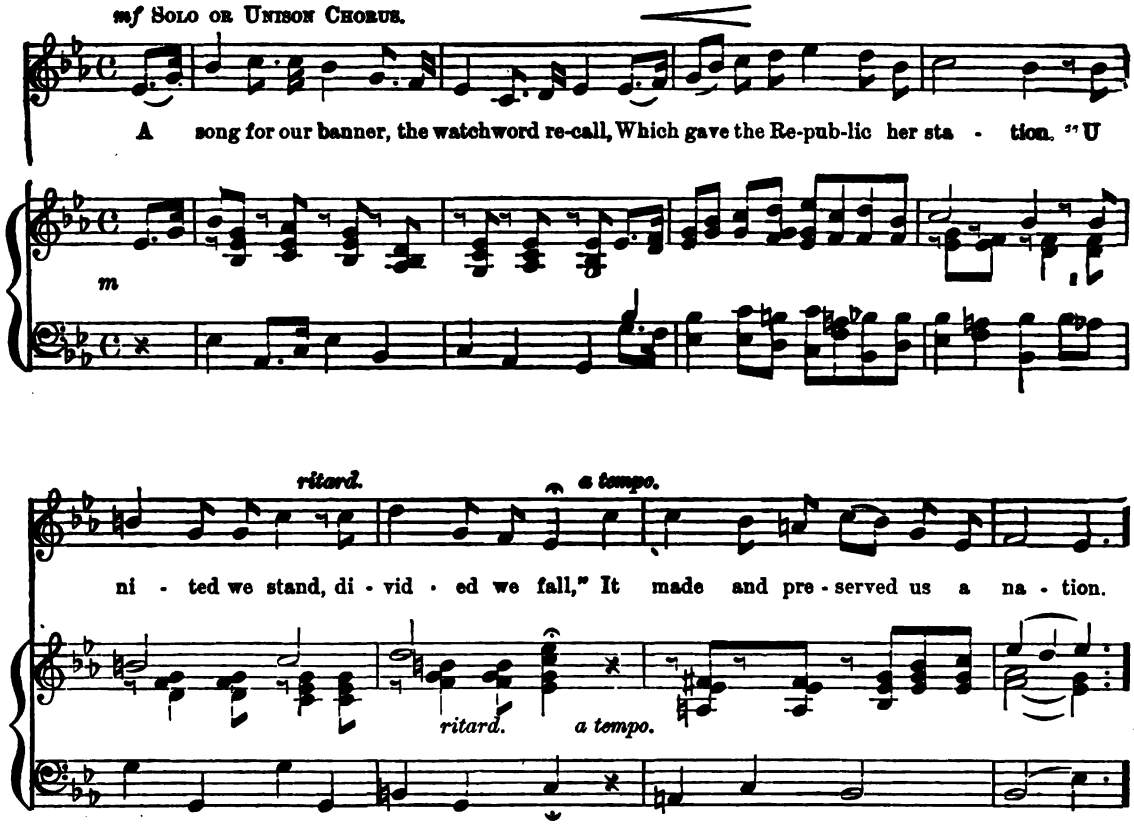
RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

vic - to - ry, is lib - er - ty And God will bless the right! Then ral - ly round the flag, boys,
vic - to - ry, is lib - er - ty And God will bless the right! Then ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!
Ral - ly round, ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!
Chorus. ff 2d time pp.
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Rally round, ral-ly round, Rally round the flag, boys, Rally round the flag!

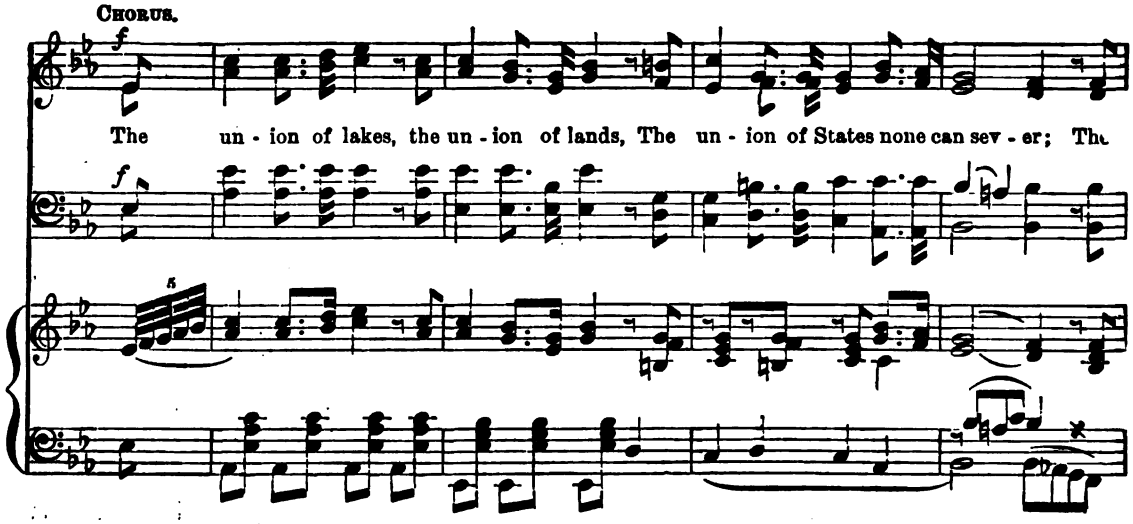
THANKSGIVING.

Words by Anna L. Barbauld. **Music by Ignace Pleyel.**

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless - ings of the field, For the fruits the gar - dens yield,
3. All that spring with boun - teous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
4. Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise:
Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy!
For the joy which har - vests bring, Grate - ful prais - es now we sing.
All that lib - 'ral au - tumn pours From her rich oe'r - flow - ing stores,
And when ev - 'ry bless - ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy - self a - lone.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

Con spirito. **Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.**

mf SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.

A song for our banner, the watchword re-call, Which gave the Re-pub-lic her sta - tion. "U
ni - ted we stand, di - vid - ed we fall," It made and pre - served us a na - tion.
ritard.
a tempo.
ritard.
a tempo.

CHORUS.

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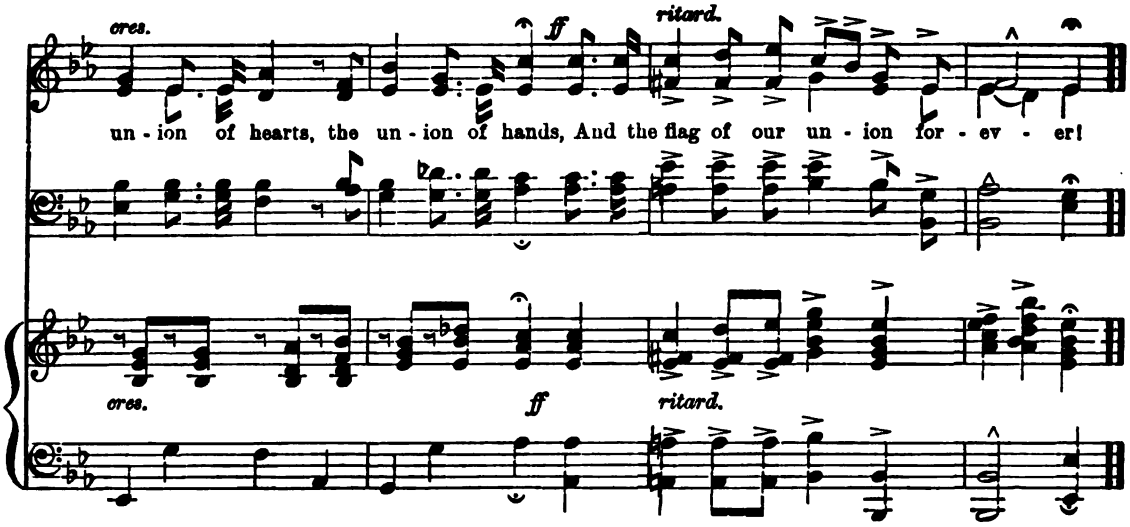
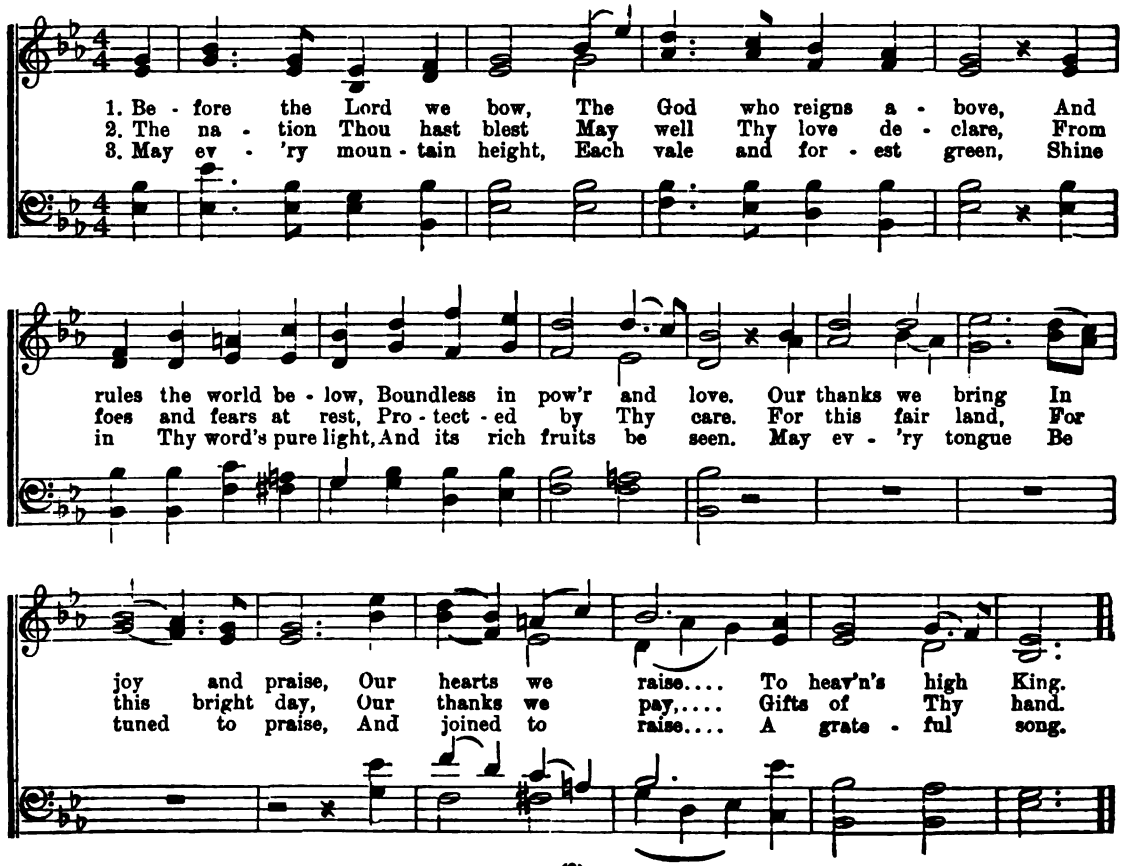
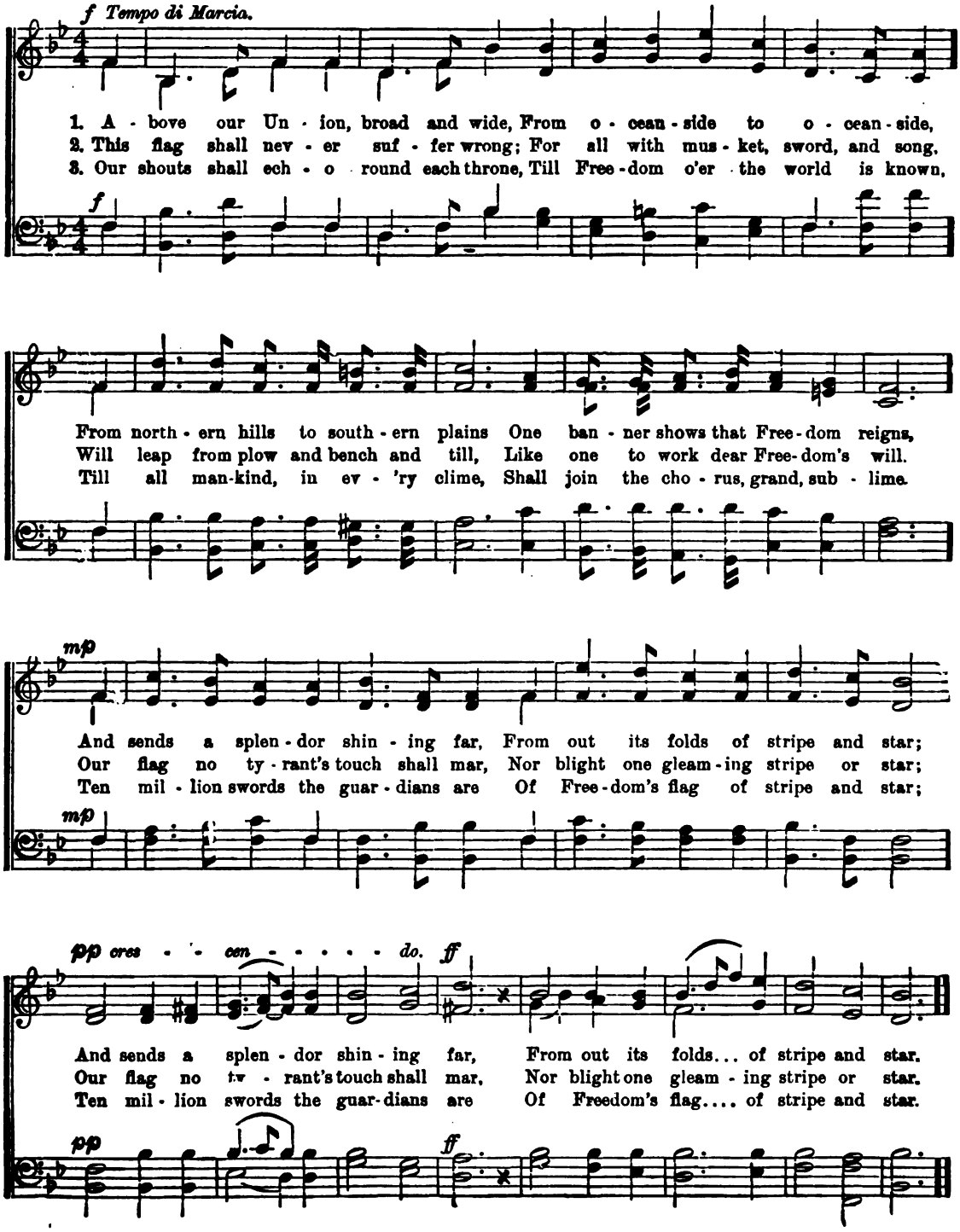
THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

"GOD REIGNS."

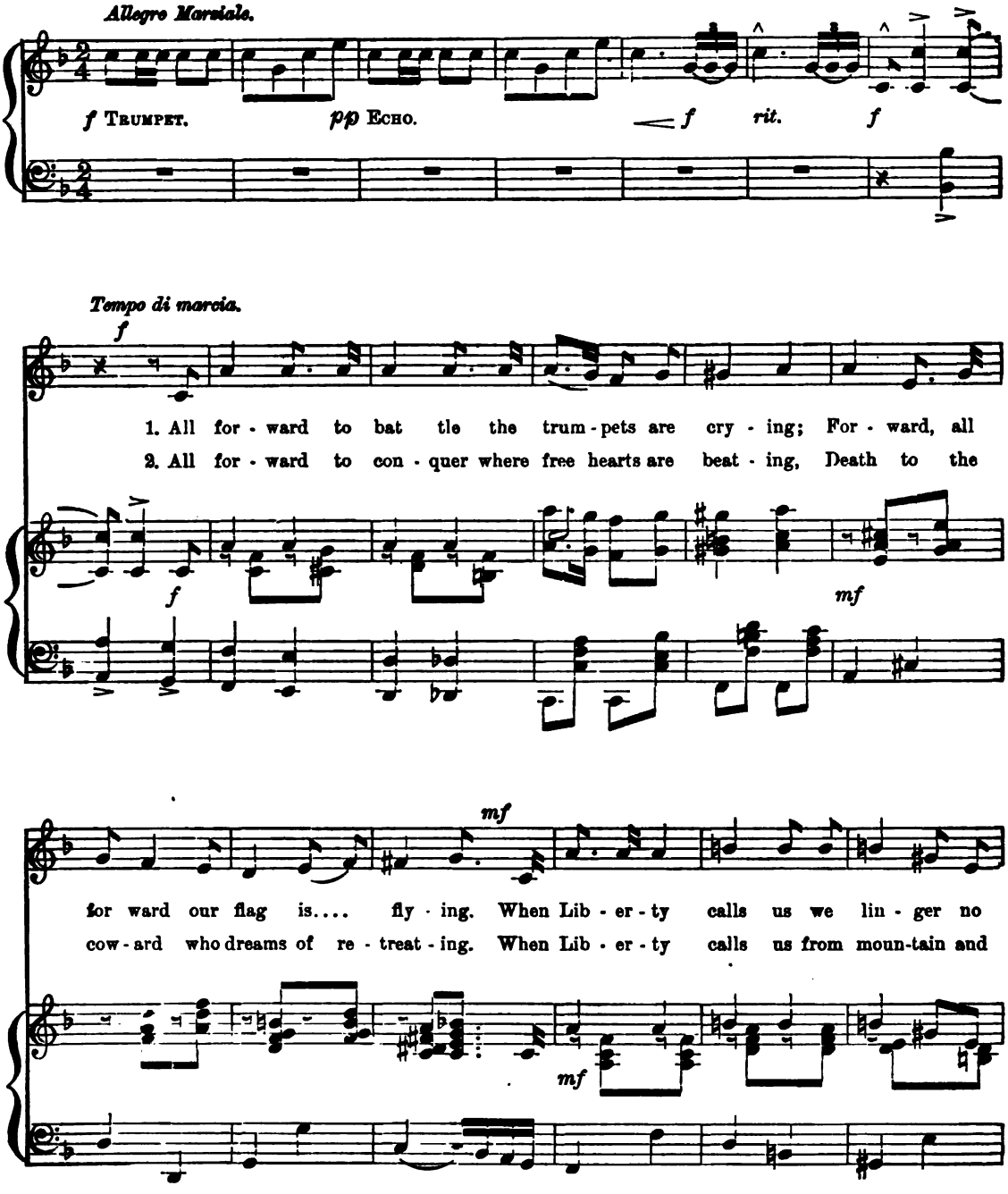
Words by Francis Scott Key. **Music by Felix Mendelssohn.**

1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And
2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare, From
3. May ev - 'ry moun - tain height, Each vale and for - est green, Shine
rules the world be - low, Boundless in pow'r and love. Our thanks we bring In
foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Thy care. For this fair land, For
in Thy word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen. May ev - 'ry tongue Be
joy and praise, Our hearts we raise.... To heav'n's high King.
this bright day, Our thanks we pay,..... Gifts of Thy hand.
tuned to praise, And joined to raise.... A grate - ful song.

OUR BANNER.

Words by A. R. Robinson. **Music by Carl Wilhelm.**

f Tempo di Marcia.
1. A - bove our Un - ion, broad and wide, From o - cean - side to o - cean - side,
2. This flag shall nev - er suf - fer wrong; For all with mus - ket, sword, and song,
3. Our shouts shall ech - o round each throne, Till Free - dom o'er the world is known,
f
From north - ern hills to south - ern plains One ban - ner shows that Free - dom reigns,
Will leap from plow and bench and till, Like one to work dear Free - dom's will.
Till all man-kind, in ev - 'ry clime, Shall join the cho - rus, grand, sub - lime.
mp
And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds of stripe and star;
Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star;
Ten mil - lion swords the guar - dians are Of Free - dom's flag of stripe and star;
mp
pp cres - - cen - - - - - do. ff
And sends a splen - dor shin - ing far, From out its folds... of stripe and star.
Our flag no ty - rant's touch shall mar, Nor blight one gleam - ing stripe or star.
Ten mil - lion swords the guar - dians are Of Freedom's flag.... of stripe and star.
pp
ff

HURRAH FOR OUR BANNER.

(UNISON SONG.)

Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.

Allegro Marziale.
f Trumpet.
pp Echo.
f
rit.
f
Tempo di marcia.
f
1. All for - ward to bat tle the trum - pets are cry - ing; For - ward, all
2. All for - ward to con - quer where free hearts are beat - ing, Death to the
f
mf
mf
for ward our flag is.... fly - ing. When Lib - er - ty calls us we lin - ger no
cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing. When Lib - er - ty calls us from moun-tain and
mf

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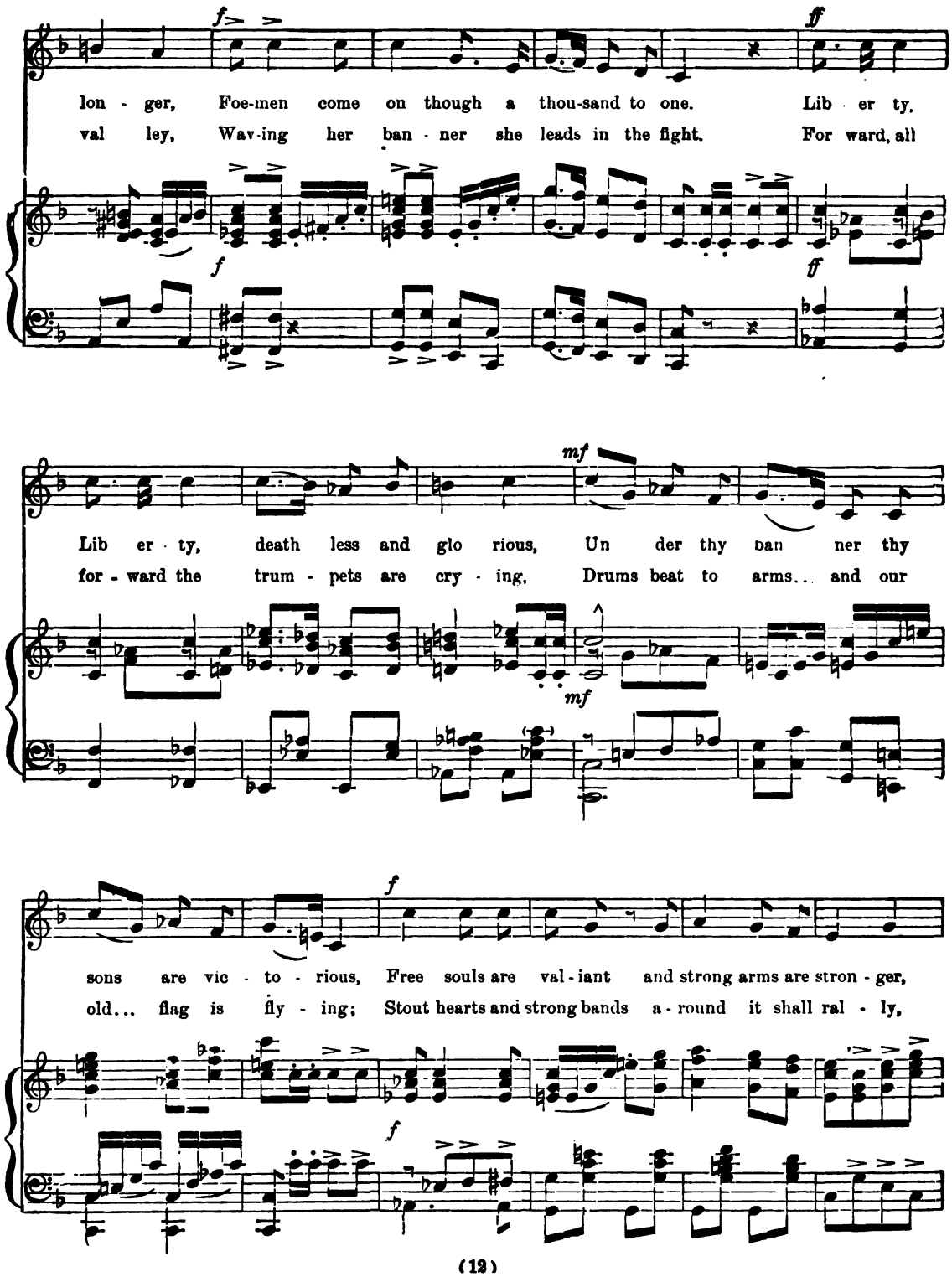
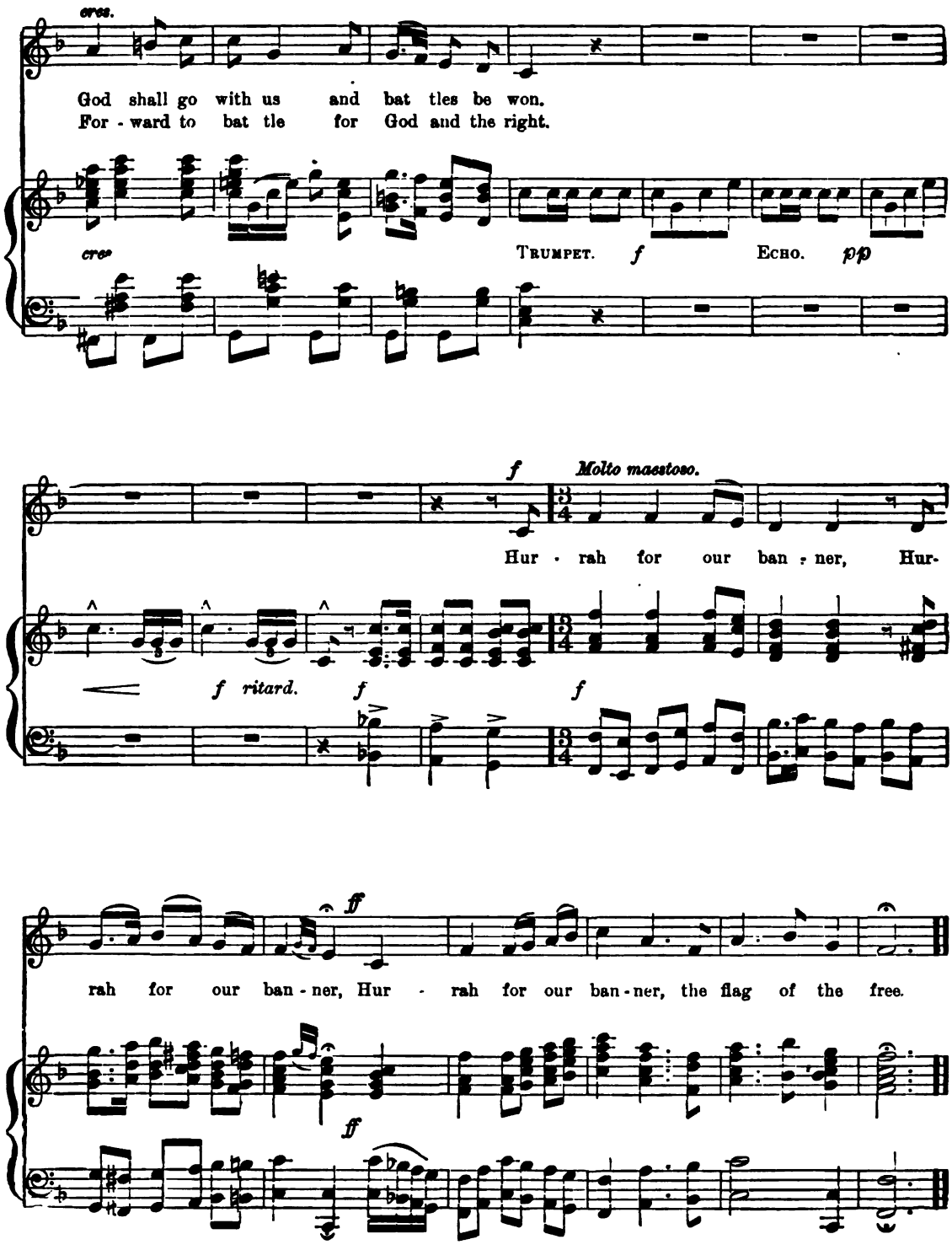
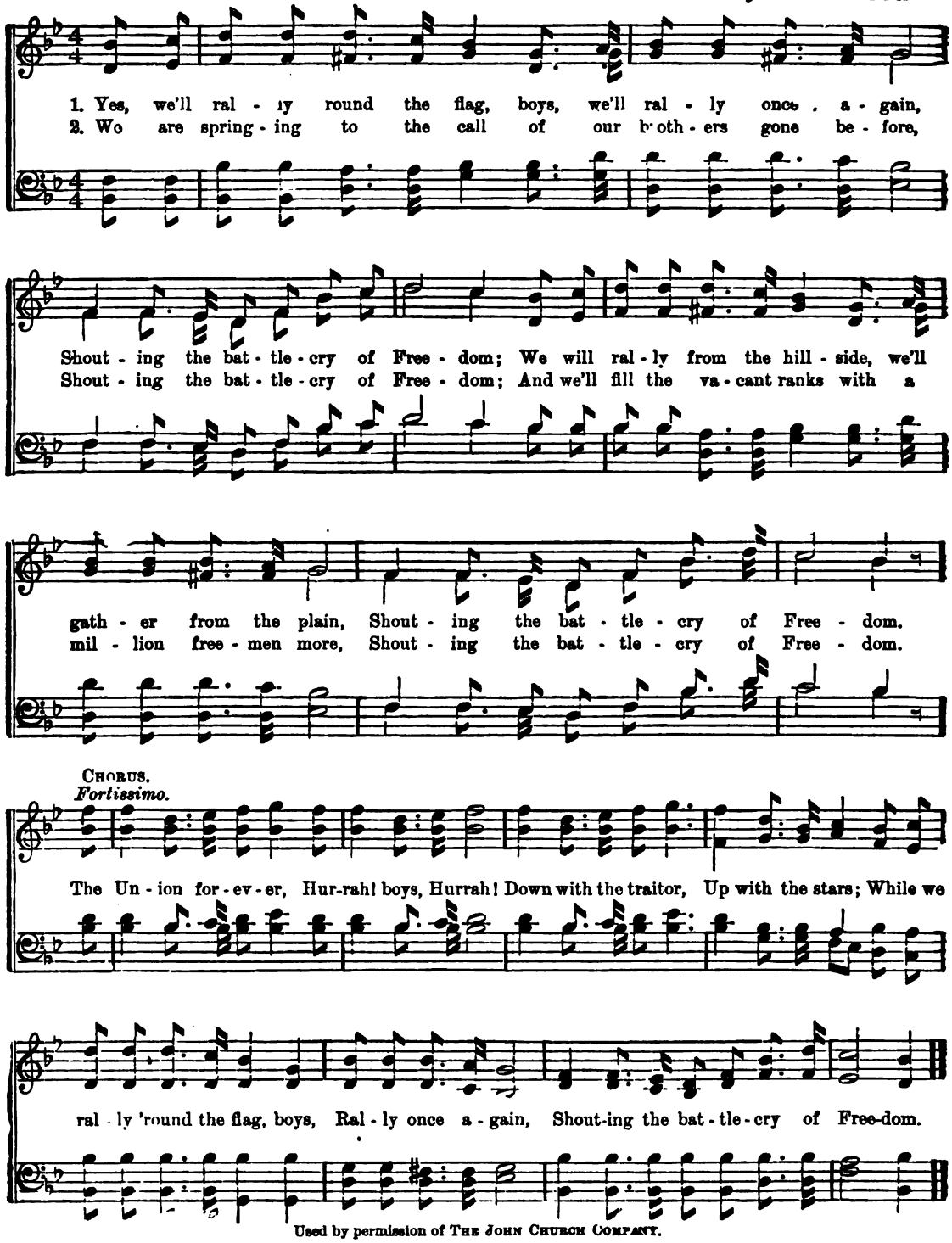
HURRAH FOR OUR BANNER.

f
ff
lon - ger, Foe-men come on though a thou-sand to one. Lib - er ty,
val ley, Wav-ing her ban - ner she leads in the fight. For ward, all
mf
Lib er - ty, death less and glo rious, Un der thy ban ner thy
for - ward the trum - pets are cry - ing, Drums beat to arms... and our
f
sons are vic - to - rious, Free souls are val - iant and strong arms are stron - ger,
old... flag is fly - ing; Stout hearts and strong bands a - round it shall ral - ly,

HURRAH FOR OUR BANNER.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our b'oth - ers gone be - fore,
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
Chorus.
Fortissimo.
The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur-rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the stars; While we
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout-ing the bat - tle - cry of Free-dom.

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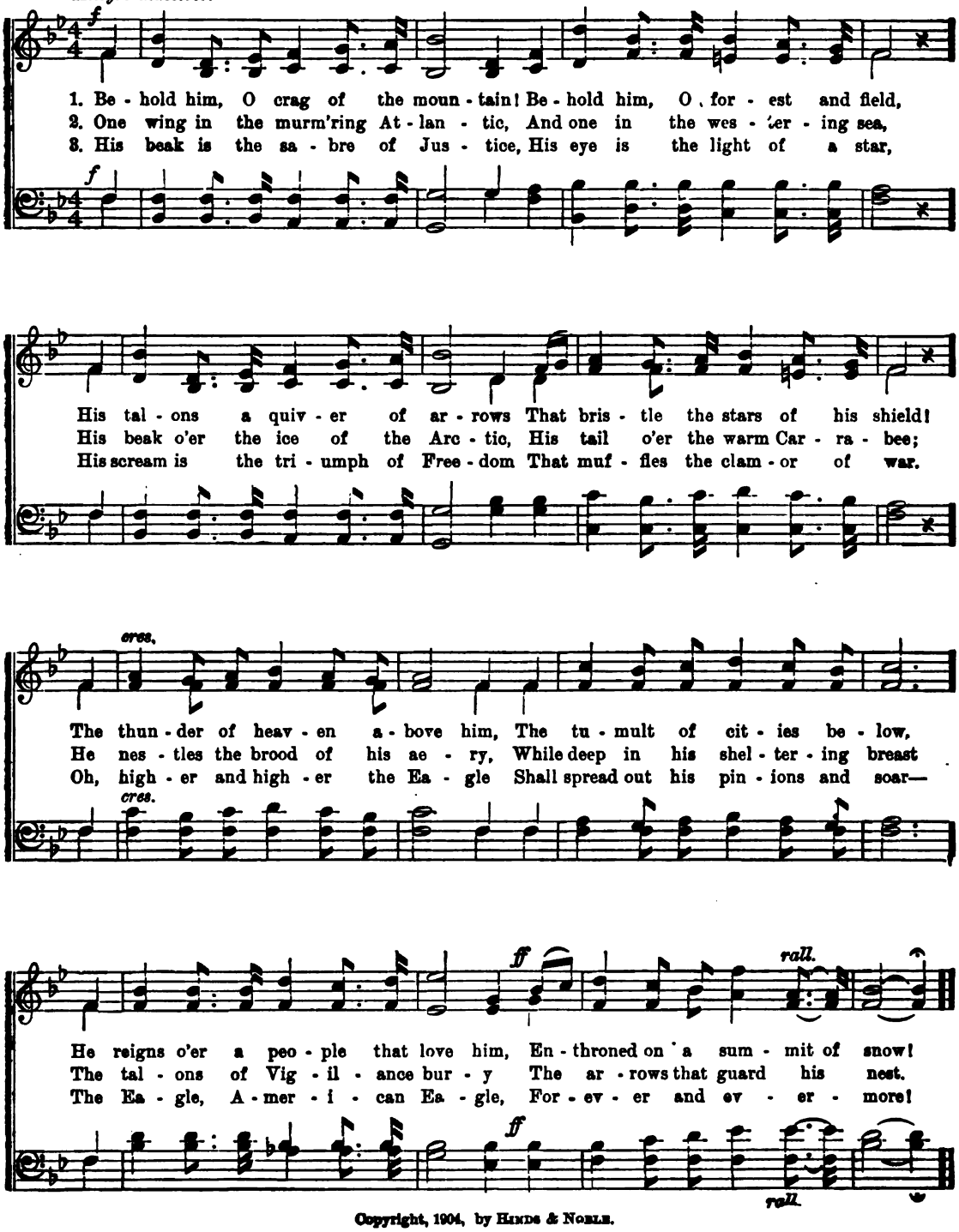
THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Words by Aloysius Coll. **Music by Adolph M. Foerster.**

Allegro maestoso.


f
1. Be - hold him, O crag of the moun - tain! Be - hold him, O for - est and field,
2. One wing in the murm'ring At - lan - tic, And one in the wes - ter - ing sea,
3. His beak is the sa - bre of Jus - tice, His eye is the light of a star,
His tal - ons a quiv - er of ar - rows That bris - tle the stars of his shield!
His beak o'er the ice of the Arc - tic, His tail o'er the warm Car - ra - bee;
His scream is the tri - umph of Free - dom That muf - fles the clam - or of war.
cres.
The thun - der of heav - en a - bove him, The tu - mult of cit - ies be - low,
He nes - tles the brood of his ae - ry, While deep in his shel - ter - ing breast
Oh, high - er and high - er the Ea - gle Shall spread out his pin - ions and soar—
ff
rall.
He reigns o'er a peo - ple that love him, En - throned on a sum - mit of snow!
The tal - ons of Vig - il - ance bur - y The ar - rows that guard his nest.
The Ea - gle, A - mer - i - can Ea - gle, For - ev - er and ev - er - more!

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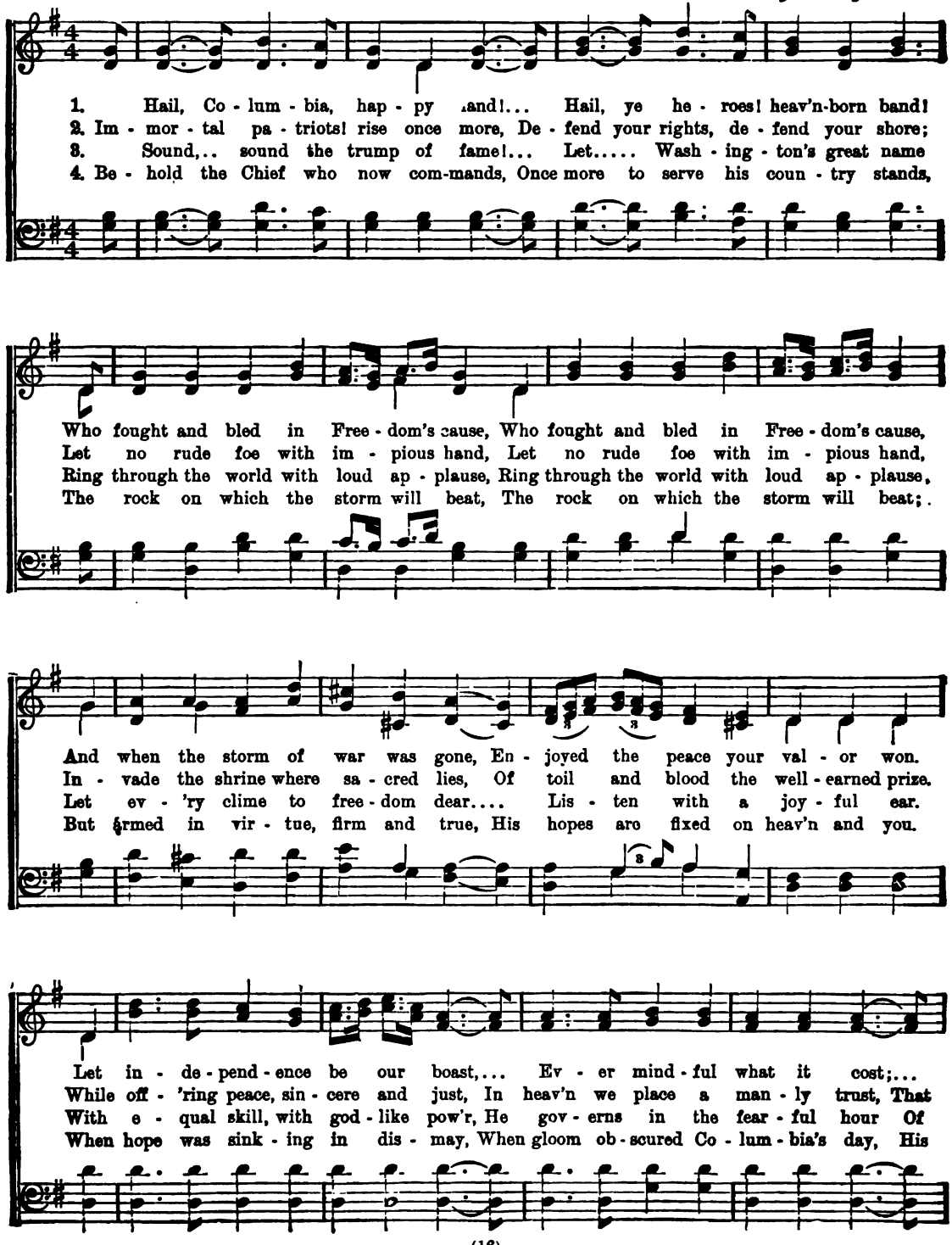
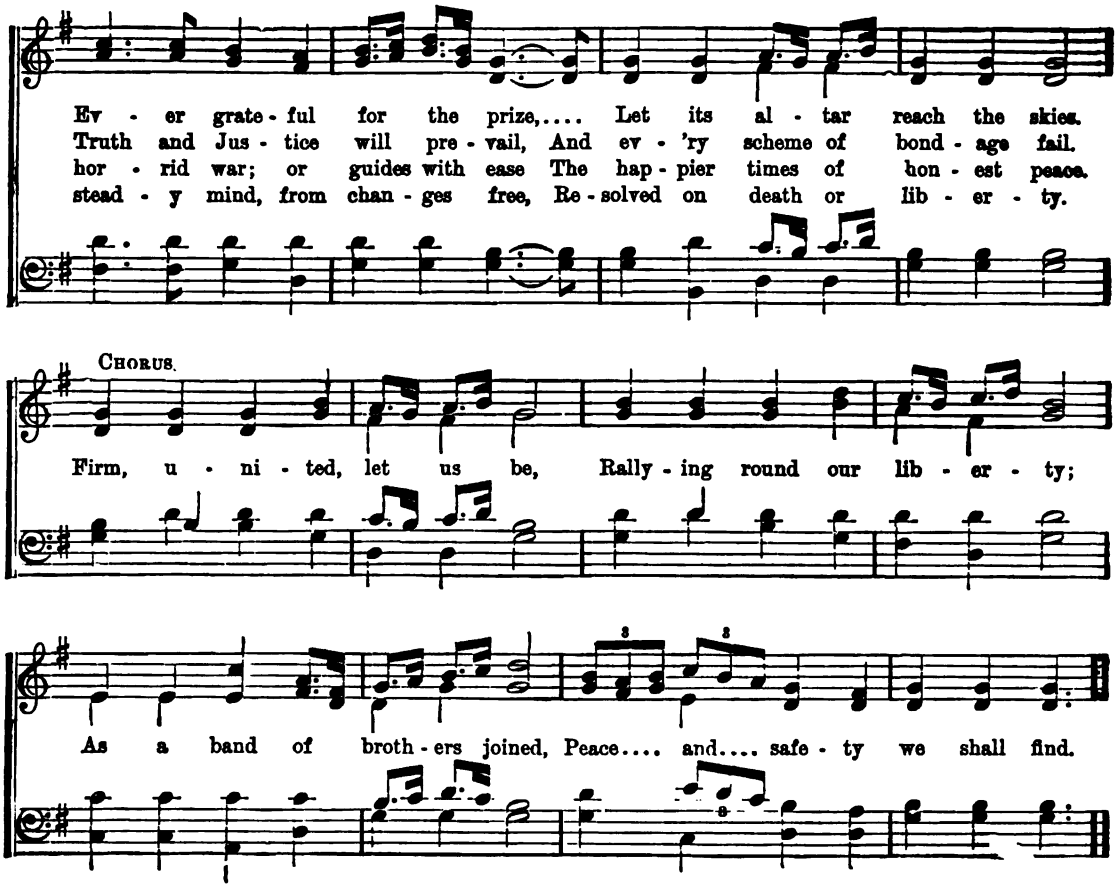
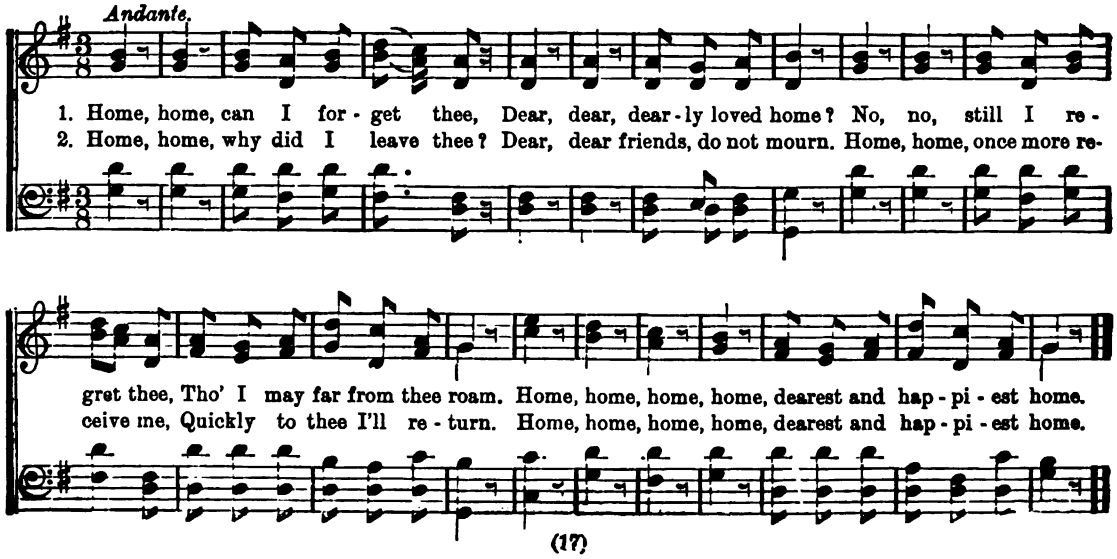
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Words by Joseph Hopkinson. **Music by J. Fayles.**

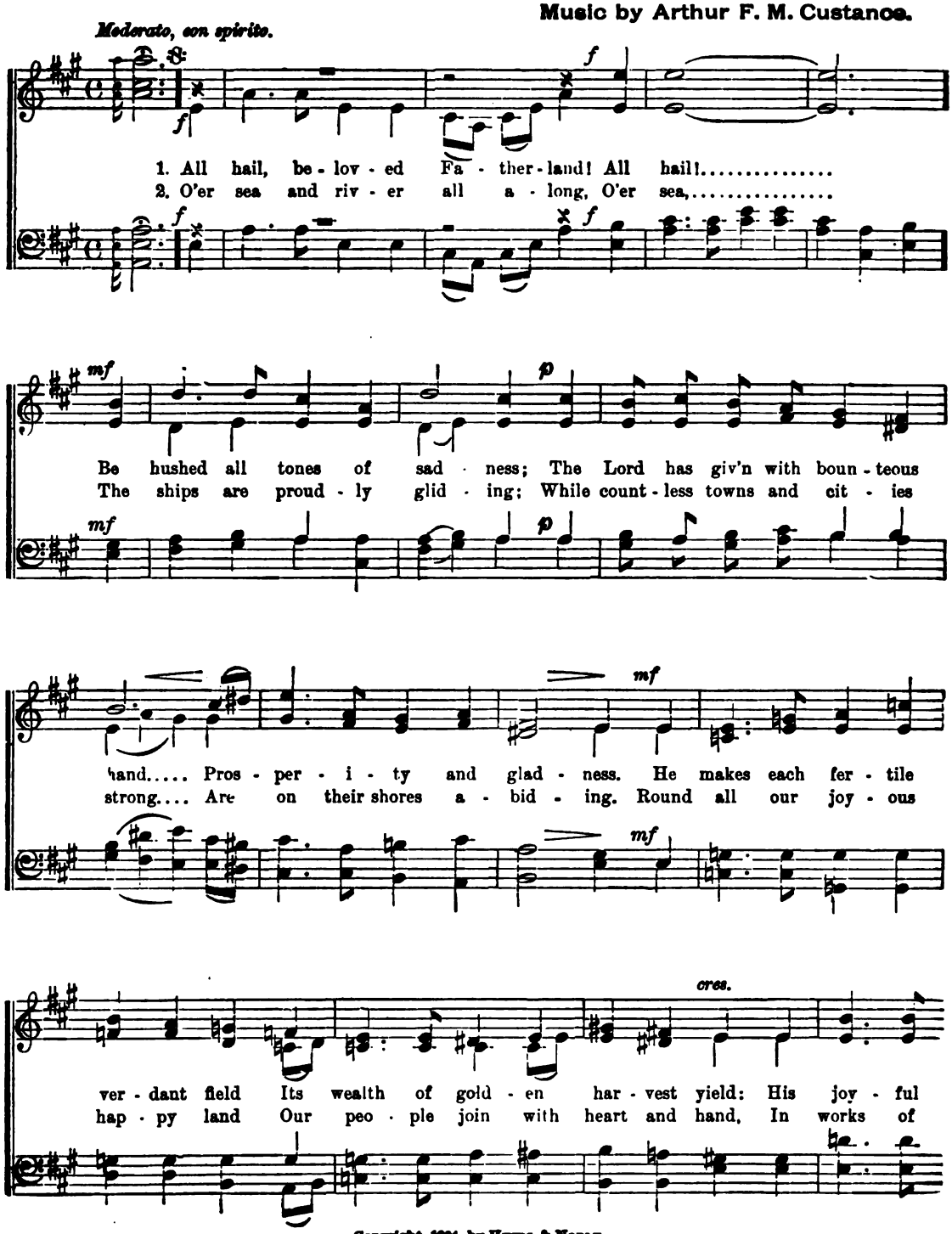

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land!... Hail, ye he - roes! heav'n-born band!
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots! rise once more, De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore;
3. Sound,.. sound the trump of fame!... Let..... Wash - ing - ton's great name
4. Be - hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands,
Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause,
Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand,
Ring through the world with loud ap - plause, Ring through the world with loud ap - plause,
The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat;
And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won.
In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood the well - earned prize.
Let ev - 'ry clime to free - dom dear.... Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear.
But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast,... Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;...
While off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
With e - qual skill, with god - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
When hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize,.... Let its al - tar reach the skies.
Truth and Jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.
Chorus.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace.... and.... safe - ty we shall find.

HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE.


Andante.
1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re -
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more re-
gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam. Home, home, home, home, dearest and hap - pi - est home.
ceive me, Quickly to thee I'll re - turn. Home, home, home, home, dearest and hap - pi - est home.

COLUMBIA, HAIL!

Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.

Moderato, con spirito.
1. All hail, be - lov - ed Fa - ther - land! All hail!.....
2. O'er sea and riv - er all a - long, O'er sea,.....
Be hushed all tones of sad - ness; The Lord has giv'n with boun - teous
The ships are proud - ly glid - ing; While count - less towns and cit - ies
hand..... Pros - per - i - ty and glad - ness. He makes each fer - tile
strong.... Are on their shores a - bid - ing. Round all our joy - ous
cres.
ver - dant field Its wealth of gold - en har - vest yield: His joy - ful
hap - py land Our peo - ple join with heart and hand, In works of

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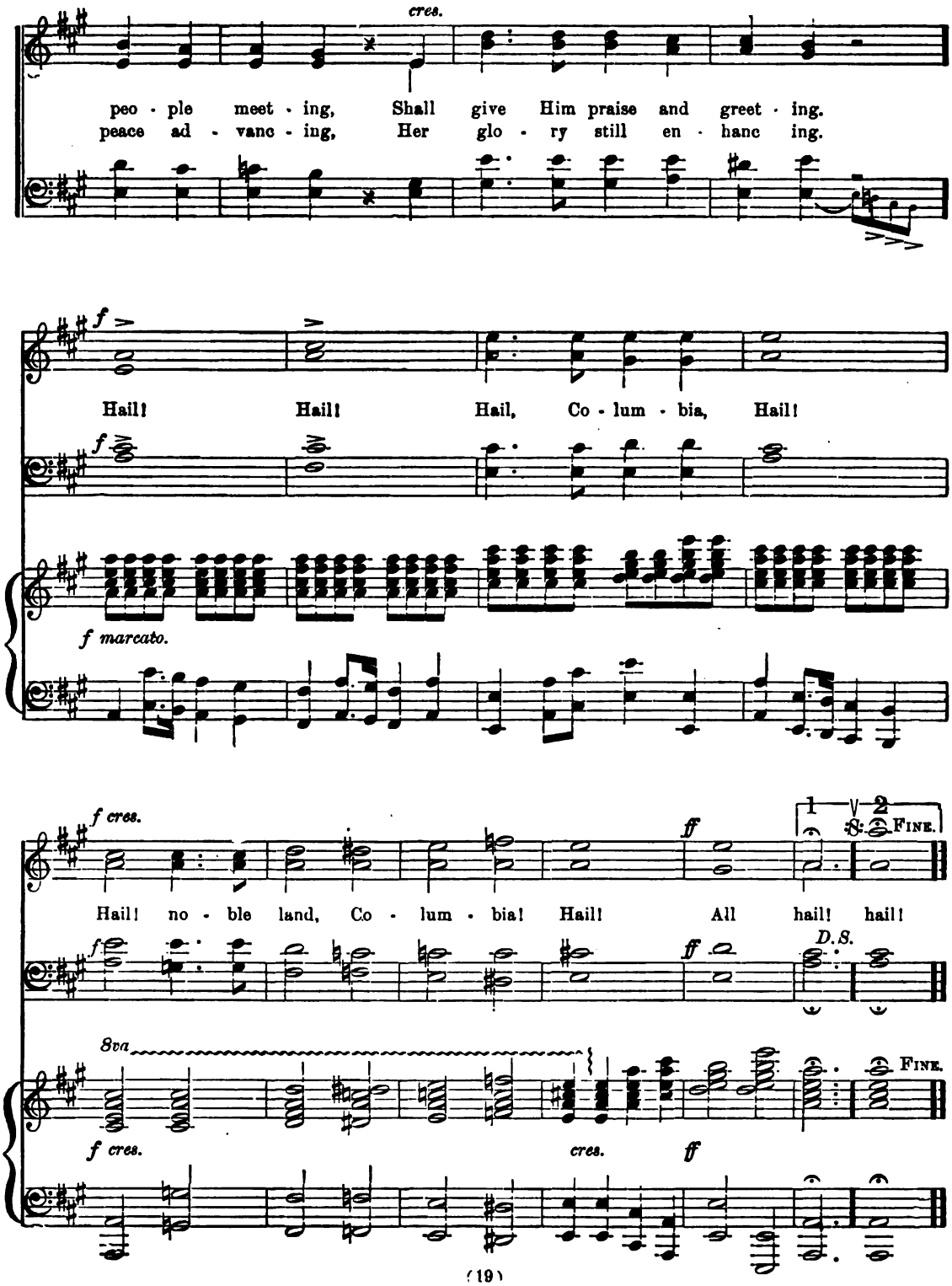
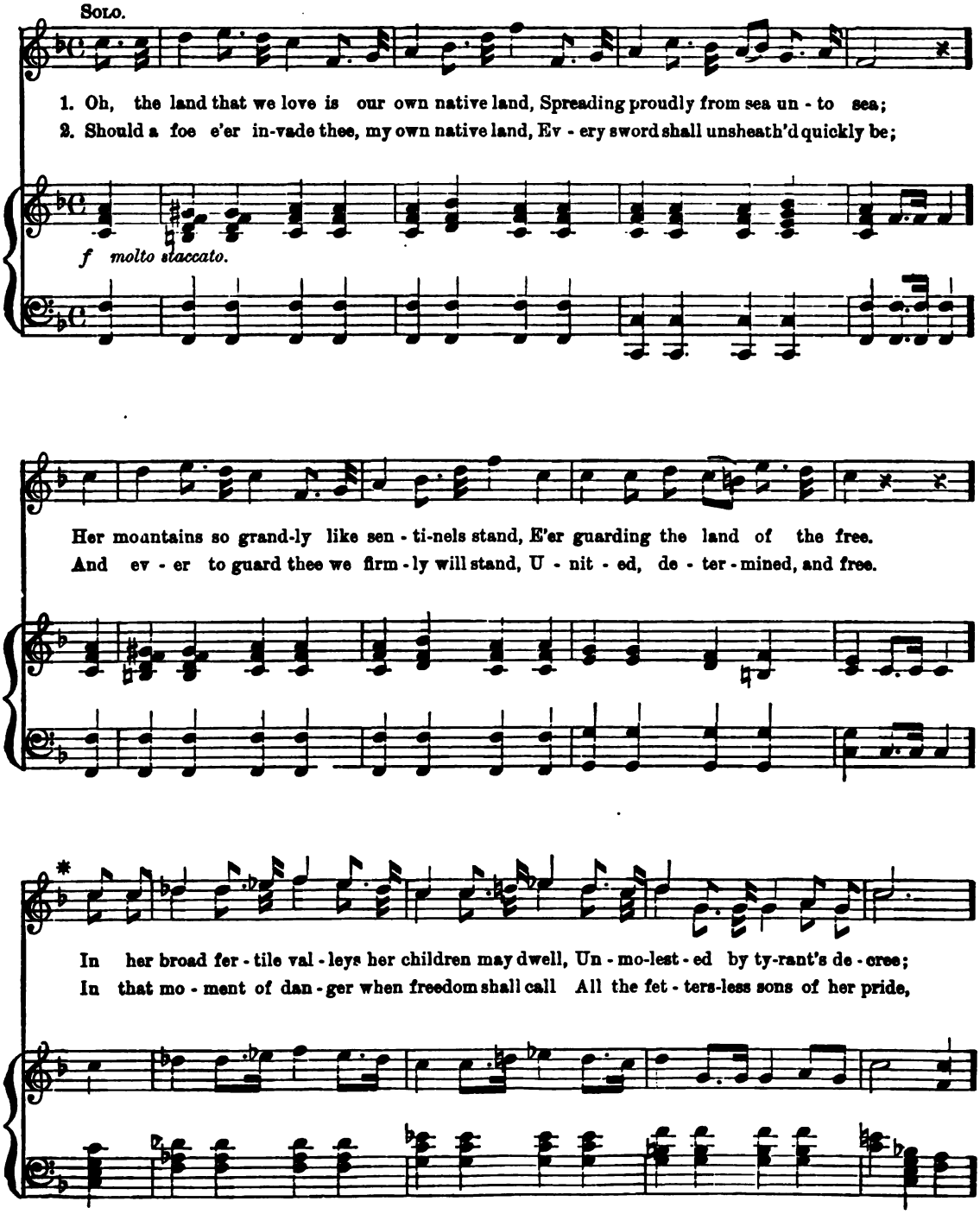
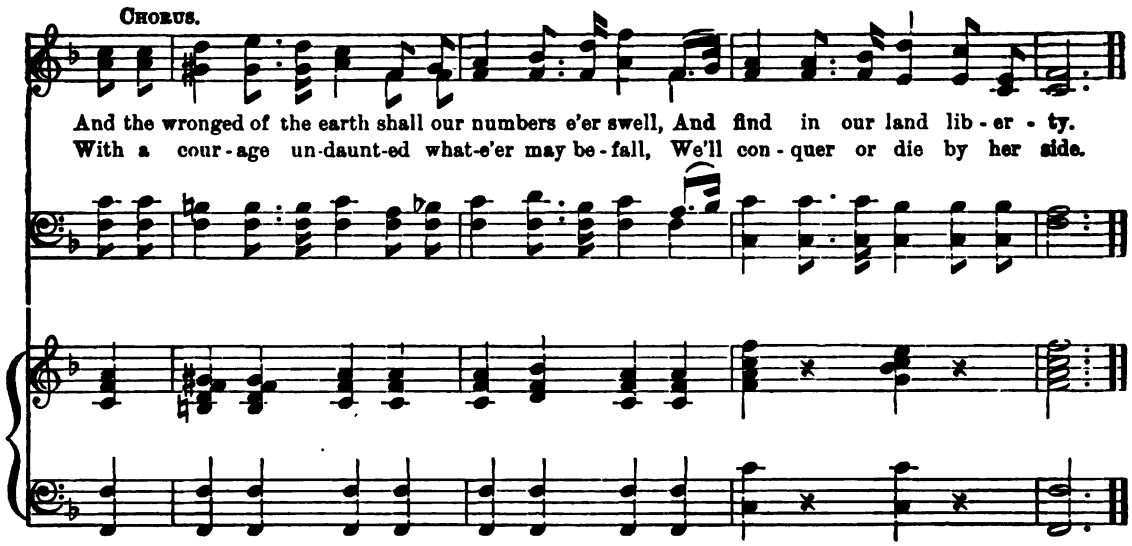

cres.
peo - ple meet - ing, Shall give Him praise and greet - ing.
peace ad - vanc - ing, Her glo - ry still en - hanc ing.
f
Hail! Hail! Hail, Co - lum - bia, Hail!
f marcato.
f cres.
ff
1
2
Fine.
Hail! no - ble land, Co - lum - bia! Hail! All hail! hail!
D.S.
8va
f cres.
cres.
ff
Fine.

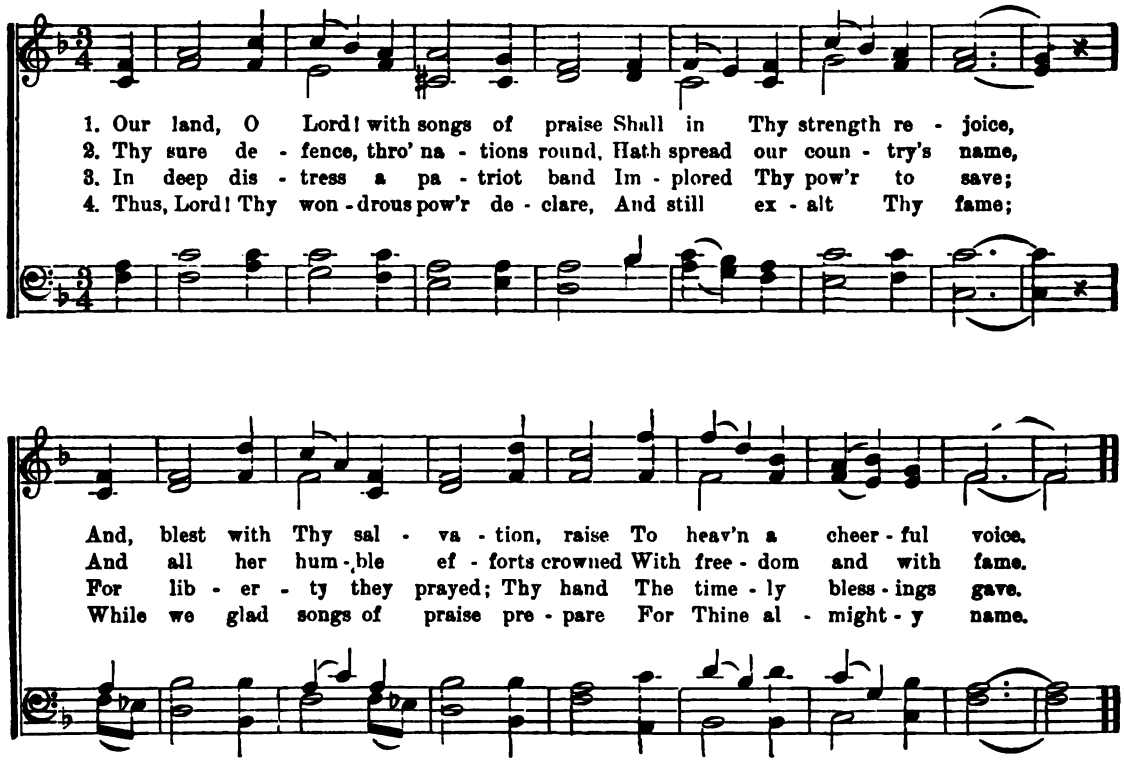
OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE.

Words by L. F. Lewis. **Music by Michael W. Balfe.**

Solo.
1. Oh, the land that we love is our own native land, Spreading proudly from sea un - to sea;
2. Should a foe e'er in-vade thee, my own native land, Ev - ery sword shall unsheath'd quickly be;
f molto staccato.
Her mountains so grand-ly like sen - ti-nels stand, E'er guarding the land of the free.
And ev - er to guard thee we firm - ly will stand, U - nit - ed, de - ter - mined, and free.
In her broad fer - tile val - leys her children may dwell, Un - mo-lest - ed by ty-rant's de - cree;
In that mo - ment of dan - ger when freedom shall call All the fet - ters-less sons of her pride,

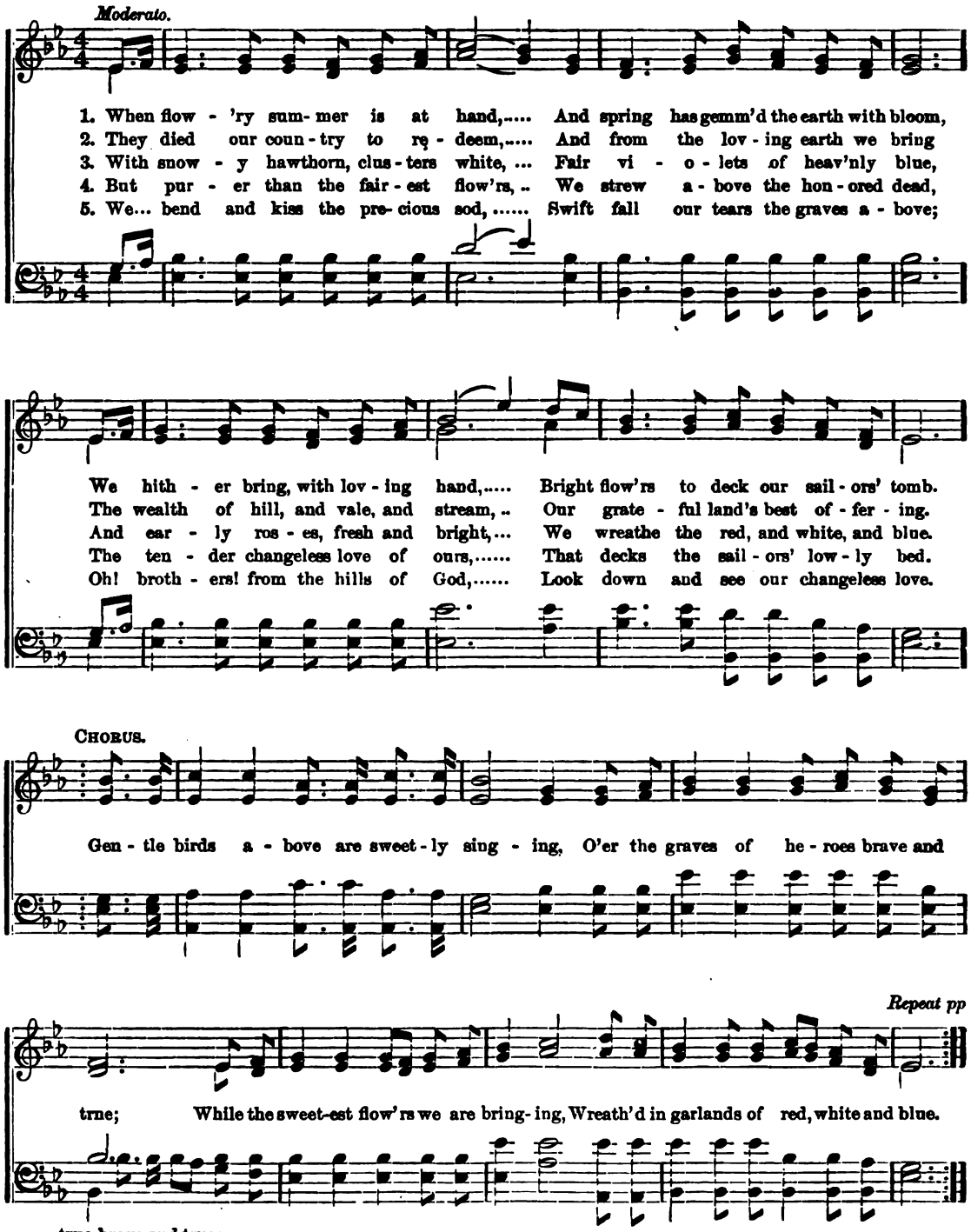
* The entire melody should be first sung as a solo, or in unison, repeating from the star in chorus.

OH, THE LAND THAT WE LOVE.

Chorus.
And the wronged of the earth shall our numbers e'er swell, And find in our land lib - er - ty.
With a cour - age un-daunt-ed what-e'er may be - fall, We'll con - quer or die by her side.

OUR LAND, O LORD!

Music by Michael Haydn.

1. Our land, O Lord! with songs of praise Shall in Thy strength re - joice,
2. Thy sure de - fence, thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our coun - try's name,
3. In deep dis - tress a pa - triot band Im - plored Thy pow'r to save;
4. Thus, Lord! Thy won - drous pow'r de - clare, And still ex - alt Thy fame;
And, blest with Thy sal - va - tion, raise To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.
And all her hum - ble ef - forts crowned With free - dom and with fame.
For lib - er - ty they prayed; Thy hand The time - ly bless - ings gave.
While we glad songs of praise pre - pare For Thine al - might - y name.

SAILORS' AND SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL DAY.

(May 30th, the day set apart for strewing flowers over the graves of fallen sailors and soldiers.)

Moderato.
1. When flow - 'ry sum - mer is at hand,..... And spring has gemm'd the earth with bloom,
2. They died our coun - try to re - deem,..... And from the lov - ing earth we bring
3. With snow - y hawthorn, clus - ters white, ... Fair vi - o - lets of heav'nly blue,
4. But pur - er than the fair - est flow'rs, .. We strew a - bove the hon - ored dead,
5. We... bend and kiss the pre - cious sod, ... Swift fall our tears the graves a - bove;
We hith - er bring, with lov - ing hand,..... Bright flow'rs to deck our sail - ors' tomb.
The wealth of hill, and vale, and stream, .. Our grate - ful land's best of - fer - ing.
And ear - ly ros - es, fresh and bright,... We wreathe the red, and white, and blue.
The ten - der changeless love of ours,..... That decks the sail - ors' low - ly bed.
Oh! broth - ers! from the hills of God,..... Look down and see our changeless love.
CHORUS.
Gen - tle birds a - bove are sweet - ly sing - ing, O'er the graves of he - roes brave and
Repeat pp
true; While the sweet-est flow'rs we are bring - ing, Wreath'd in garlands of red, white and blue.
true, brave and true;

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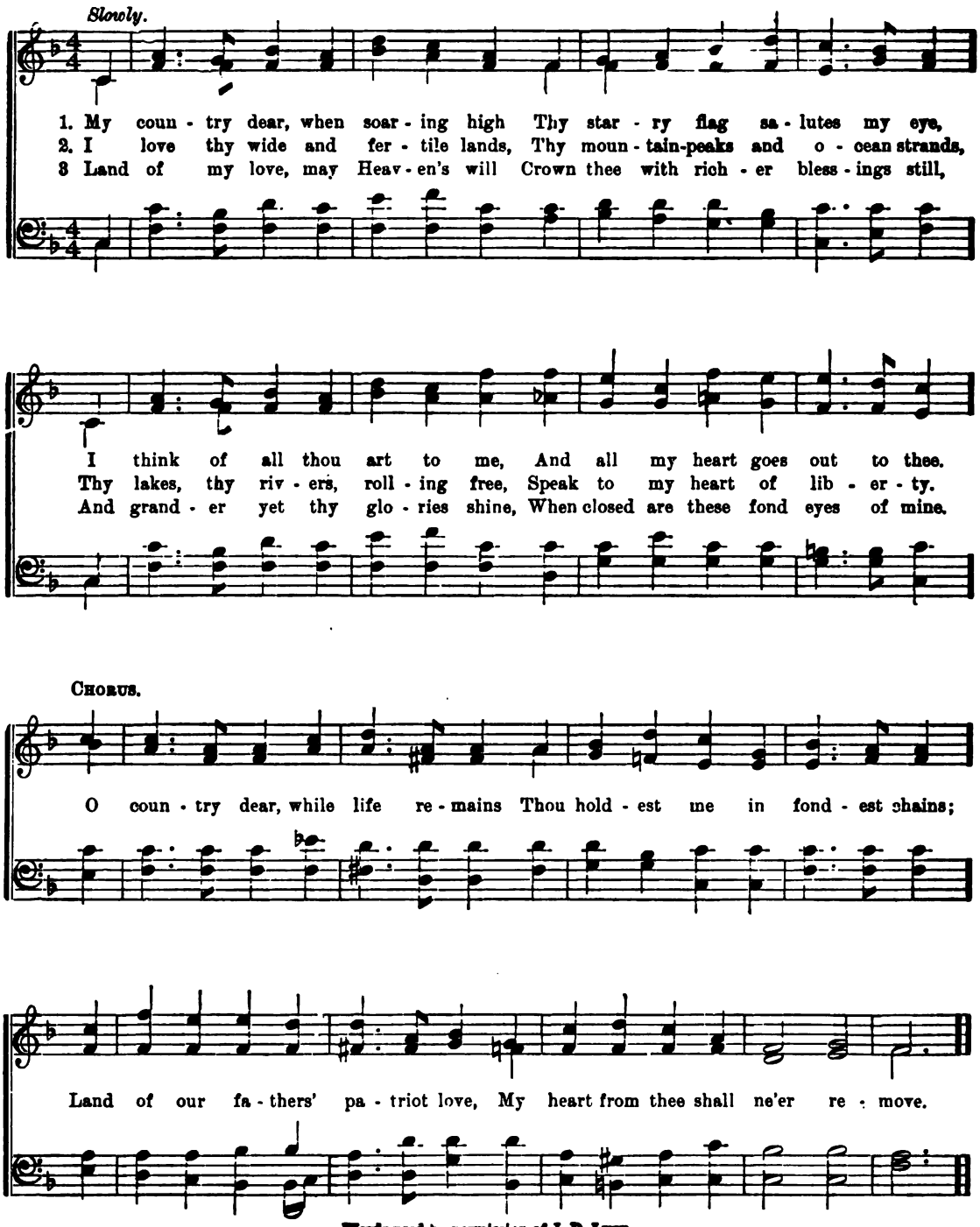
MY COUNTRY DEAR.

Words by T. J. Sheppard. **Music by Carl F. Price.**


Slowly.
1. My coun - try dear, when soar - ing high Thy star - ry flag sa - lutes my eye,
2. I love thy wide and fer - tile lands, Thy moun - tain-peaks and o - cean strands,
3 Land of my love, may Heav - en's will Crown thee with rich - er bless - ings still,
I think of all thou art to me, And all my heart goes out to thee.
Thy lakes, thy riv - ers, roll - ing free, Speak to my heart of lib - er - ty.
And grand - er yet thy glo - ries shine, When closed are these fond eyes of mine.
Chorus.
O coun - try dear, while life re - mains Thou hold - est me in fond - est chains;
Land of our fa - thers' pa - triot love, My heart from thee shall ne'er re - move.

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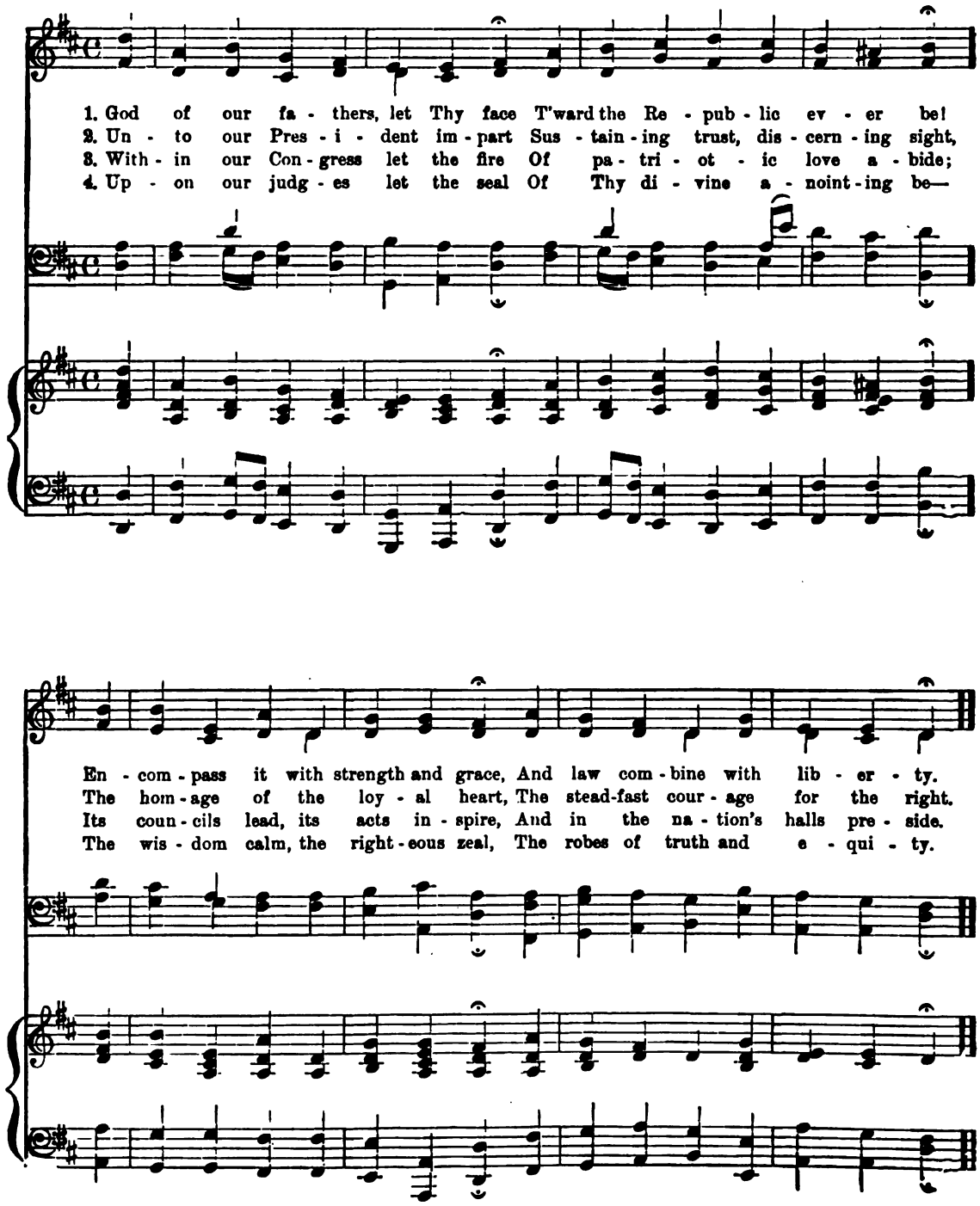
GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

Words by Rev. S. Wolcott, D.D. **Music by Geo. B. Nevin.**


1. God of our fa - thers, let Thy face T'ward the Re - pub - lic ev - er be!
2. Un - to our Pres - i - dent im - part Sus - tain - ing trust, dis - cern - ing sight,
3. With - in our Con - gress let the fire Of pa - tri - ot - ic love a - bide;
4. Up - on our judg - es let the seal Of Thy di - vine a - noint - ing be—
En - com - pass it with strength and grace, And law com - bine with lib - er - ty.
The hom - age of the loy - al heart, The stead-fast cour - age for the right.
Its coun - cils lead, its acts in - spire, And in the na - tion's halls pre - side.
The wis - dom calm, the right - eous zeal, The robes of truth and e - qui - ty.

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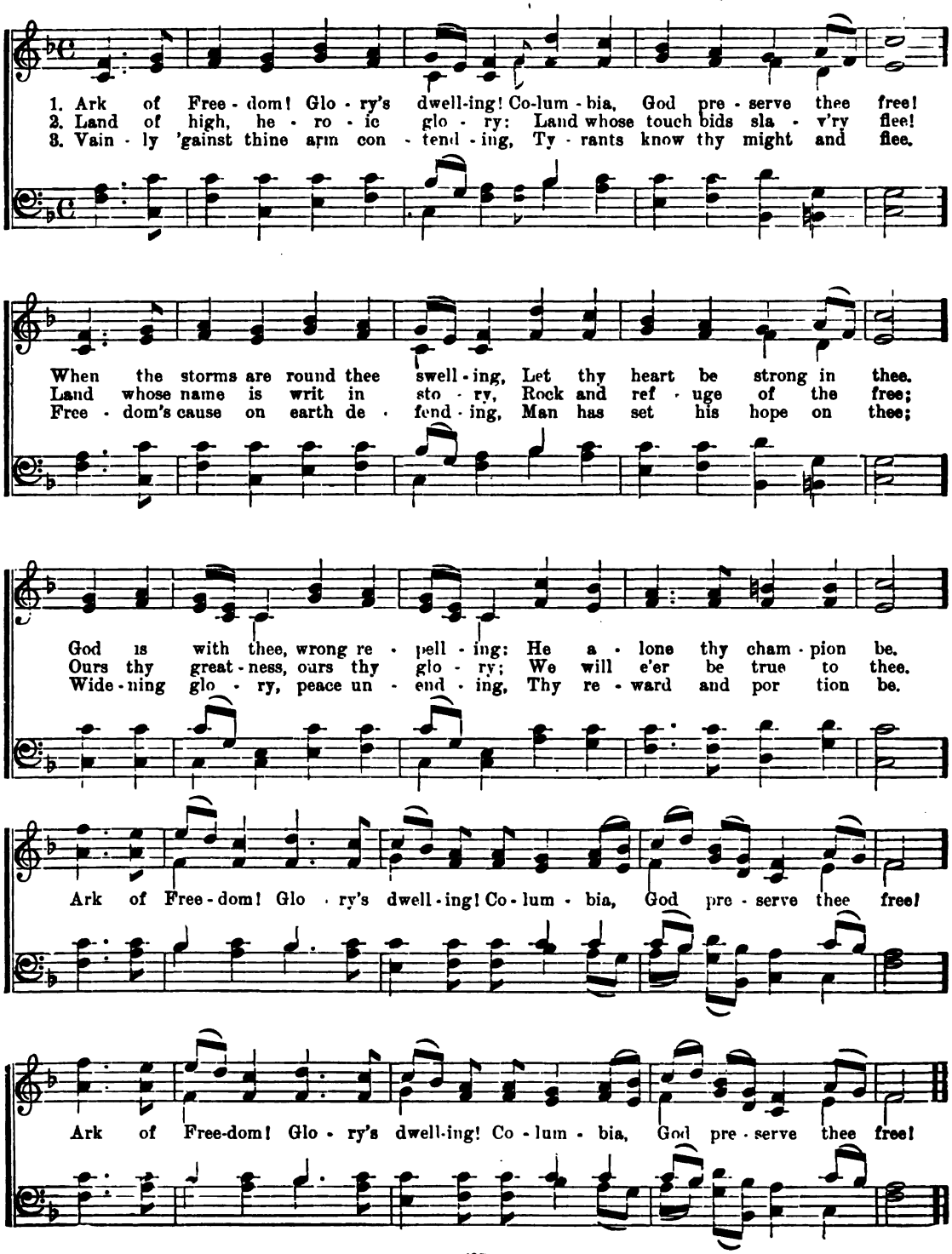
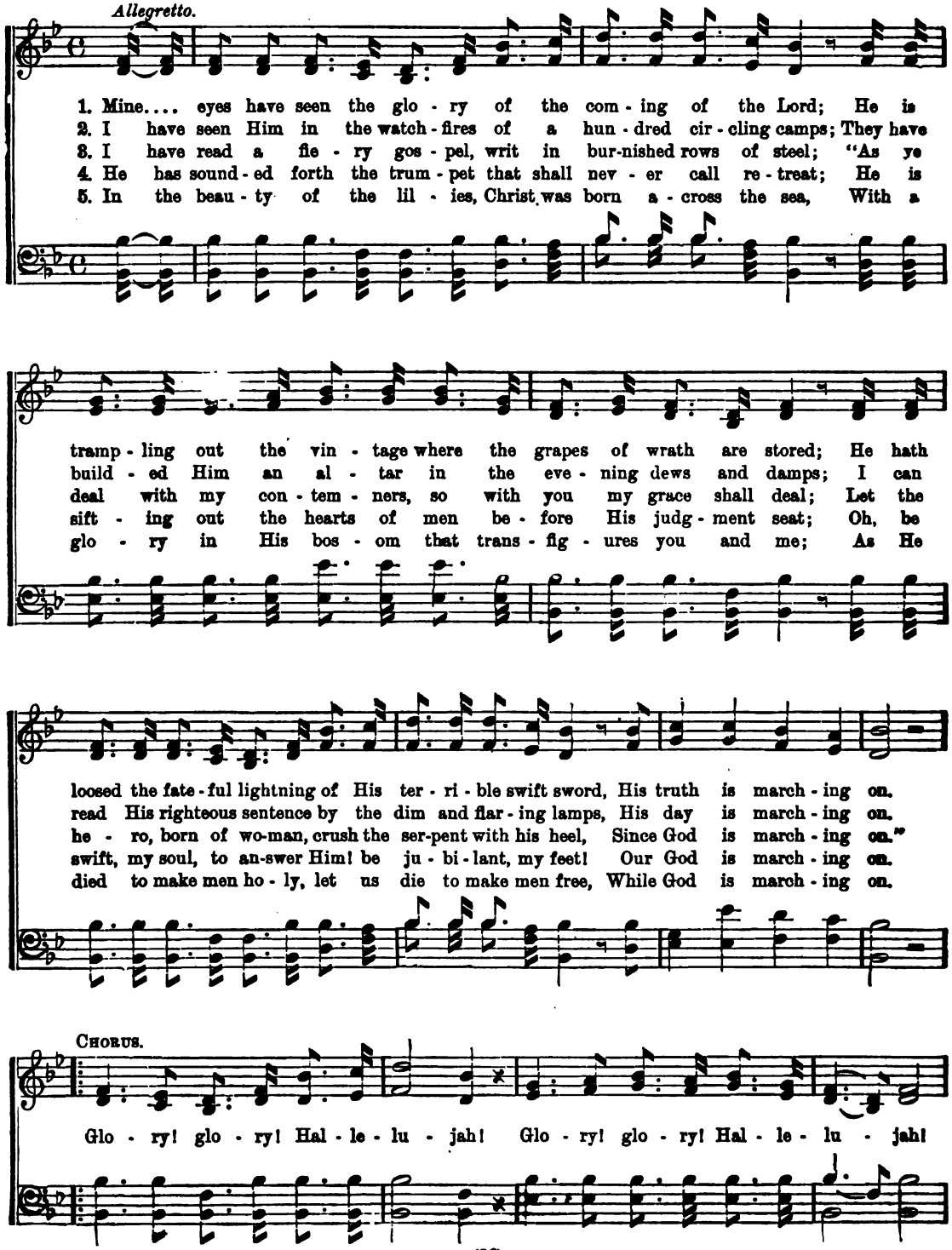
COLUMBIA, GOD PRESERVE THEE FREE.

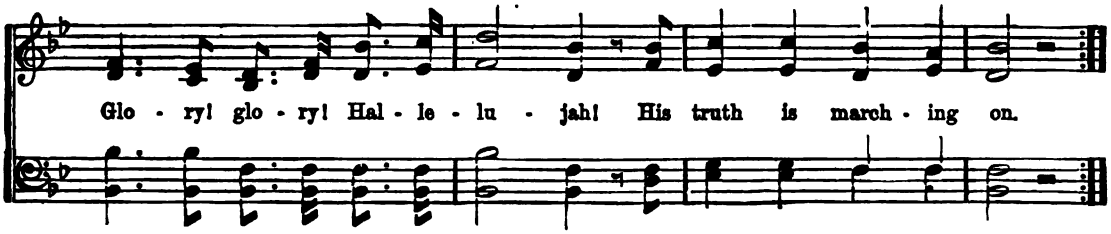
Music by Joseph Haydn.

1. Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell-ing! Co-lum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!
2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry: Land whose touch bids sla - v'ry flee!
3. Vain - ly 'gainst thine arm con - tend - ing, Ty - rants know thy might and flee.
When the storms are round thee swell - ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee.
Land whose name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the free;
Free - dom's cause on earth de - fend - ing, Man has set his hope on thee;
God is with thee, wrong re - pell - ing: He a - lone thy cham - pion be.
Ours thy great - ness, ours thy glo - ry; We will e'er be true to thee.
Wide - ning glo - ry, peace un - end - ing, Thy re - ward and por tion be.
Ark of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Co - lum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!
Ark of Free-dom! Glo - ry's dwell-ing! Co - lum - bia, God pre - serve thee free!

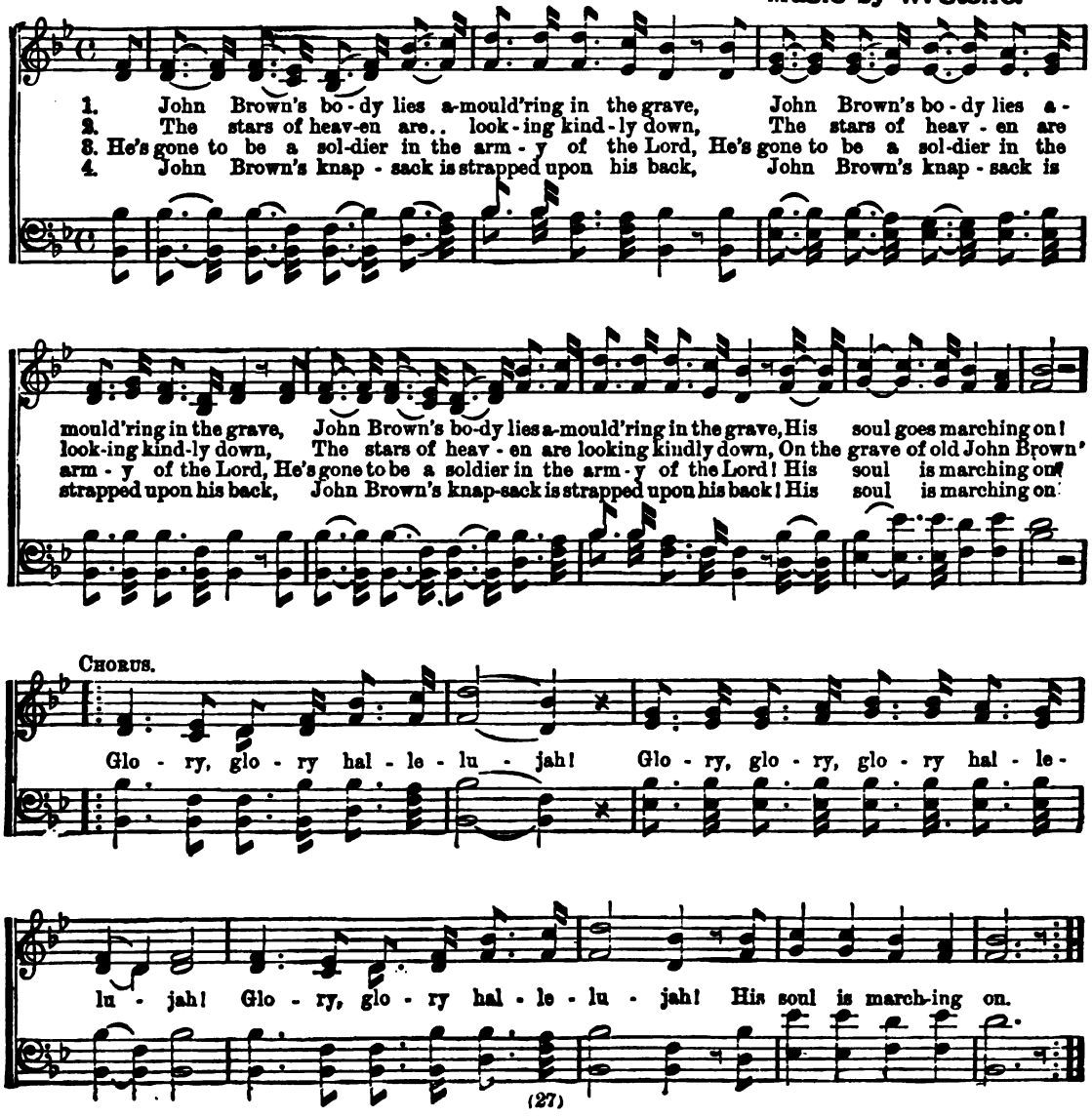
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by Julia Ward Howe. **Music by W. Steffe.**

Allegretto.

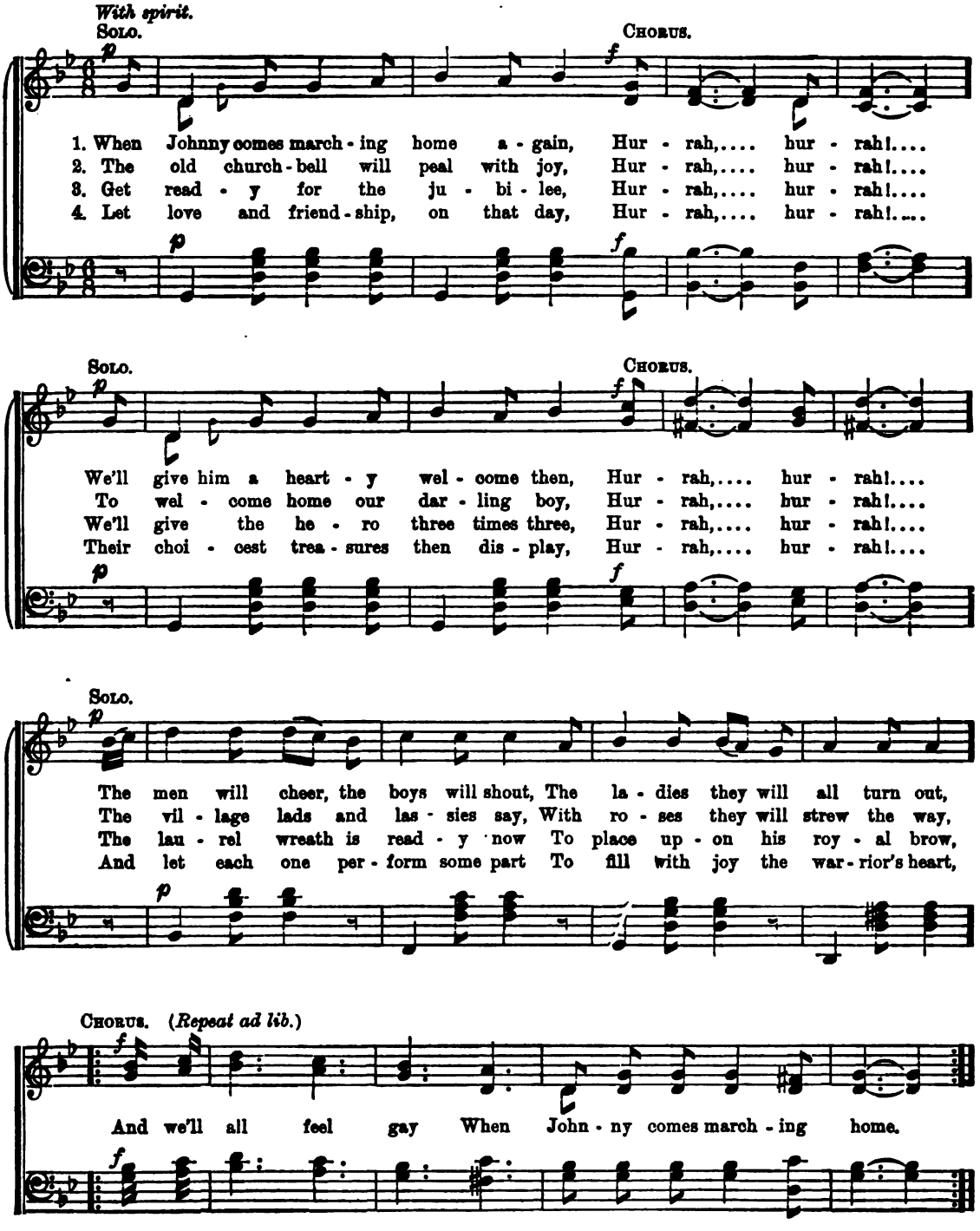

1. Mine.... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
he - ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.
Chorus.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by W. Steffe.

1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a-
2. The stars of heav-en are.. look - ing kind - ly down, The stars of heav - en are
3. He's gone to be a sol-dier in the arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol-dier in the
4. John Brown's knap - sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap - sack is
mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav - en are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown'
arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the arm - y of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!
Chorus.
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march-ing on.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and music by Louis Lambert. **Arranged by George Rosey.**


With spirit.
Solo.
Chorus.
1. When Johnny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
2. The old church - bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
4. Let love and friend - ship, on that day, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
Solo.
Chorus.
We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
Their choi - cest trea - sures then dis - play, Hur - rah,.... hur - rah!....
Solo.
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out,
The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,
The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To place up - on his roy - al brow,
And let each one per - form some part To fill with joy the war - rior's heart,
Chorus. (Repeat ad lib.)
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home.

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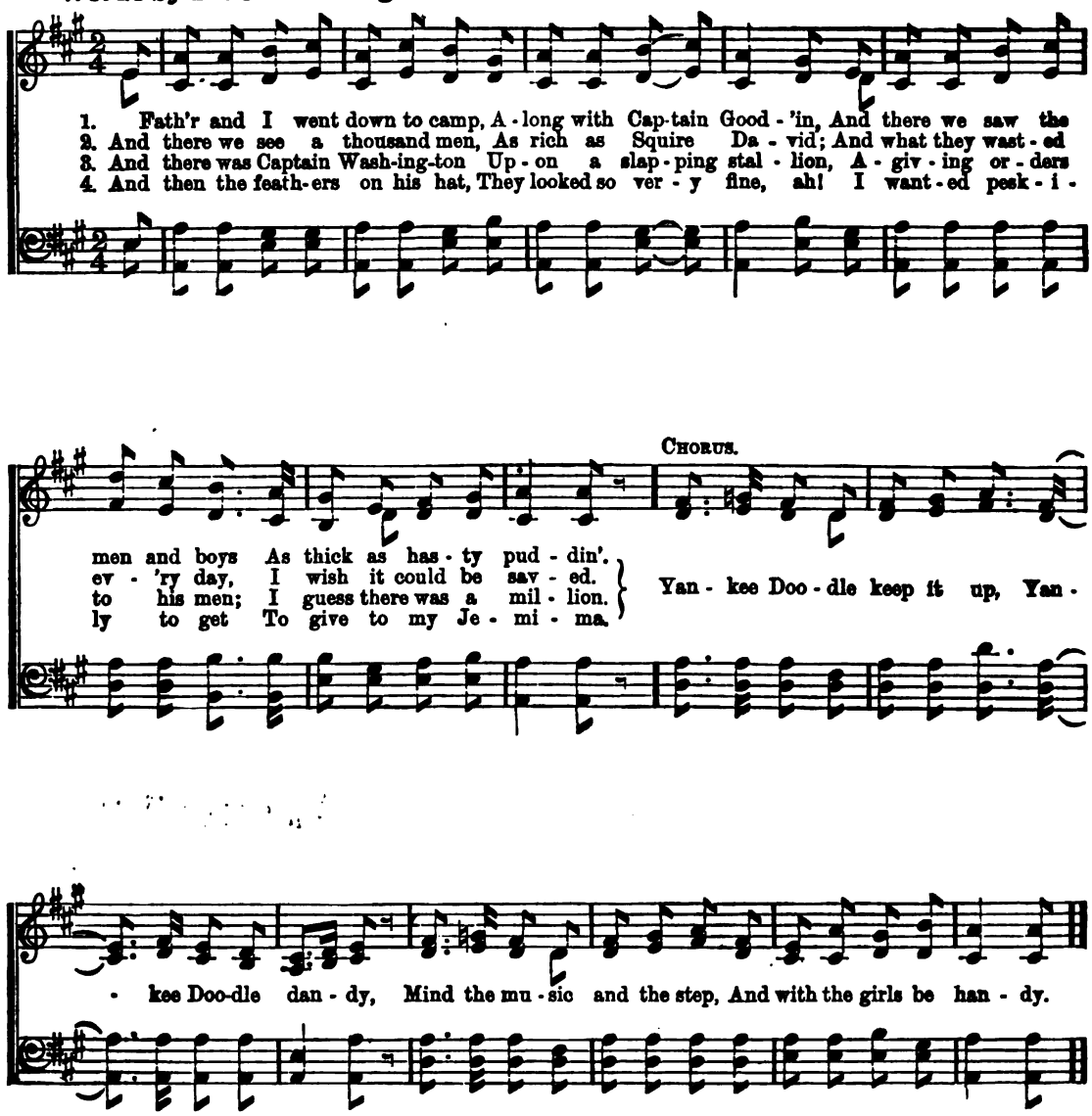
YANKEE DOODLE.

Words by Dr. Schackburg.

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with Cap-tain Good-'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wast-ed
3. And there was Captain Wash-ing-ton Up-on a slap-ping stal-lion, A-giv-ing or-ders
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver-y fine, ah! I want-ed pesk-i-
Chorus.
men and boys As thick as has-ty pud-din'.
ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.
Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-
-kee Doo-dle dan-dy, Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

5 And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

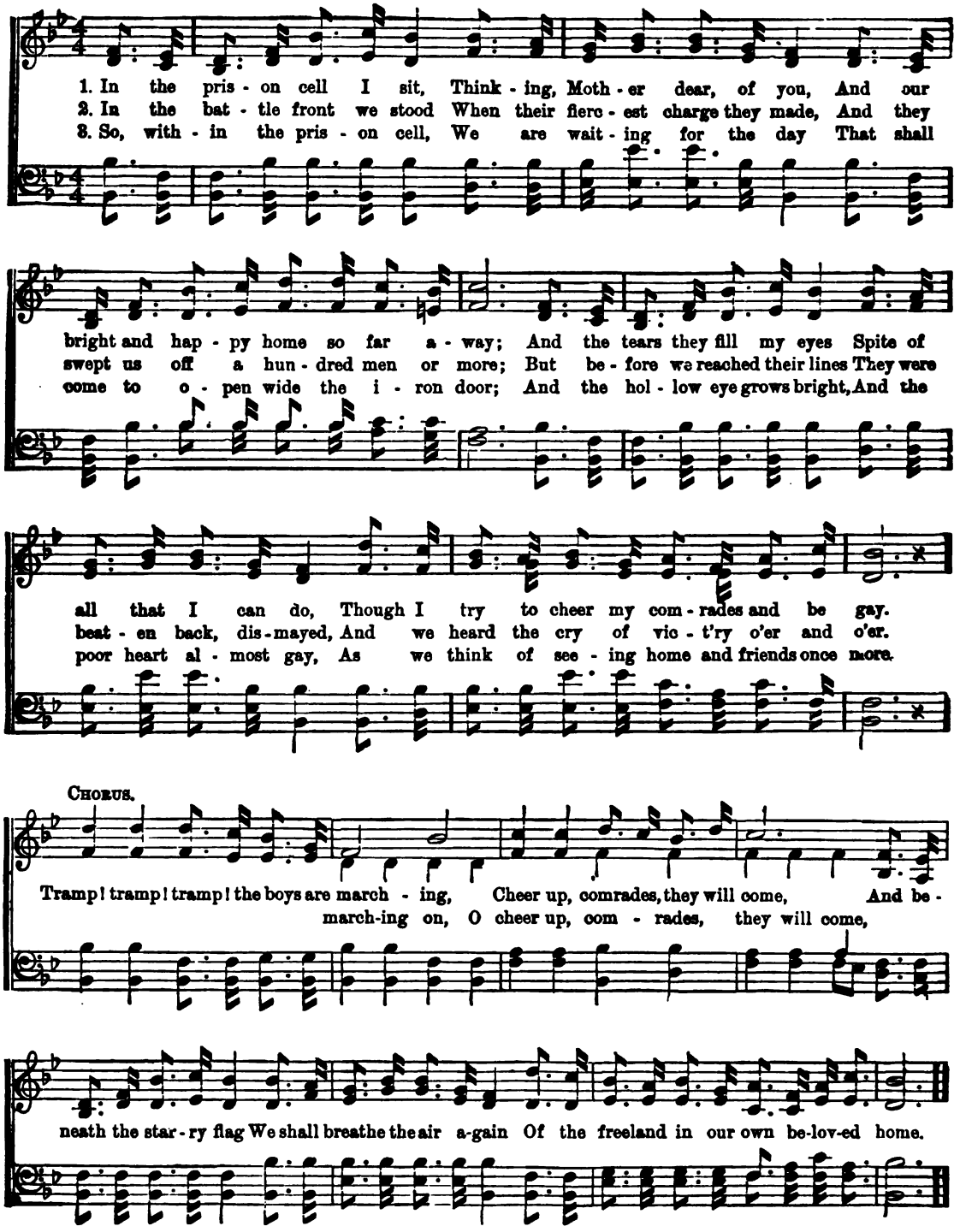
7 And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9 The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
Chorus.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
march-ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,
neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the freeland in our own be-lov-ed home.

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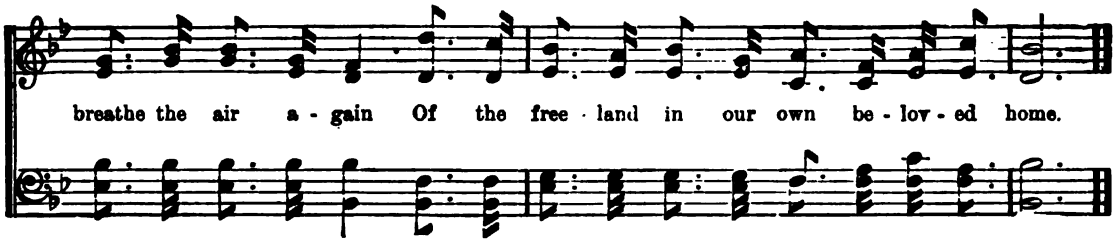
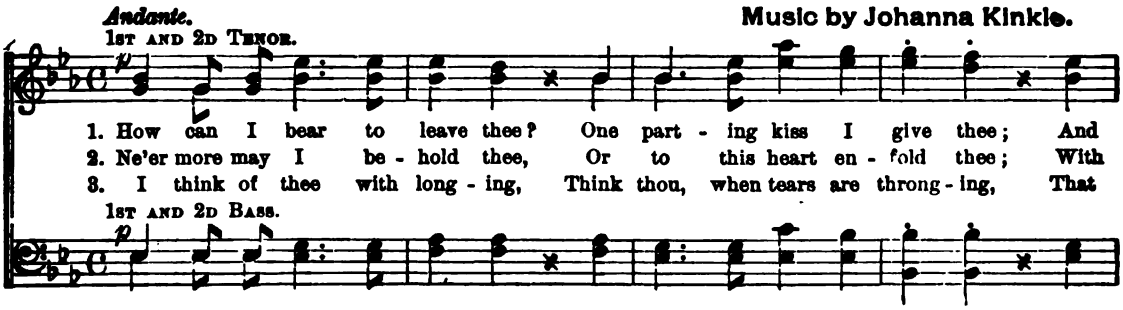
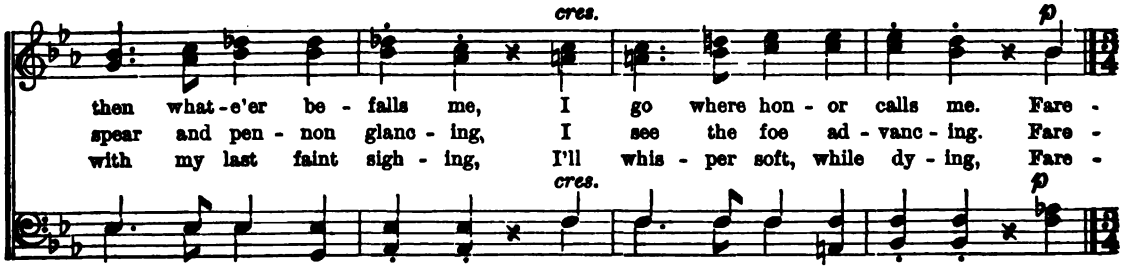
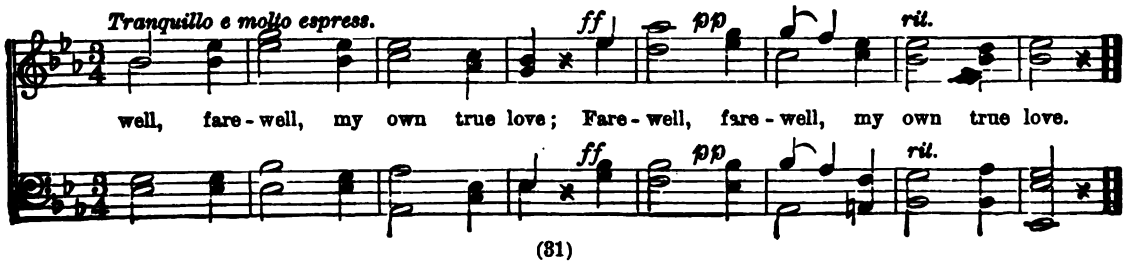
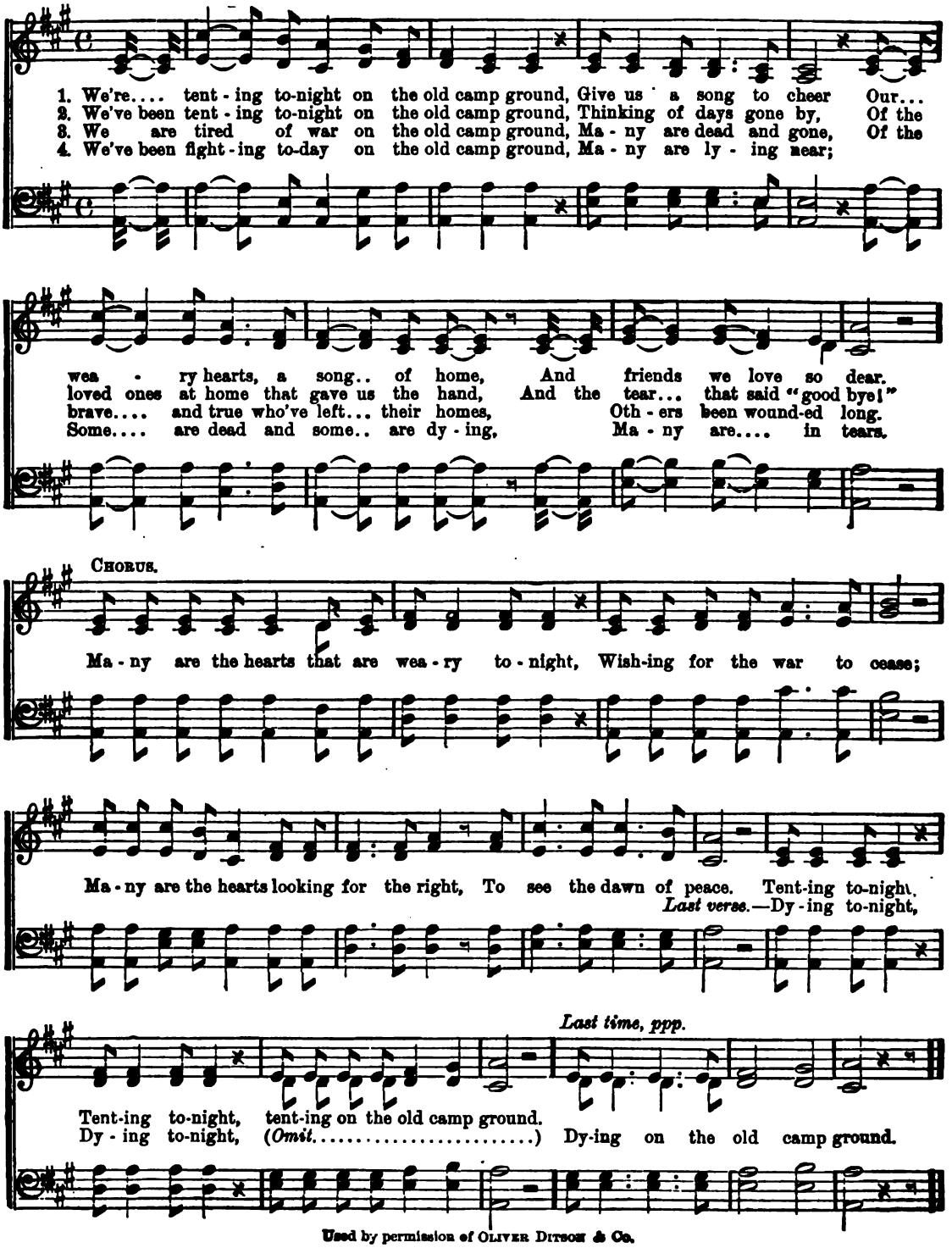

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.


Andante.
Music by Johanna Kinkle.
1st and 2d Tenor.
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That
1st and 2d Bass.

cres.
then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -
cres.

WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Words and music by Walter Kittredge.

1. We're.... tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our...
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fight - ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;
wea - ry hearts, a song.. of home, And friends we love so dear.
loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear... that said "good bye!"
brave.... and true who've left... their homes, Oth - ers been wound-ed long.
Some.... are dead and some.. are dy - ing, Ma - ny are.... in tears.
Chorus.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night.
Last verse.—Dy - ing to-night,
Last time, ppp.
Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, (Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

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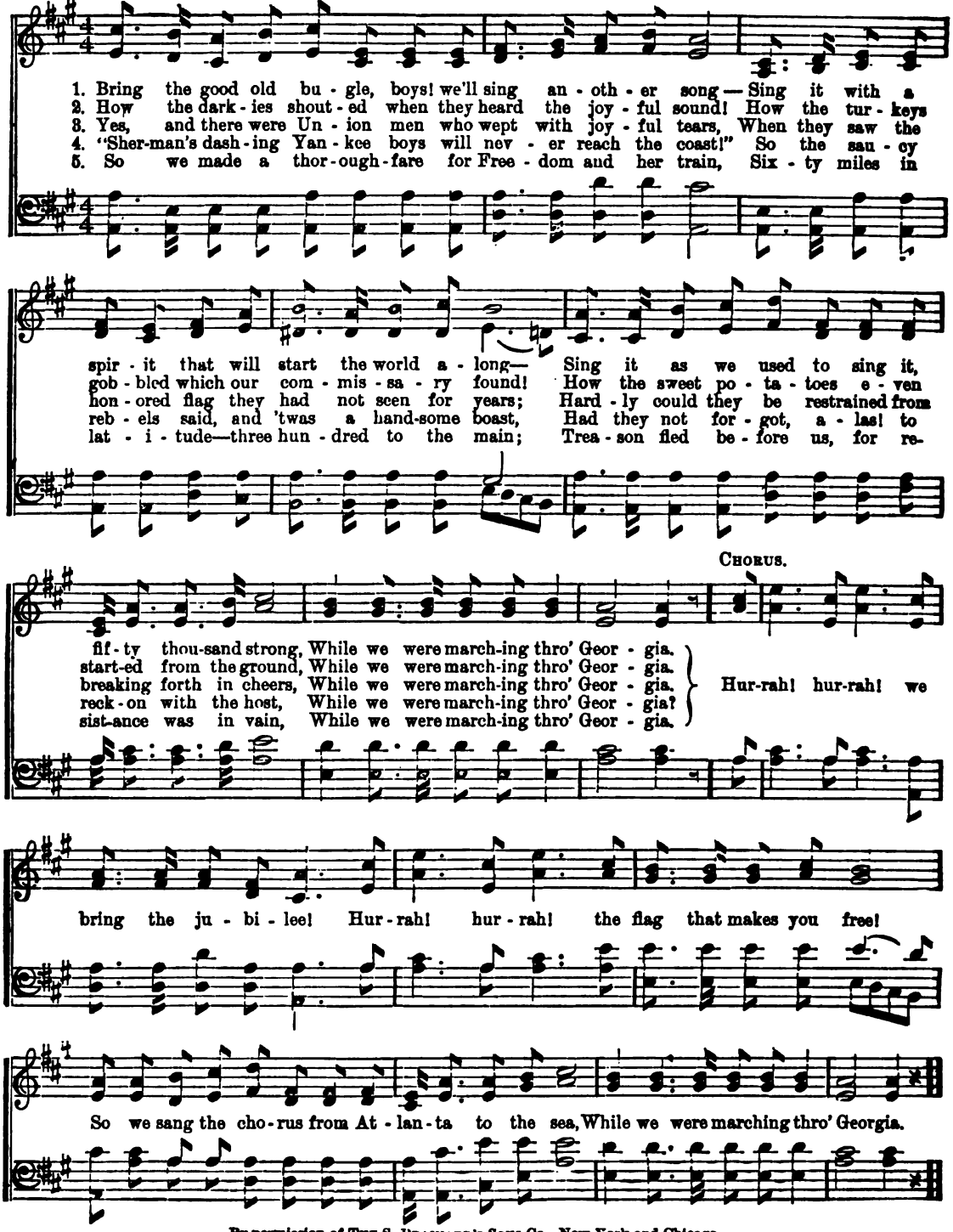
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song — Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in
spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
reb - els said, and 'twas a hand-some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re-
Chorus.
fif - ty thou-sand strong, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
start-ed from the ground, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
breaking forth in cheers, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
reck - on with the host, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia?
sist-ance was in vain, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.
Hur-rah! hur-rah! we
bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

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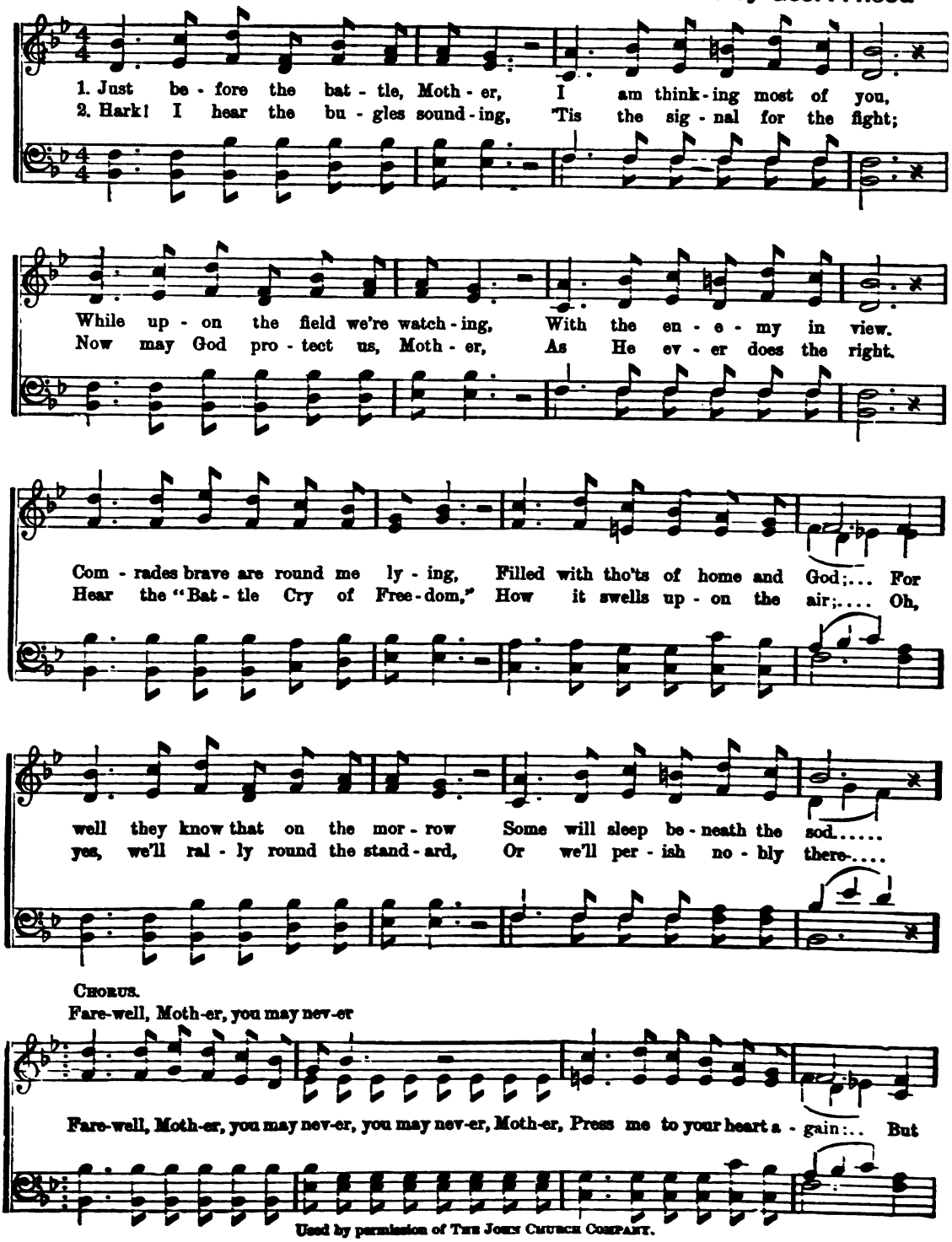
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;
While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right.
Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air;.... Oh,
well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod.....
yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there-.....
Chorus.
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, Moth-er, Press me to your heart a - gain:.. But

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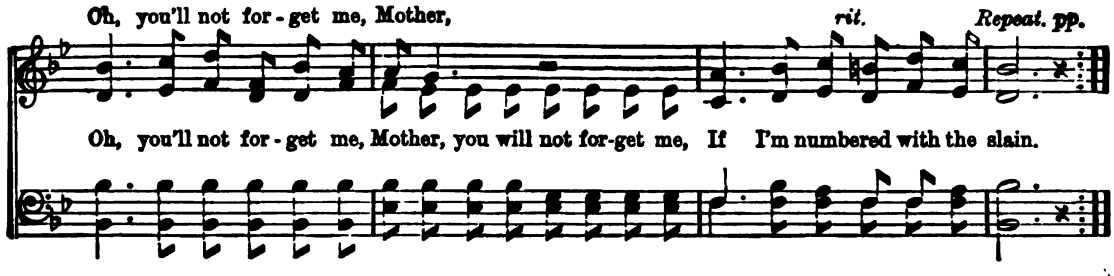
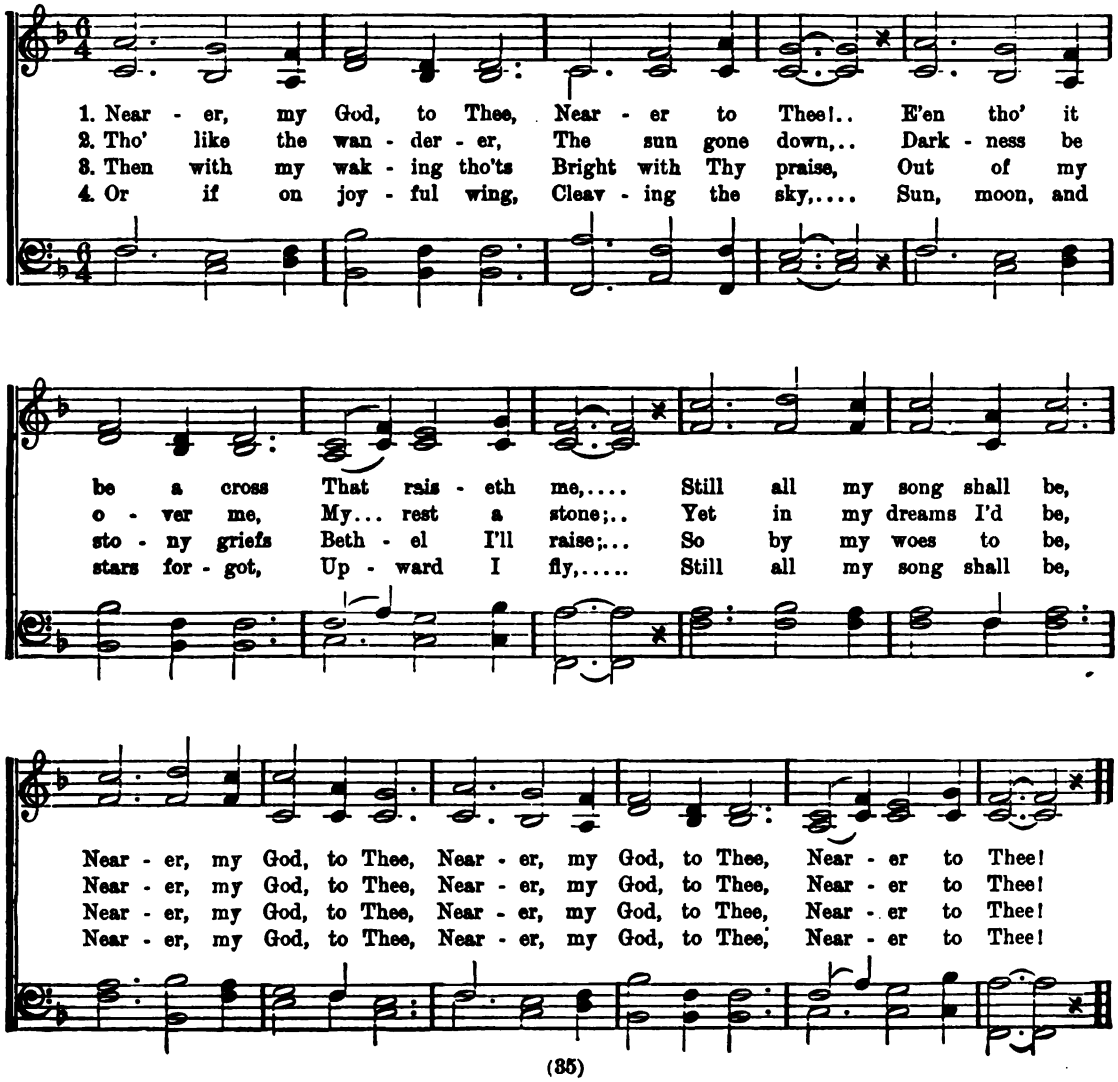
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.


Oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother,
rit.
Repeat. pp.
Oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother, you will not for-get me, If I'm numbered with the slain.

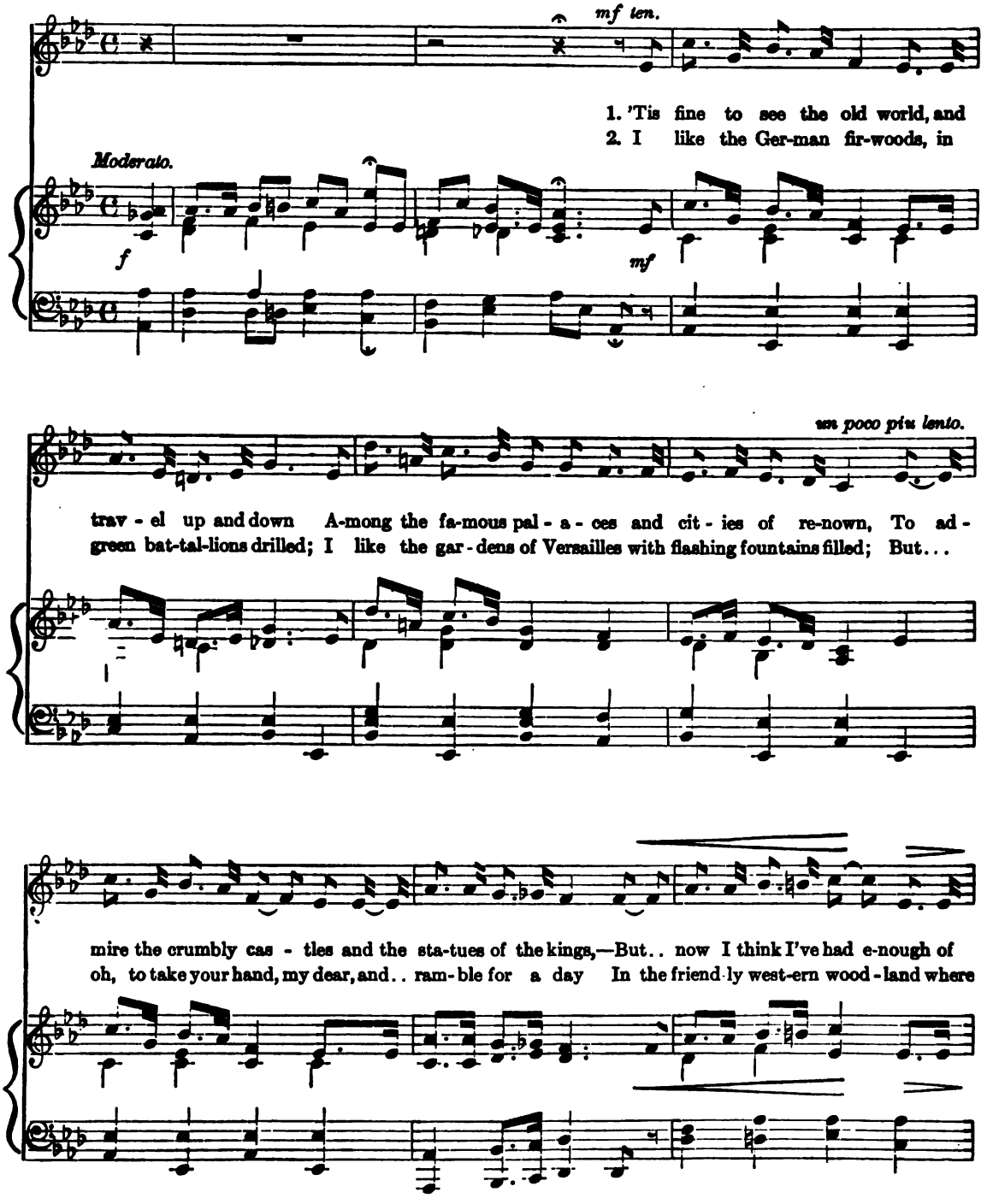
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Words by Sarah F. Adams. **Music by Lowell Mason.**


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.. E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,.. Dark - ness be
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,.... Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me,.... Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My... rest a stone;.. Yet in my dreams I'd be,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;... So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,..... Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

AMERICA FOR ME.

Words by Henry Van Dyke.

Music by Mary Speed Mercer.

mf ten.
1. 'Tis fine to see the old world, and
2. I like the Ger-man fir-woods, in
Moderato.
f
mf
un poco più lento.
trav - el up and down A-mong the fa-mous pal - a - ces and cit - ies of re-nown, To ad -
green bat-tal-lions drilled; I like the gar - dens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled; But...
mire the crumbly cas - tles and the sta-tues of the kings,—But.. now I think I've had e-nough of
oh, to take your hand, my dear, and.. ram-ble for a day In the friend-ly west-ern wood - land where

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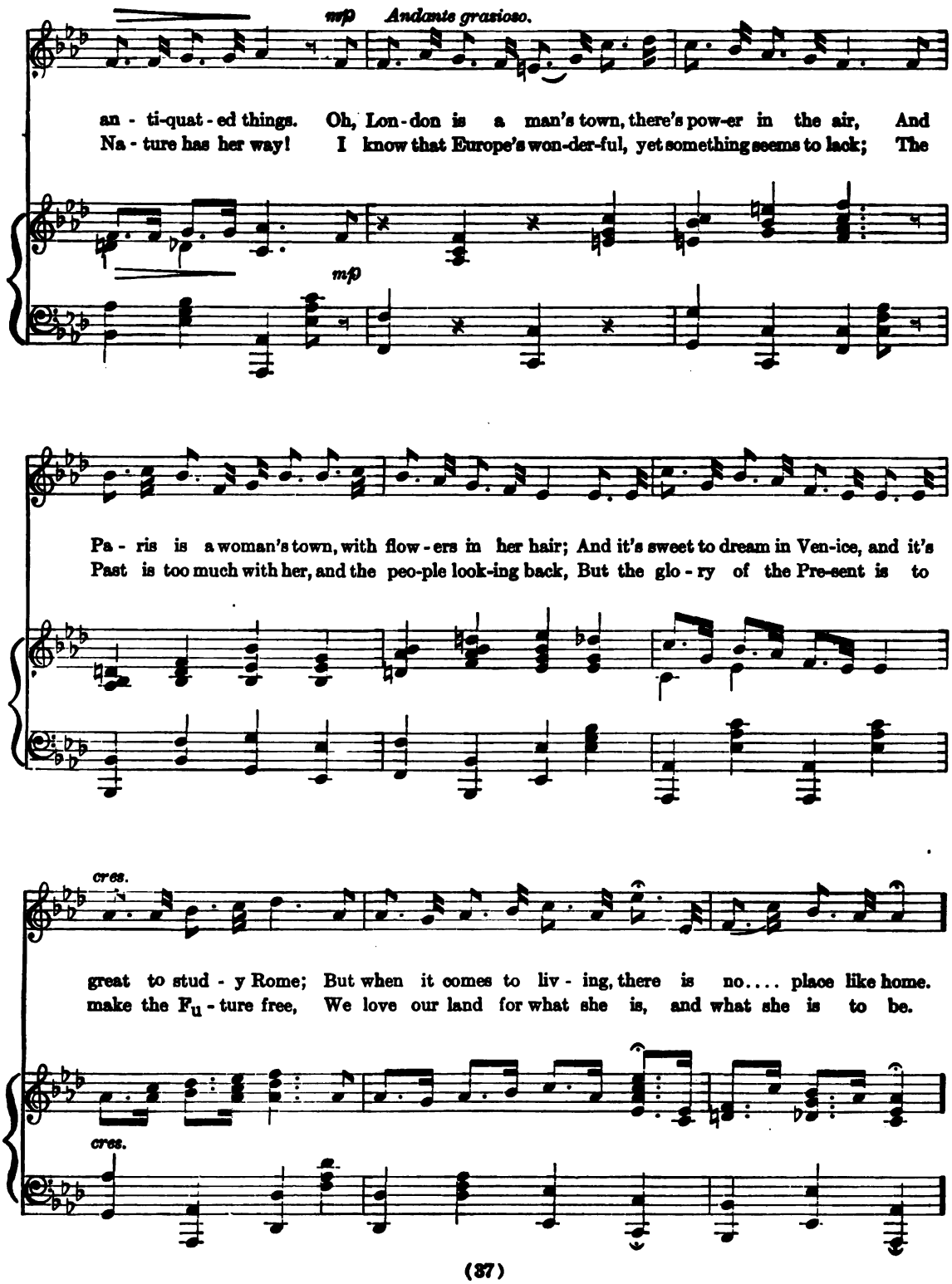
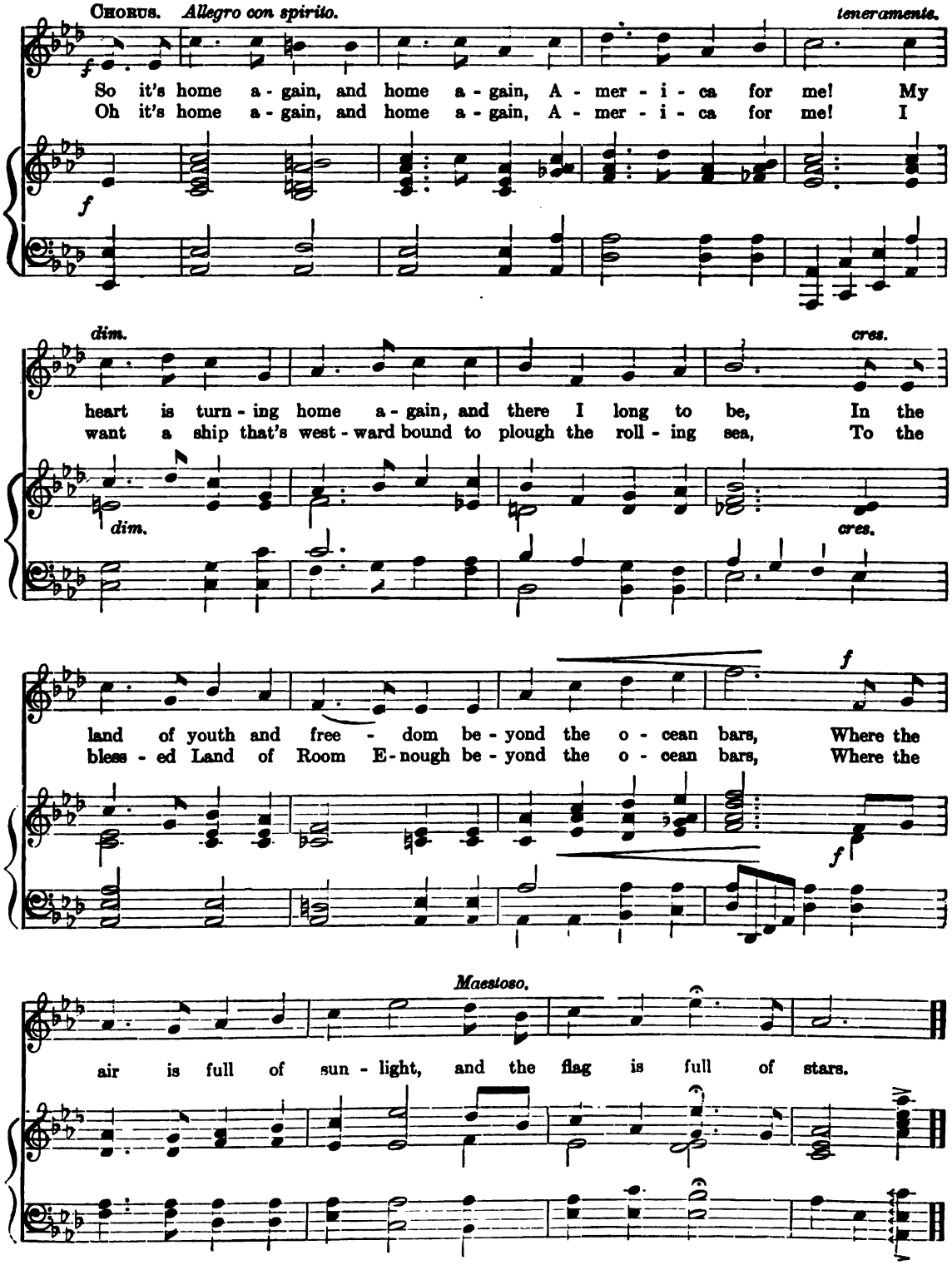
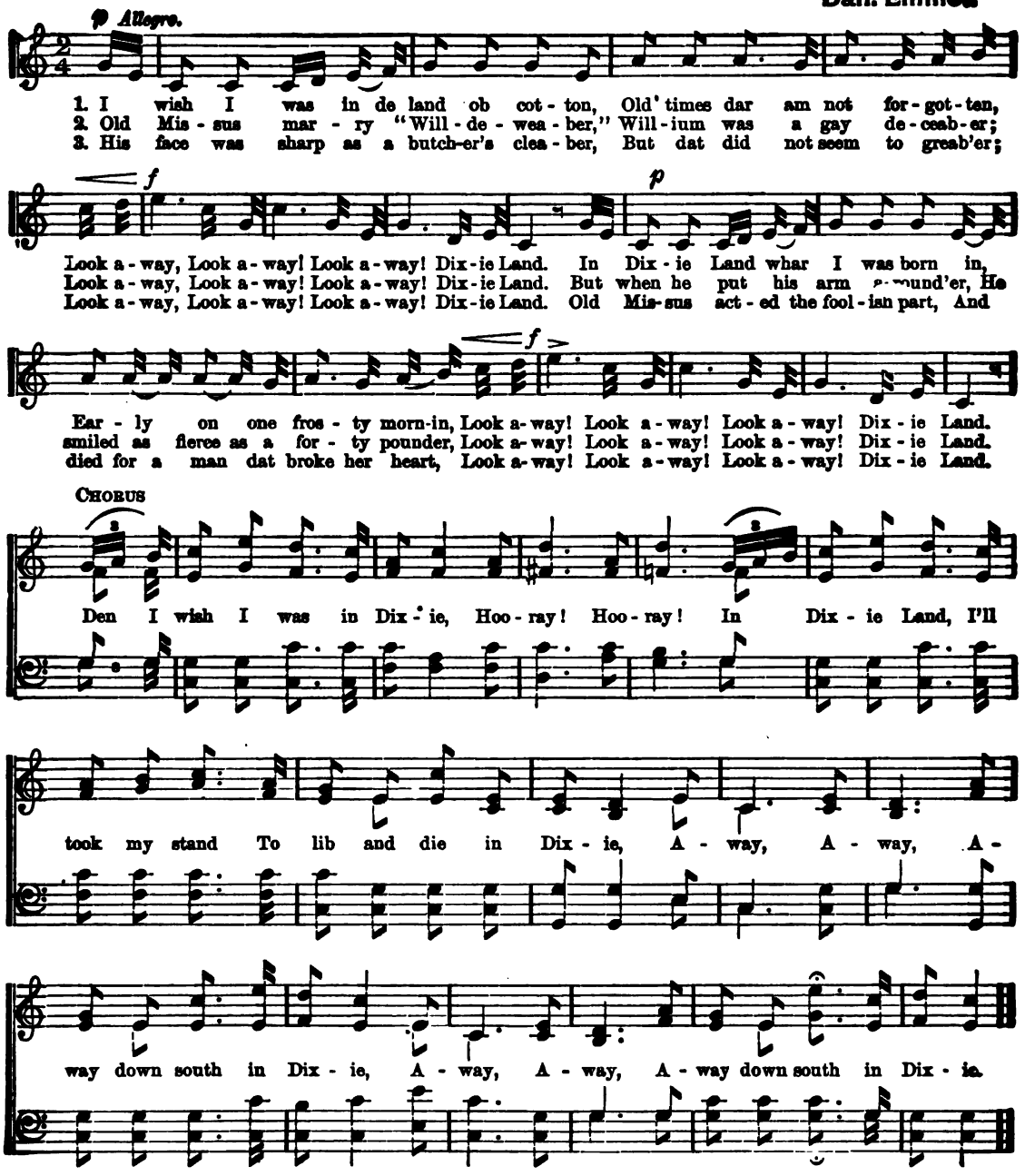

mp
Andante grazioso.
an - ti-quat - ed things. Oh, Lon - don is a man's town, there's pow-er in the air, And
Na - ture has her way! I know that Europe's won-der-ful, yet something seems to lack; The
mp
Pa - ris is a woman's town, with flow - ers in her hair; And it's sweet to dream in Ven-ice, and it's
Past is too much with her, and the peo-ple look-ing back, But the glo - ry of the Pre-sent is to
cres.
great to stud - y Rome; But when it comes to liv - ing, there is no.... place like home.
make the Fu - ture free, We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.
cres.

AMERICA FOR ME.

Chorus. Allegro con spirito.
teneramente.
So it's home a - gain, and home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! My
Oh it's home a - gain, and home a - gain, A - mer - i - ca for me! I
dim.
cres.
heart is turn - ing home a - gain, and there I long to be, In the
want a ship that's west - ward bound to plough the roll - ing sea, To the
land of youth and free - dom be - yond the o - cean bars, Where the
bless - ed Land of Room E - nough be - yond the o - cean bars, Where the
Maestoso.
air is full of sun - light, and the flag is full of stars.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.

Allegro.
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old' times dar am not for - got - ten,
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - wea - ber," Will - ium was a gay de - ceab - er;
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea - ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;
Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in,
Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his arm round'er, He
Look a - way, Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part, And
Ear - ly on one fros - ty morn - in, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
smiled as fierce as a for - ty pounder, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
CHORUS
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll
took my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -
way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.,

I consider "United" a masterpiece.—John Philip Sousa.

UNITED.

M. S. Mercer.

Marziale.

f

1. A - mer - i - ca, our moth - er fair, Queen of the earth, the sea, the air! The
2. Thy throne ex - tends from sea to sea, Thy scep - ter is our li - ber - ty; Thy
3. Our Ea - gles' wings are proud - ly spread; "Old Glo - ry" waves a - bove thy head; All
4. A - mer - i - ca, our moth - er dear, When thou dost call, thy chil - dren hear, And

f

States, thy chil - dren, cling to thee, And at thy shrine bend low the knee. A -
er - mine is our flag so grand Which proud - ly waves o'er sea and land; To
na - tions know that on thy breast Each wan-d'ring child may find its rest; For
com - ing pray all strife shall cease That God will bless our land with peace. Je -

mer - i - ca, a ra - diant band, North, South, East, West, hand clasped in hand, We
grace thy brow Heaven lends her crown, With gold - en stars it's wreathed a - round, And
lib - er - ty doth light the way Through dark - ness un - to per - fect day. A -
ho - vah, Lord, to Thee we raise Our hymns of gra - ti - tude and praise, Each

fz

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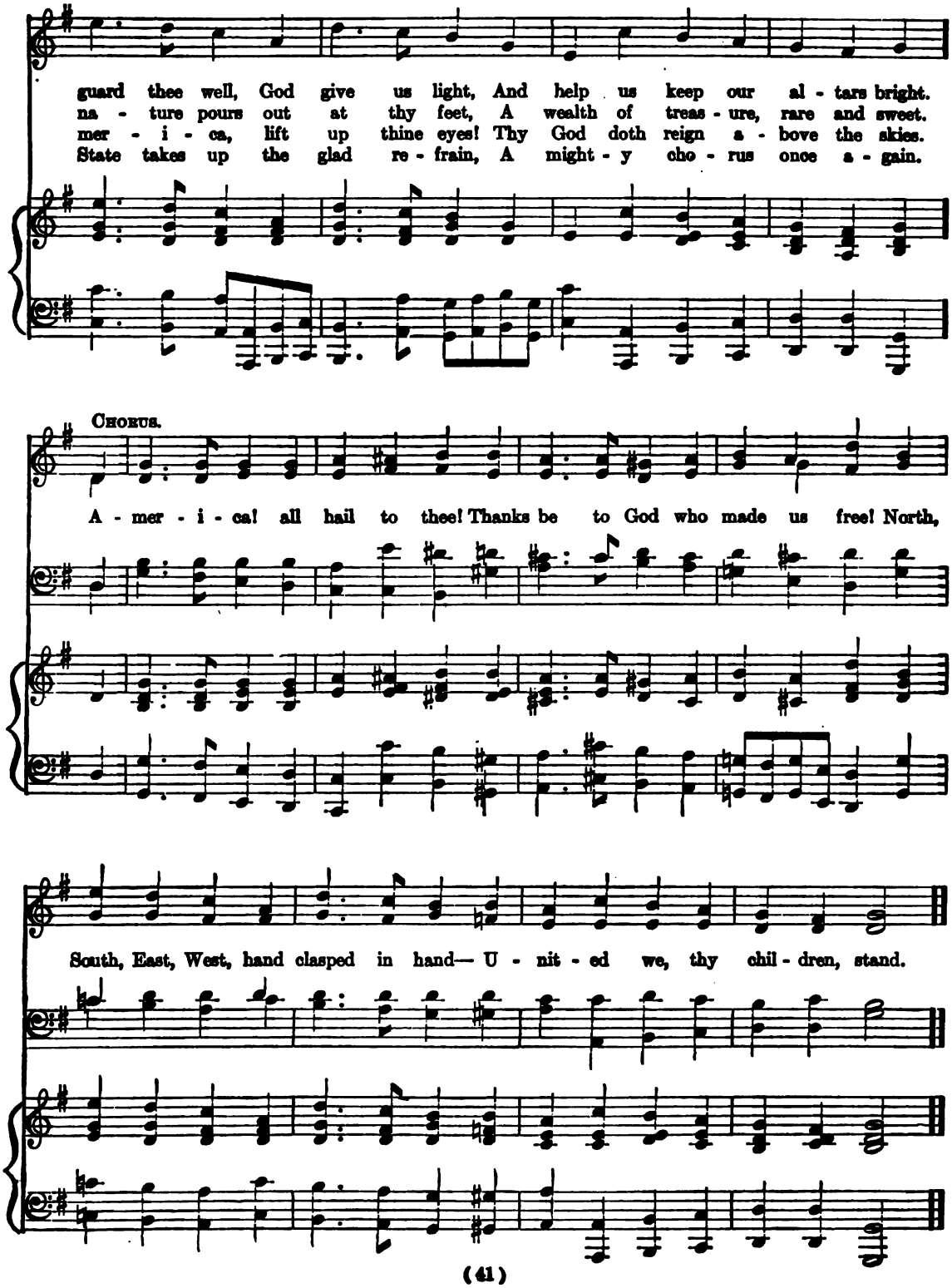
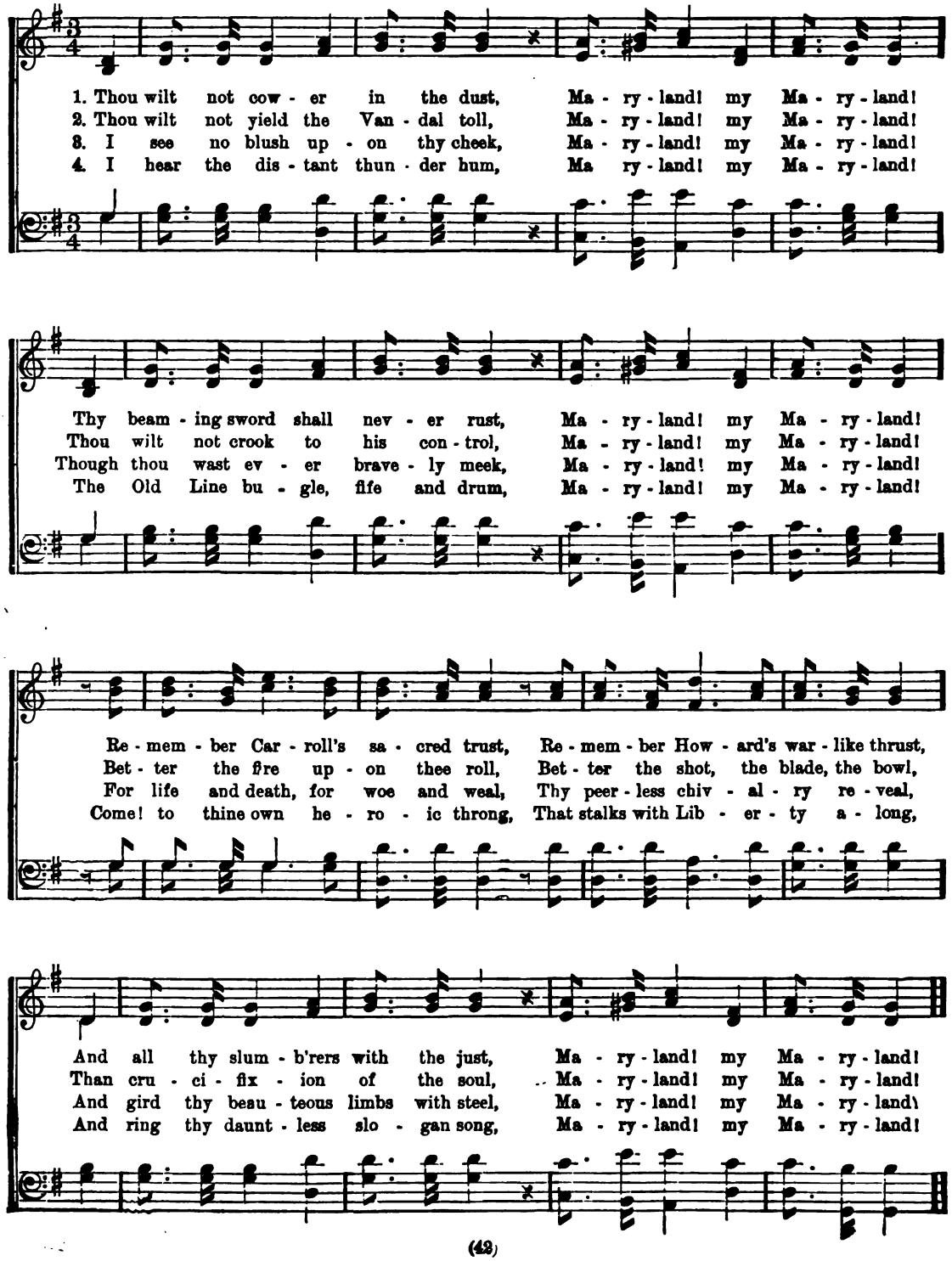
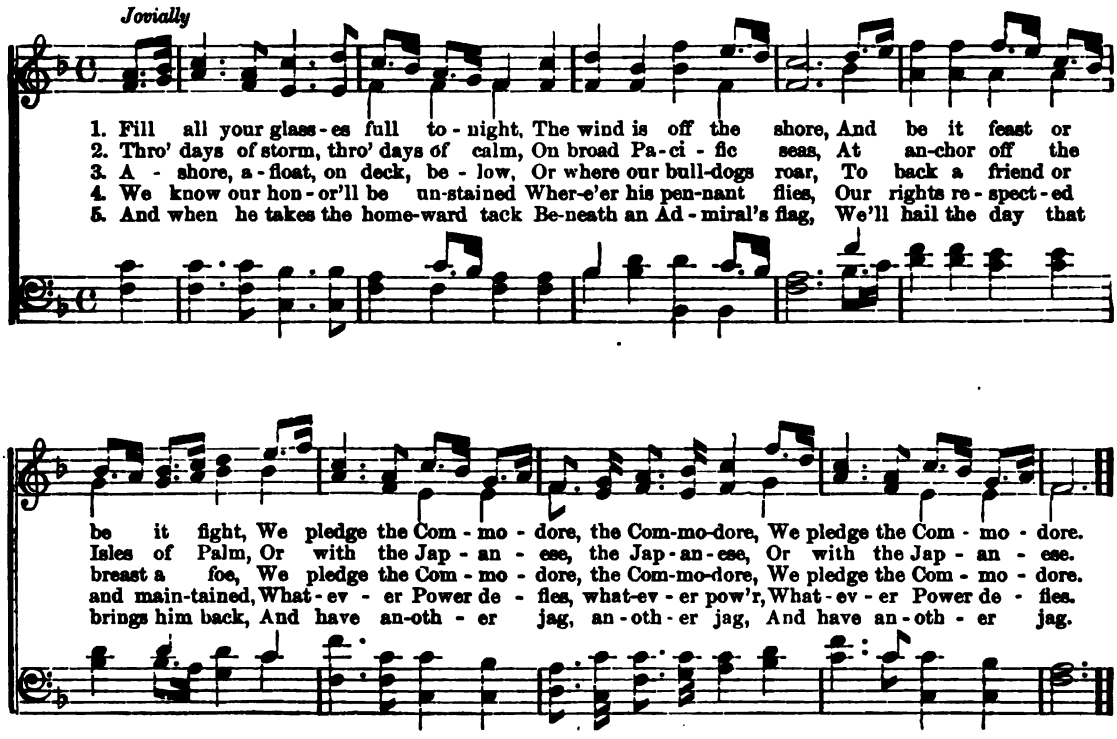

guard thee well, God give us light, And help us keep our al - tars bright.
na - ture pours out at thy feet, A wealth of treas - ure, rare and sweet.
mer - i - ca, lift up thine eyes! Thy God doth reign a - bove the skies.
State takes up the glad re - frain, A might - y cho - rus once a - gain.
Chorus.
A - mer - i - ca! all hail to thee! Thanks be to God who made us free! North,
South, East, West, hand clasped in hand— U - nit - ed we, thy chil - dren, stand.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by James R. Randall.


1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Though thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,
And all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

A TOAST TO DEWEY.

Jovially
1. Fill all your glass-es full to-night, The wind is off the shore, And be it feast or
2. Thro' days of storm, thro' days of calm, On broad Pa-ci-fic seas, At an-chor off the
3. A-shore, a-float, on deck, be-low, Or where our bull-dogs roar, To back a friend or
4. We know our hon-or'll be un-stained Wher-e'er his pen-nant flies, Our rights re-spect-ed
5. And when he takes the home-ward tack Be-neath an Ad-miral's flag, We'll hail the day that
be it fight, We pledge the Com-mo-dore, the Com-mo-dore, We pledge the Com-mo-dore.
Isles of Palm, Or with the Jap-an-ese, the Jap-an-ese, Or with the Jap-an-ese.
breast a foe, We pledge the Com-mo-dore, the Com-mo-dore, We pledge the Com-mo-dore.
and main-tained, What-ev-er Power de-fies, what-ev-er pow'r, What-ev-er Power de-fies.
brings him back, And have an-oth-er jag, an-oth-er jag, And have an-oth-er jag.

Added May 3, 1898.

6 We drank to him no empty toast,
Nor was our boasting vain,
For on the far Philippine coast
He "singed the beard of Spain."

7 And up from all our hills and vales,
From city, town and shore,
A mighty shout the welkin hails—
"Well done, brave Commodore!"

8 An Admiral's flag you now will fly,
You've won it like a man
Where heroes love to do or die,
Right in the battle's van.

9 And on our history's matchless scroll,
Writ large along its lines,
With those who've played a deathless role,
The name of Dewey shines.

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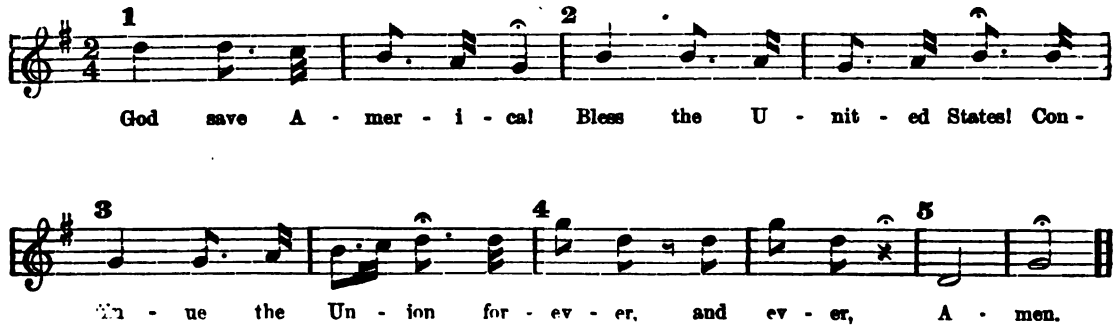
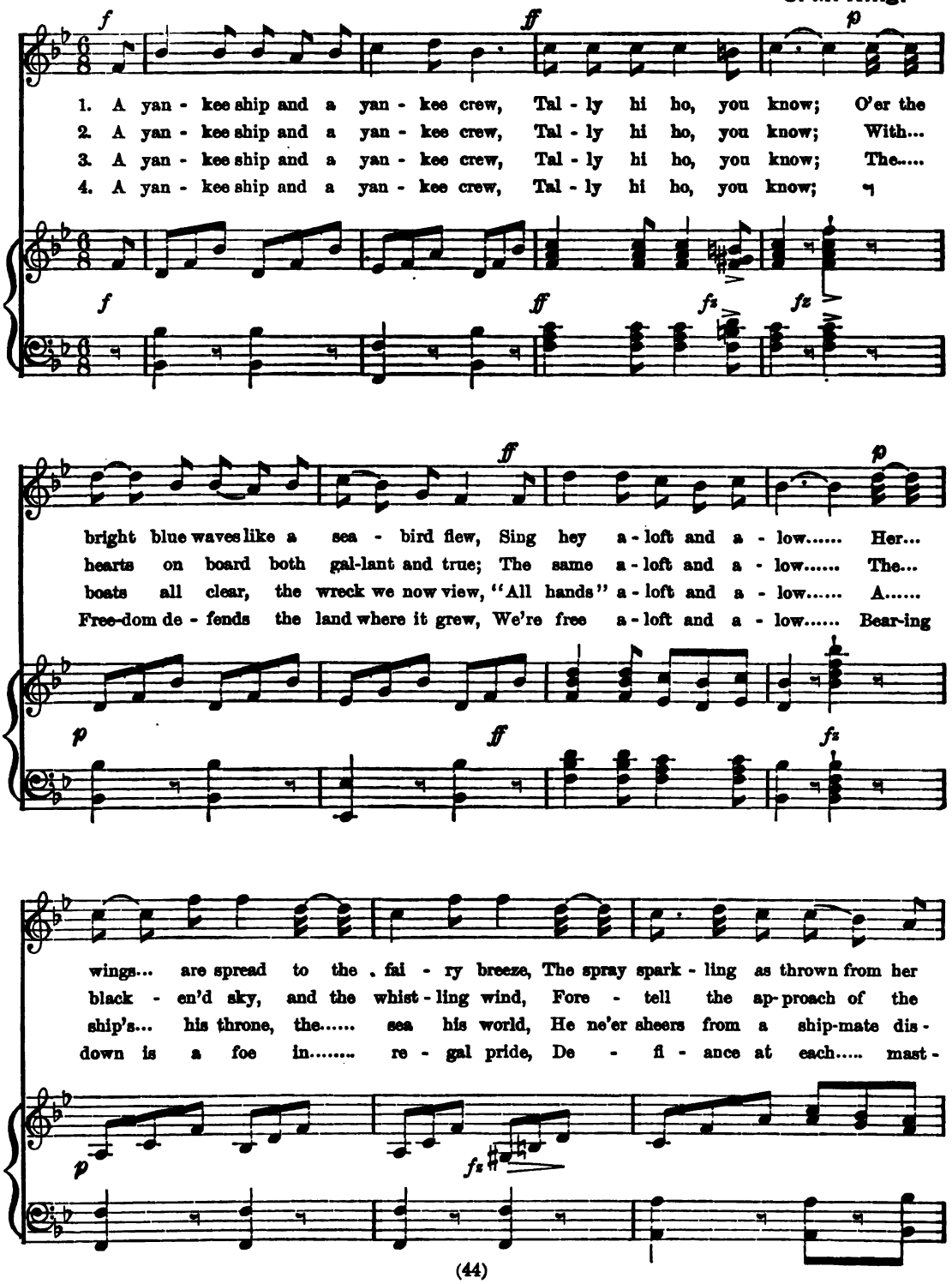
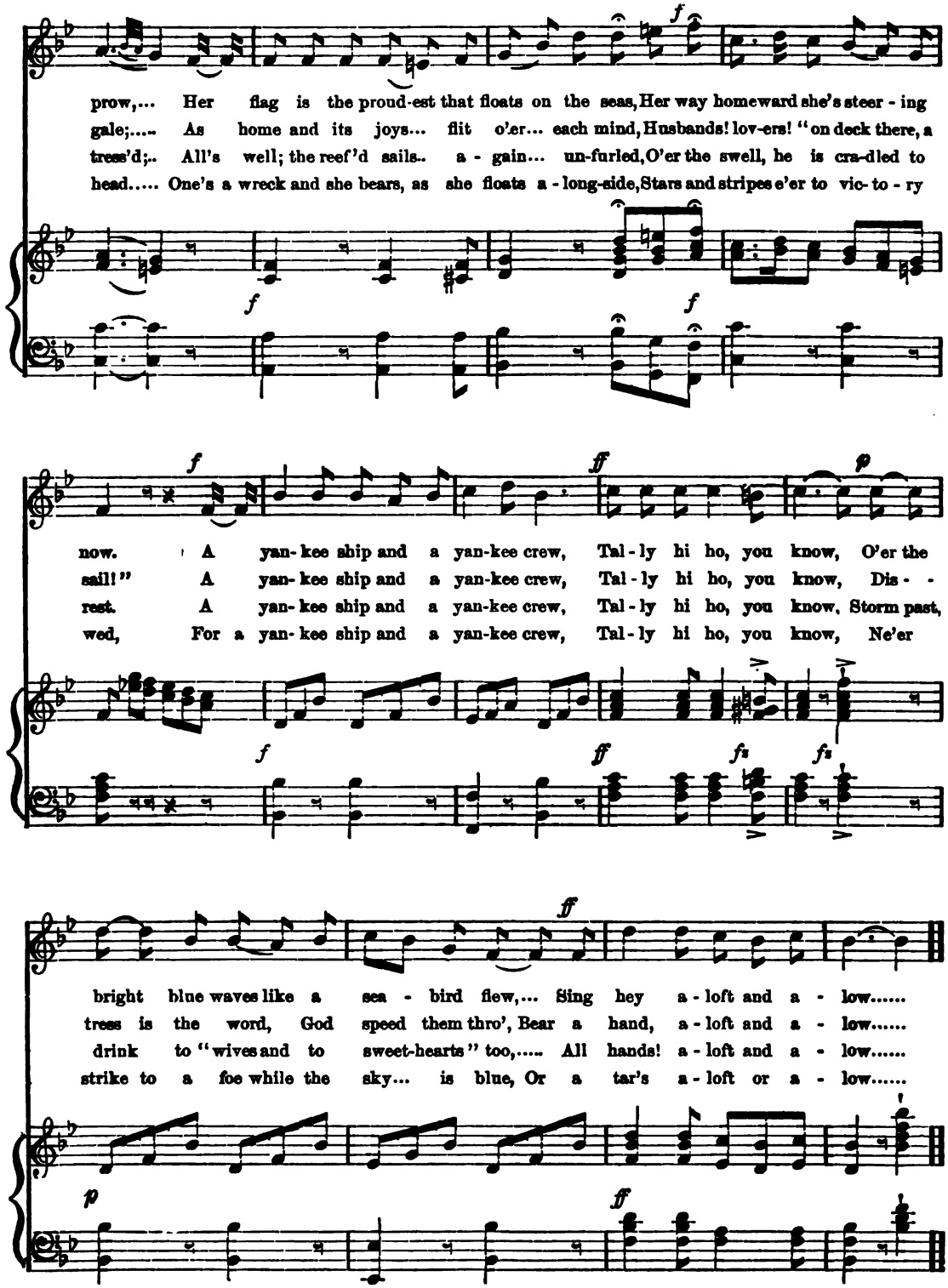
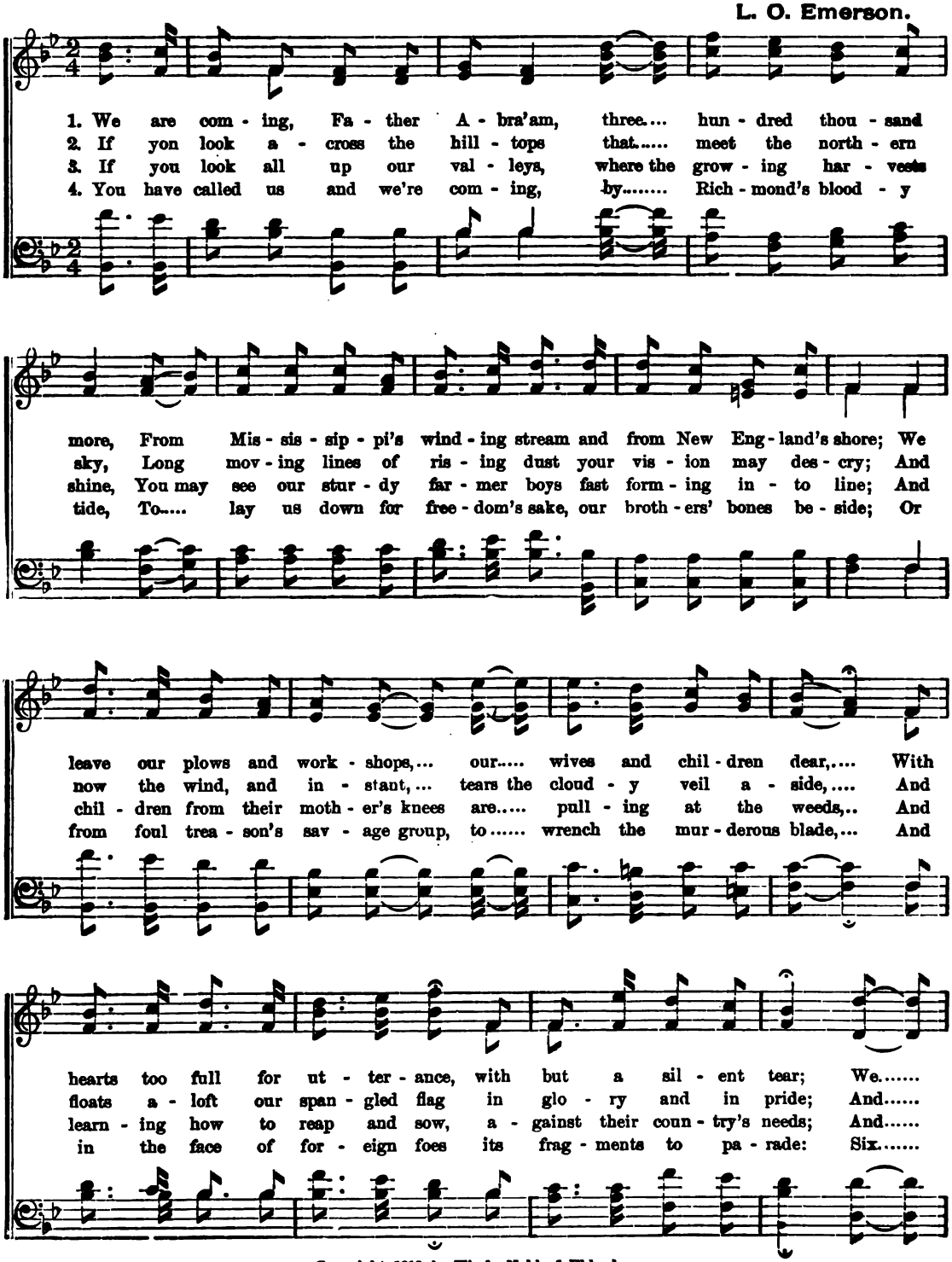
GOD SAVE AMERICA.

(Round in Five Parts.)

A YANKEE SHIP, AND A YANKEE CREW.

C. M. King.

1. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; O'er the
2. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; With...
3. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; The.....
4. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know;
bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low..... Her...
hearts on board both gal-lant and true; The same a - loft and a - low..... The...
boats all clear, the wreck we now view, "All hands" a - loft and a - low..... A.....
Free-dom de - fends the land where it grew, We're free a - loft and a - low..... Bear-ing
wings... are spread to the fai - ry breeze, The spray spark - ling as thrown from her
black - en'd sky, and the whist - ling wind, Fore - tell the ap-proach of the
ship's... his throne, the..... sea his world, He ne'er sheers from a ship-mate dis -
down is a foe in..... re - gal pride, De - fi - ance at each..... mast -

prow,... Her flag is the proud-est that floats on the seas, Her way homeward she's steer - ing
gale;.... As home and its joys... flit o'er... each mind, Husbands! lov-ers! "on deck there, a
tress'd;.. All's well; the reef'd sails.. a - gain... un-furled, O'er the swell, he is cra-dled to
head..... One's a wreck and she bears, as she floats a - long-side, Stars and stripes e'er to vic- to - ry
now. A yan- kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know, O'er the
sail!" A yan- kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know, Dis - -
rest. A yan- kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know, Storm past,
wed, For a yan- kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know, Ne'er
bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew,... Sing hey a - loft and a - low.....
tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a - loft and a - low.....
drink to "wives and to sweet-hearts" too,..... All hands! a - loft and a - low.....
strike to a foe while the sky... is blue, Or a tar's a - loft or a - low.....

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRA'AM.

L. O. Emerson.

1. We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra'am, three.... hun - dred thou - sand
2. If yon look a - cross the hill - tops that..... meet the north - ern
3. If you look all up our val - leys, where the grow - ing har - vests
4. You have called us and we're com - ing, by..... Rich - mond's blood - y
more, From Mis - sis - sip - pi's wind - ing stream and from New Eng - land's shore; We
sky, Long mov - ing lines of ris - ing dust your vis - ion may des - cry; And
shine, You may see our stur - dy far - mer boys fast form - ing in - to line; And
tide, To..... lay us down for free - dom's sake, our broth - ers' bones be - side; Or
leave our plows and work - shops,... our..... wives and chil - dren dear,.... With
now the wind, and in - stant,... tears the cloud - y veil a - side,.... And
chil - dren from their moth - er's knees are..... pull - ing at the weeds,.. And
from foul trea - son's sav - age group, to..... wrench the mur - derous blade,... And
hearts too full for ut - ter - ance, with but a sil - ent tear; We.....
floats a - loft our span - gled flag in glo - ry and in pride; And.....
learn - ing how to reap and sow, a - gainst their coun - try's needs; And.....
in the face of for - eign foes its frag - ments to pa - rade: Six.....

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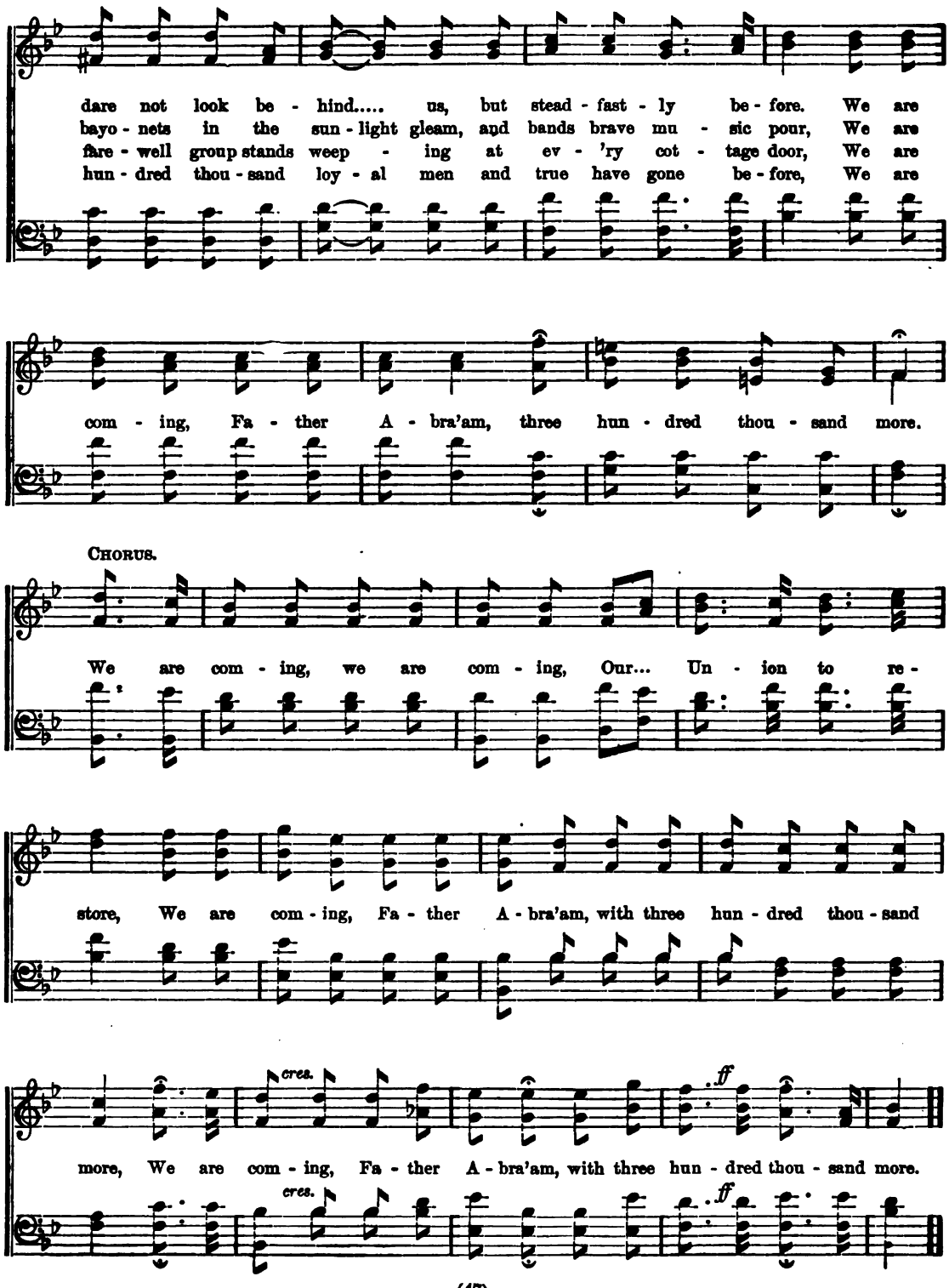
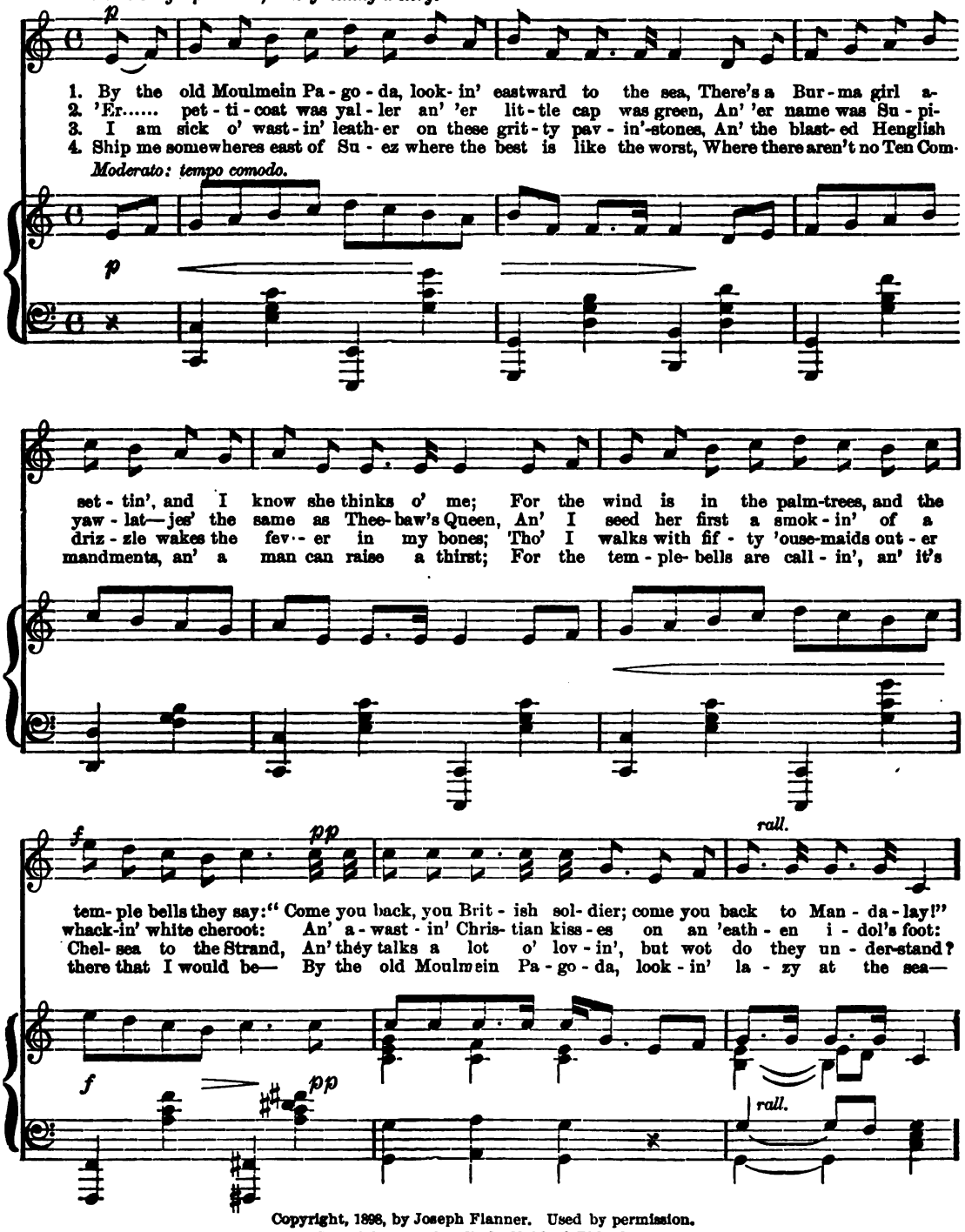
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRA'AM.

dare not look be - hind..... us, but stead - fast - ly be - fore. We are
bayo - nets in the sun - light gleam, and bands brave mu - sic pour, We are
fare - well group stands weep - ing at ev - 'ry cot - tage door, We are
hun - dred thou - sand loy - al men and true have gone be - fore, We are
com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra'am, three hun - dred thou - sand more.
CHORUS.
We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Our... Un - ion to re -
store, We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra'am, with three hun - dred thou - sand
cres.
ff
more, We are com - ing, Fa - ther A - bra'am, with three hun - dred thou - sand more.
cres.
ff

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

A BARRACK-ROOM BALLAD.

Rudyard Kipling. **Henry Trevannion.**

Moderato: tempo comodo.
To be sung "parlando," as if telling a story.

p
1. By the old Moulmein Pa - go - da, look- in' eastward to the sea, There's a Bur - ma girl a-
2. 'Er..... pet - ti - coat was yal - ler an' 'er lit - tle cap was green, An' 'er name was Su - pi-
3. I am sick o' wast - in' leath - er on these grit - ty pav - in'-stones, An' the blast - ed Henglish
4. Ship me somewheres east of Su - ez where the best is like the worst, Where there aren't no Ten Com-
Moderato: tempo comodo.
p
set - tin', and I know she thinks o' me; For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the
yaw - lat—jes' the same as Thee - baw's Queen, An' I seed her first a smok - in' of a
driz - zle wakes the fev - er in my bones; Tho' I walks with fif - ty 'ouse-maids out - er
mandments, an' a man can raise a thirst; For the tem - ple- bells are call - in', an' it's
f
pp
rall.
tem- ple bells they say: " Come you back, you Brit - ish sol- dier; come you back to Man - da - lay!"
whack-in' white cheroot: An' a - wast - in' Chris- tian kiss - es on an 'eath - en i - dol's foot:
Chel- sea to the Strand, An' they talks a lot o' lov - in', but wot do they un - der-stand?
there that I would be— By the old Moulmein Pa - go - da, look - in' la - zy at the sea—
f
pp
rall.

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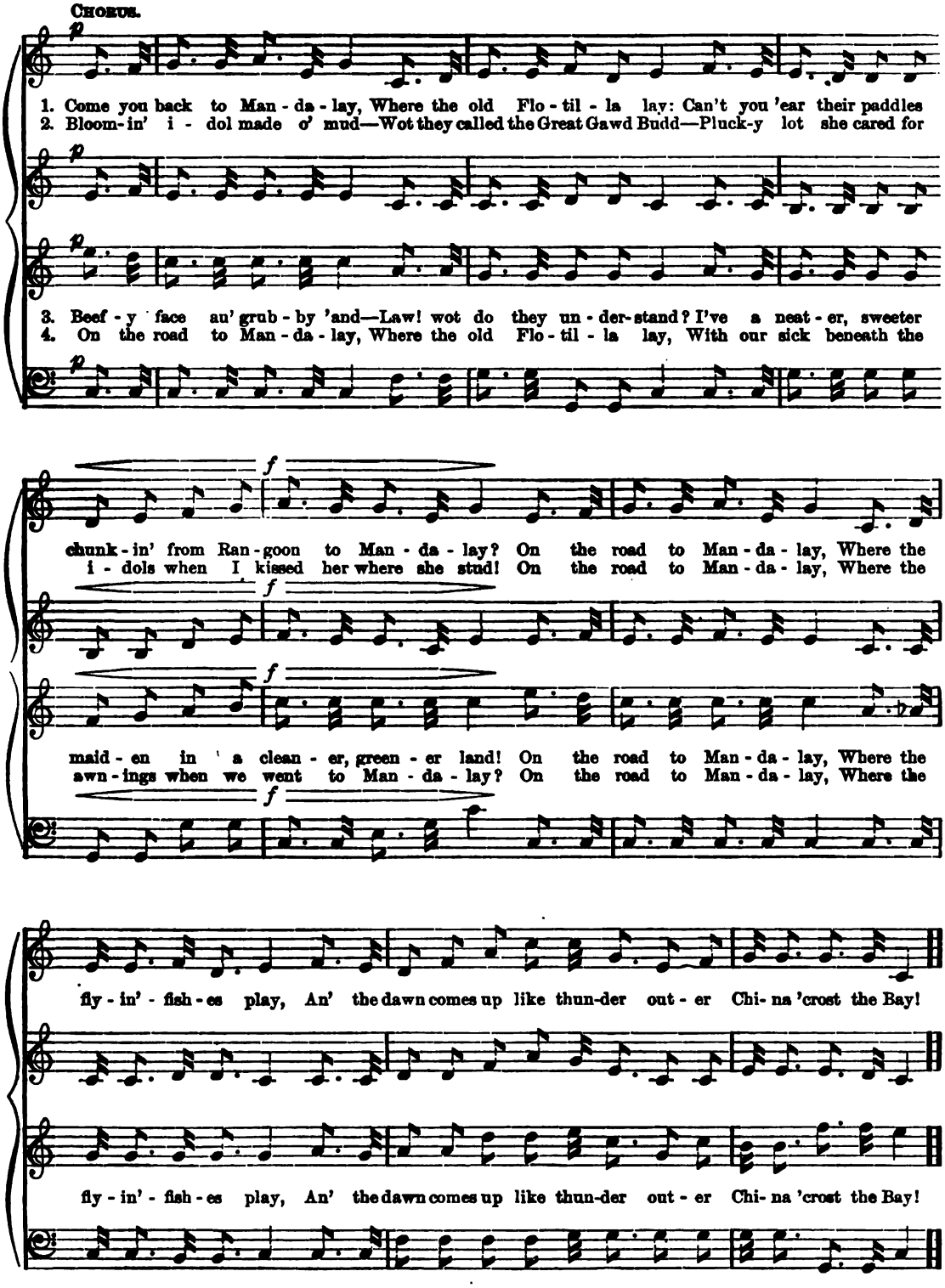
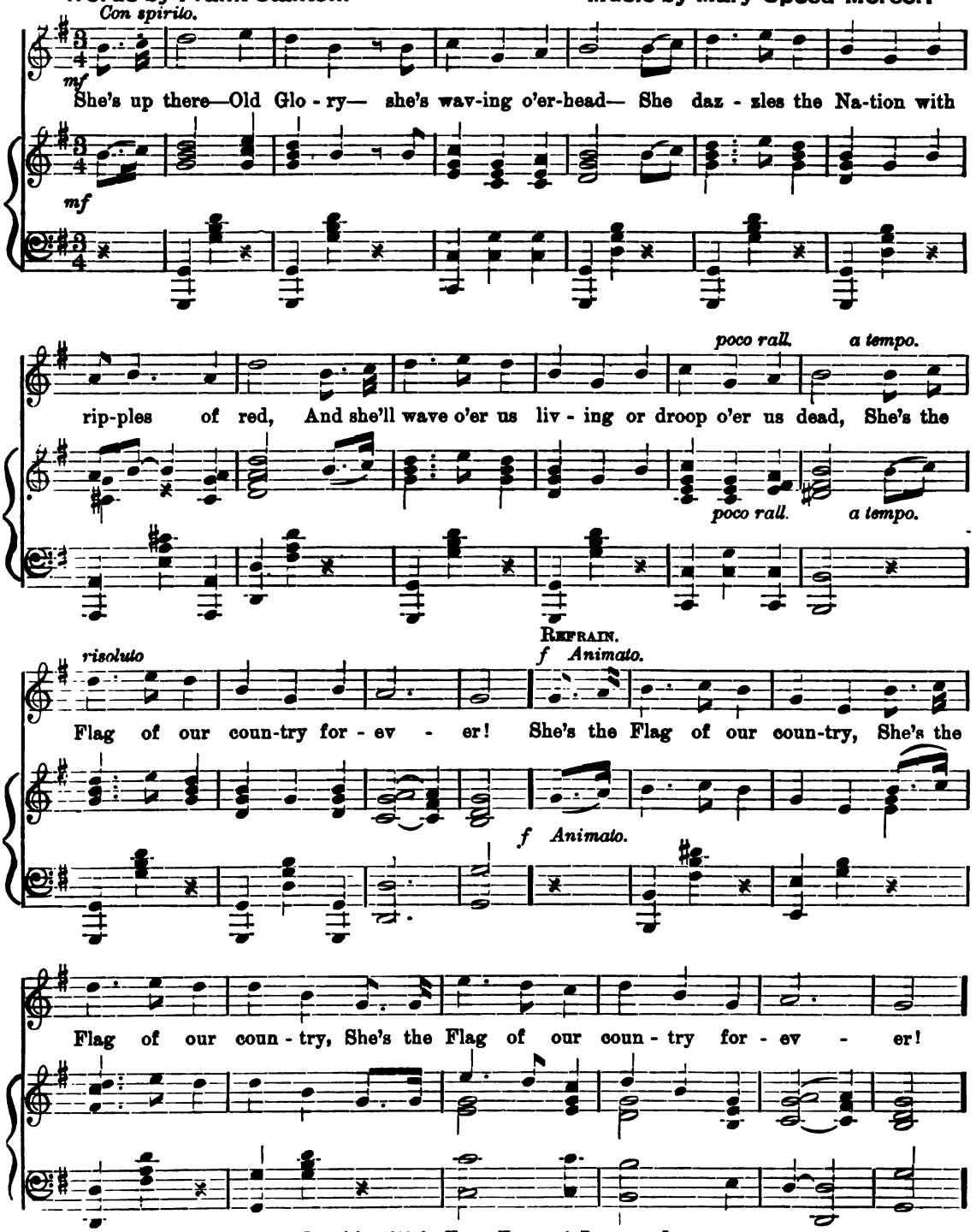
ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

Chorus.
1. Come you back to Man - da - lay, Where the old Flo - til - la lay: Can't you 'ear their paddles
2. Bloom-in' i - dol made o' mud—Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—Pluck-y lot she cared for
3. Beef - y face an' grub - by 'and—Law! wot do they un - der-stand? I've a neat - er, sweeter
4. On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the old Flo - til - la lay, With our sick beneath the
chunk - in' from Ran - goon to Man - da - lay? On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the
i - dols when I kissed her where she stud! On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the
maid - en in a clean - er, green - er land! On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the
awn - ings when we went to Man - da - lay? On the road to Man - da - lay, Where the
fly - in' - fish - es play, An' the dawn comes up like thun-der out - er Chi- na 'crost the Bay!
fly - in' - fish - es play, An' the dawn comes up like thun-der out - er Chi- na 'crost the Bay!

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

Words by Frank Stanton. **Music by Mary Speed Mercer.**

Con spirito.
mf
She's up there—Old Glo - ry— she's wav-ing o'er-head— She daz - zles the Na-tion with
mf
poco rall.
a tempo.
rip-ples of red, And she'll wave o'er us liv - ing or droop o'er us dead, She's the
poco rall.
a tempo.
REFRAIN.
risoluto
f Animato.
Flag of our coun-try for - ev - er! She's the Flag of our coun-try, She's the
f Animato.
Flag of our coun - try, She's the Flag of our coun - try for - ev - er!

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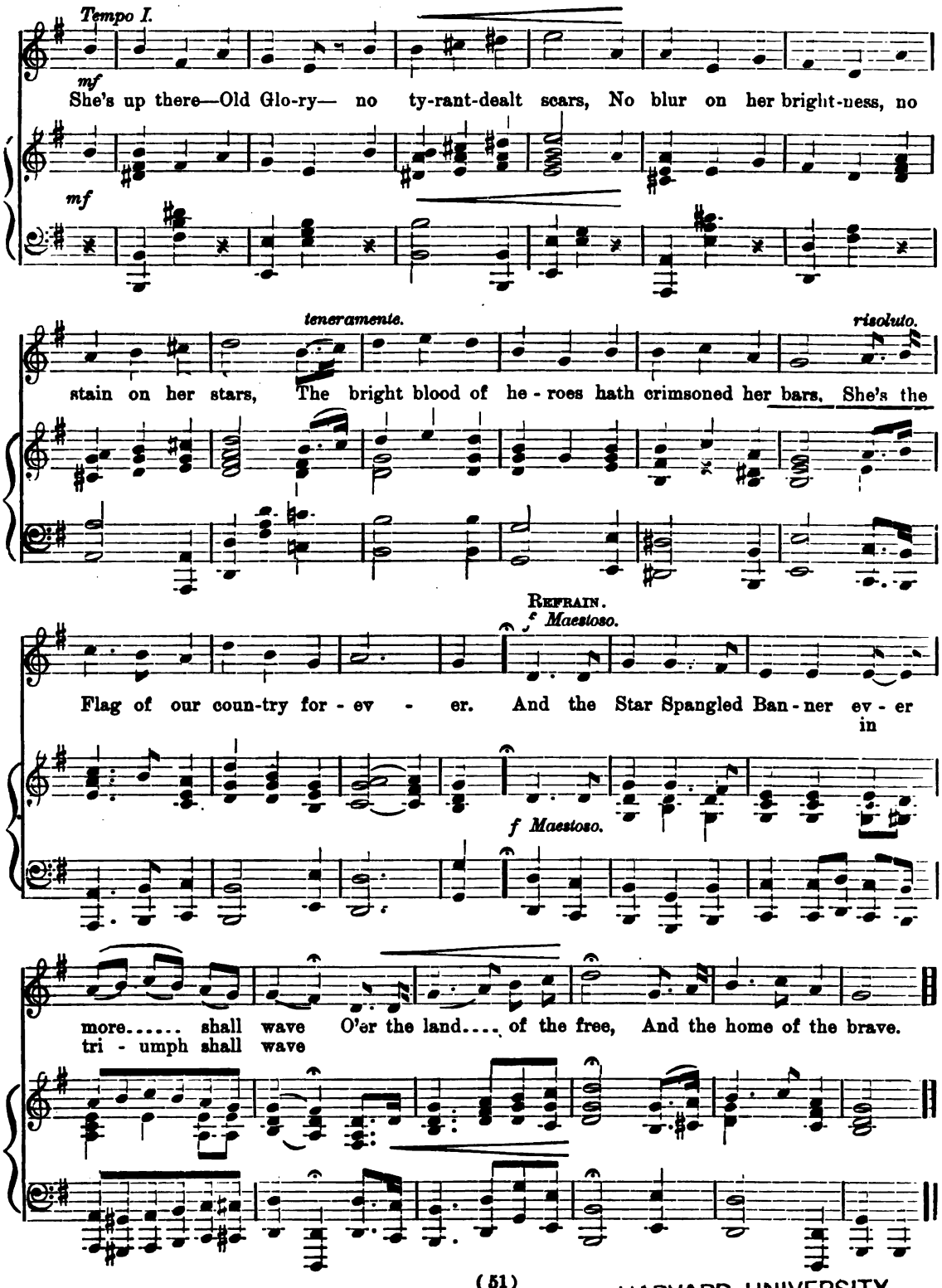
Tempo I.
mf
She's up there—Old Glo-ry— no ty-rant-dealt scars, No blur on her bright-ness, no
mf
teneramente.
risoluto.
stain on her stars, The bright blood of he - roes hath crimsoned her bars, She's the
Refrain.
f Maestoso.
Flag of our coun-try for - ev - er. And the Star Spangled Ban - ner ev - er
in
f Maestoso.
more..... shall wave O'er the land.... of the free, And the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave

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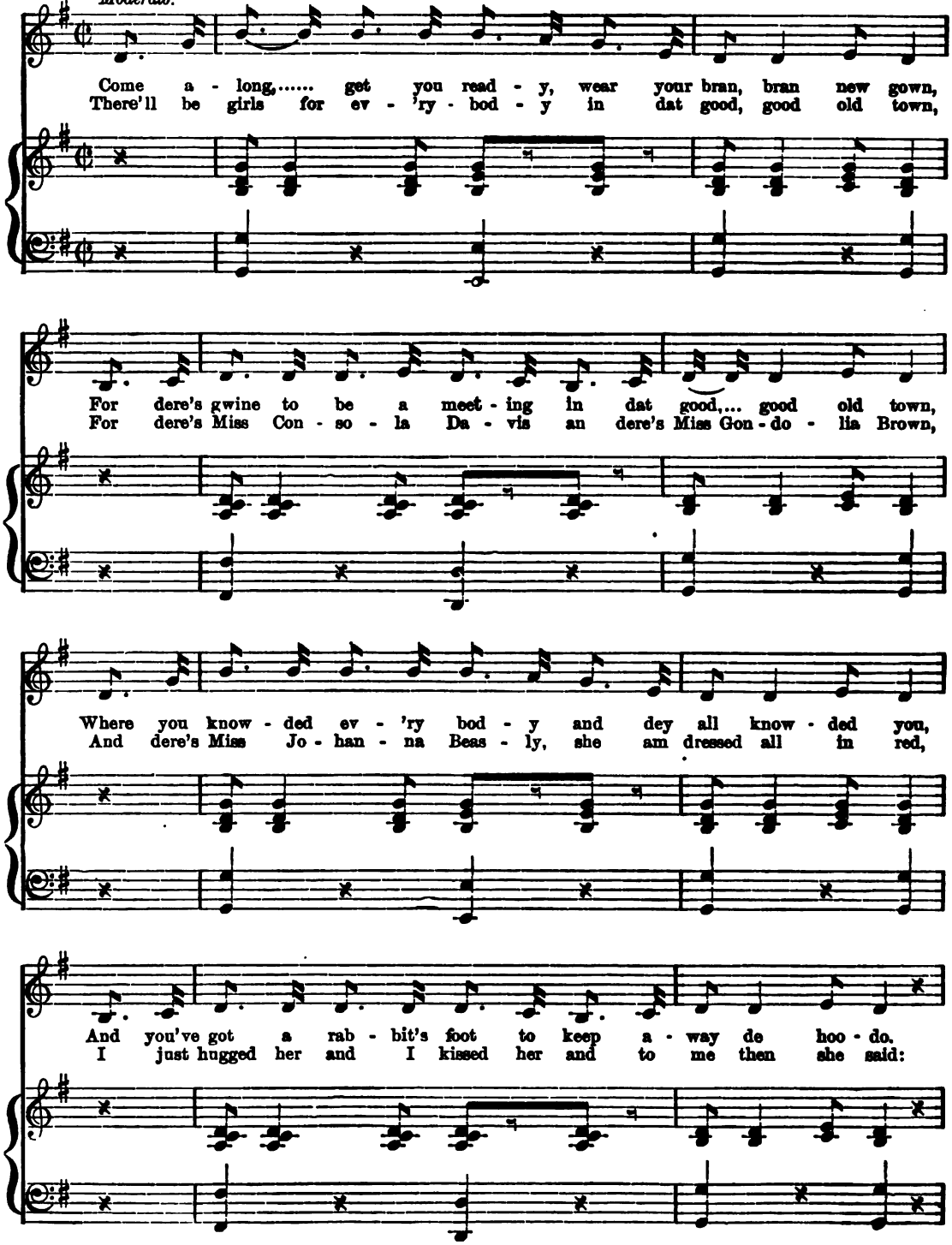
A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN.

Joe. Hayden. Theo. A. Metz.

Moderato.

Come a - long,..... get you read - y, wear your bran, bran new gown,
There'll be girls for ev - 'ry - bod - y in dat good, good old town,
For dere's gwine to be a meet - ing in dat good,... good old town,
For dere's Miss Con - so - la Da - vis an dere's Miss Gon - do - lia Brown,
Where you know - ded ev - 'ry bod - y and dey all know - ded you,
And dere's Miss Jo - han - na Beas - ly, she am dressed all in red,
And you've got a rab - bit's foot to keep a - way de hoo - do.
I just hugged her and I kissed her and to me then she said:

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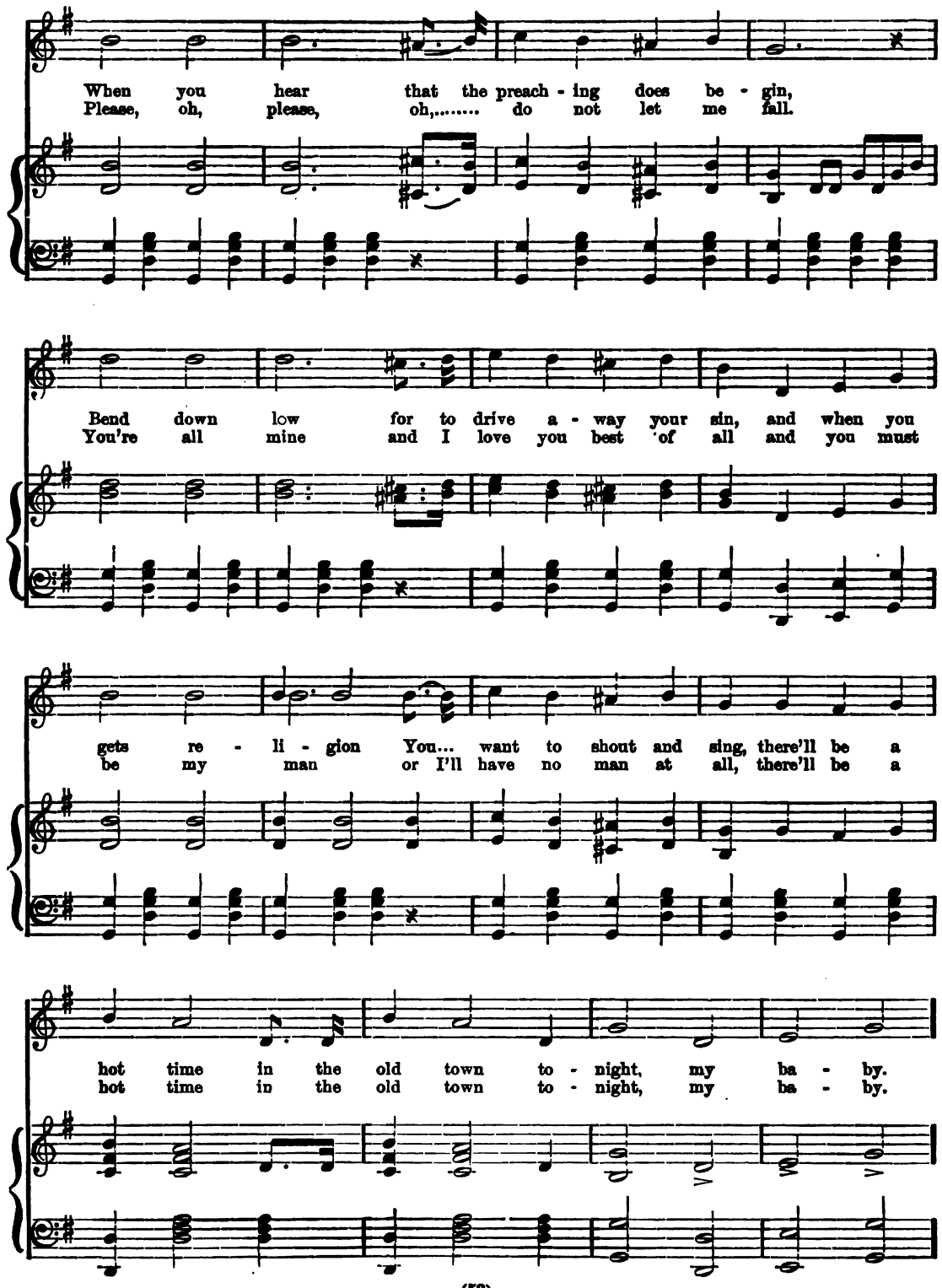
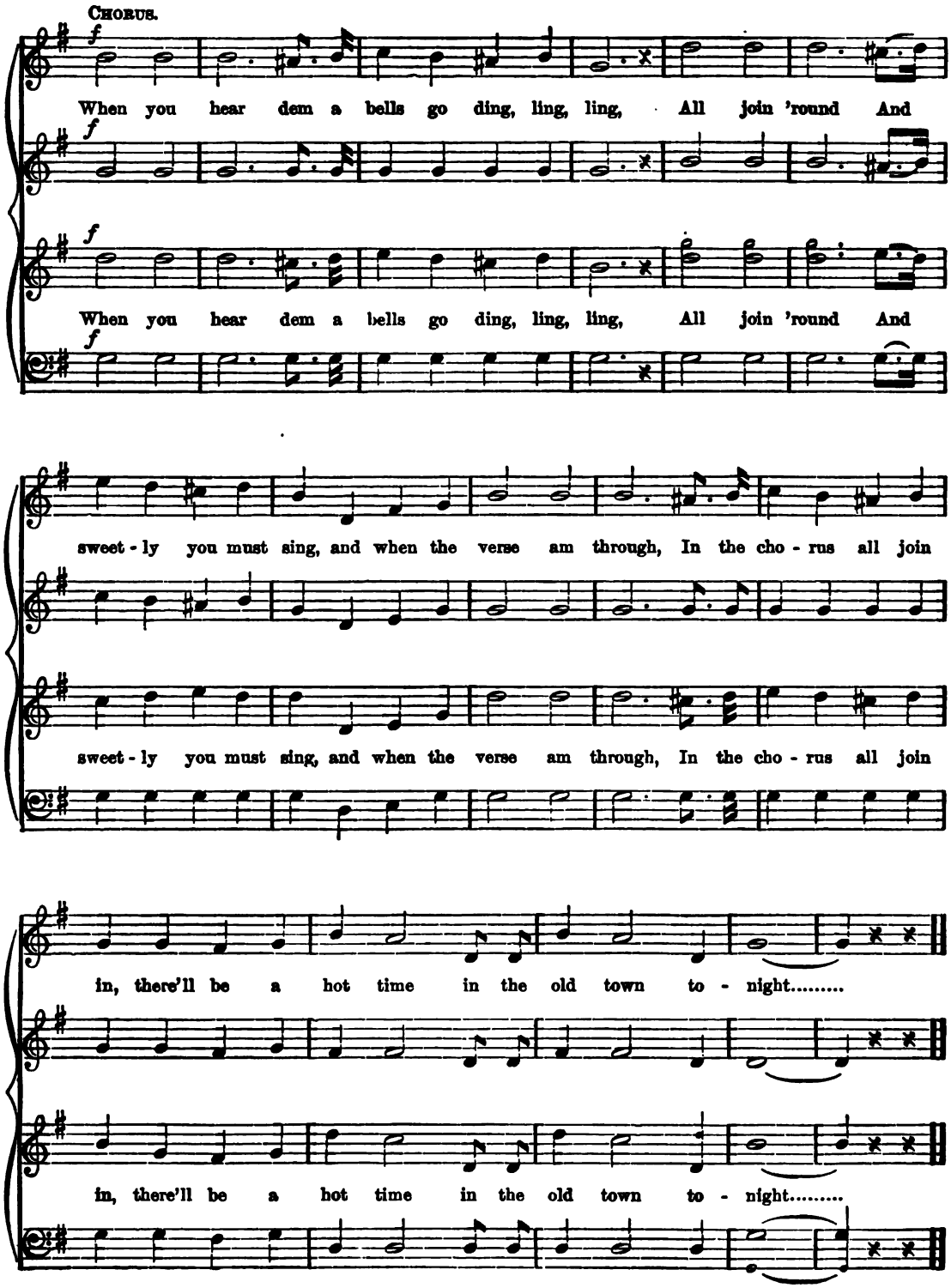
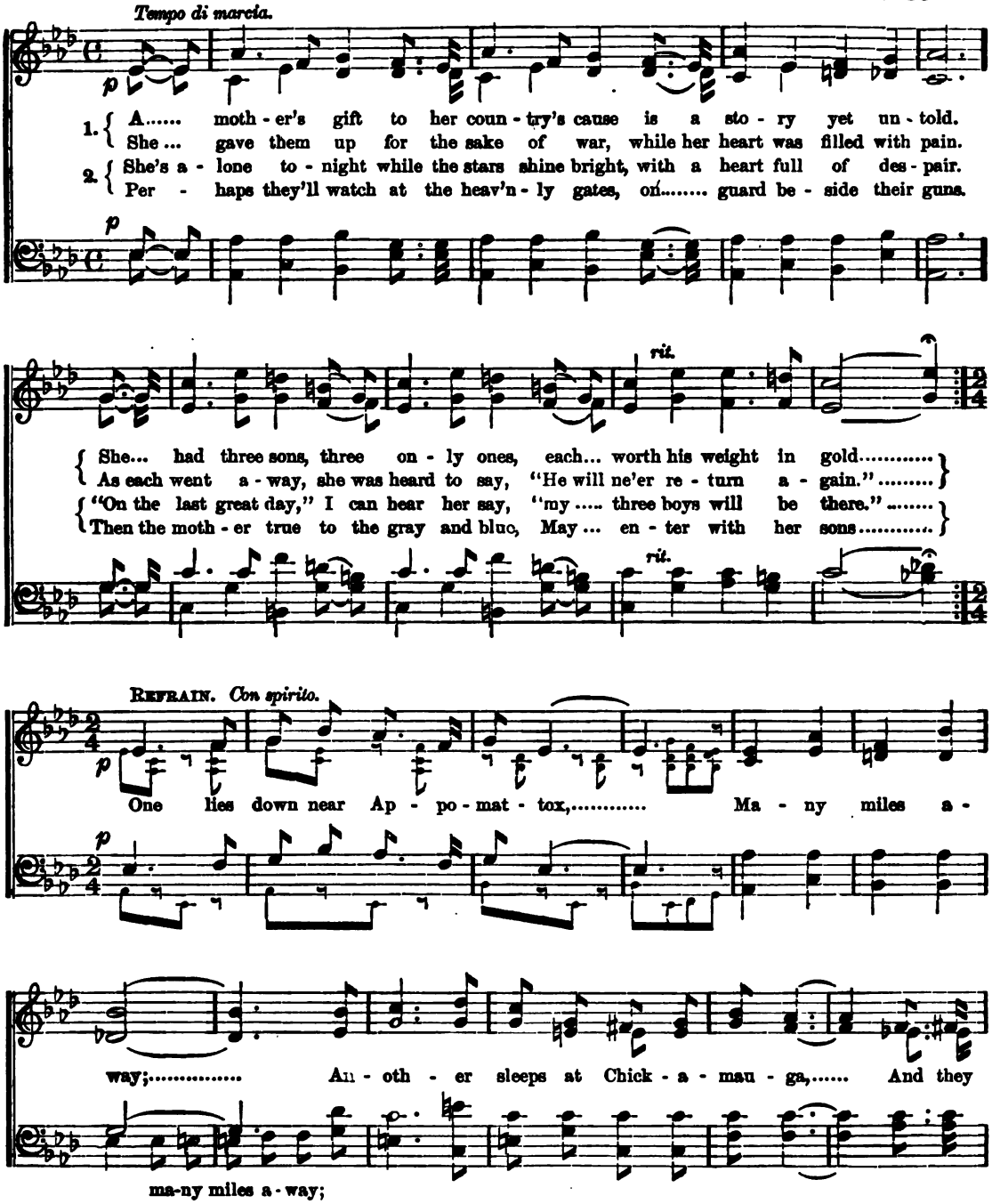
A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN.

When you hear that the preach - ing does be - gin,
Please, oh, please, oh,..... do not let me fall.
Bend down low for to drive a - way your sin, and when you
You're all mine and I love you best of all and you must
gets re - li - gion You... want to shout and sing, there'll be a
be my man or I'll have no man at all, there'll be a
hot time in the old town to - night, my ba - by.
hot time in the old town to - night, my ba - by.

A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN.

Chorus.
f
When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling, All join 'round And
When you hear dem a bells go ding, ling, ling, All join 'round And
sweet - ly you must sing, and when the verse am through, In the cho - rus all join
sweet - ly you must sing, and when the verse am through, In the cho - rus all join
in, there'll be a hot time in the old town to - night.....
in, there'll be a hot time in the old town to - night.....

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

(WITH AUXILIARY CHORUS,*)

Paul Dresser.

Tempo di marcia.
p
1. A..... moth - er's gift to her coun - try's cause is a sto - ry yet un - told.
She ... gave them up for the sake of war, while her heart was filled with pain.
2. She's a - lone to - night while the stars shine bright, with a heart full of des - pair.
Per - haps they'll watch at the heav'n - ly gates, on..... guard be - side their guns.
rit.
She... had three sons, three on - ly ones, each... worth his weight in gold.....
As each went a - way, she was heard to say, "He will ne'er re - turn a - gain."
"On the last great day," I can hear her say, "my ..... three boys will be there."
Then the moth - er true to the gray and blue, May ... en - ter with her sons.....
REFRAIN. Con spirito.
One lies down near Ap - po - mat - tox,..... Ma - ny miles a -
way;..... An - oth - er sleeps at Chick - a - mau - ga,..... And they
ma-ny miles a - way;

* The Auxiliary Chorus, if used, should be small, not strong enough to overpower the principal chorus. The effect will be increased if the accompanist uses the score of the original song (*in A-flat*), obtainable at any music store.

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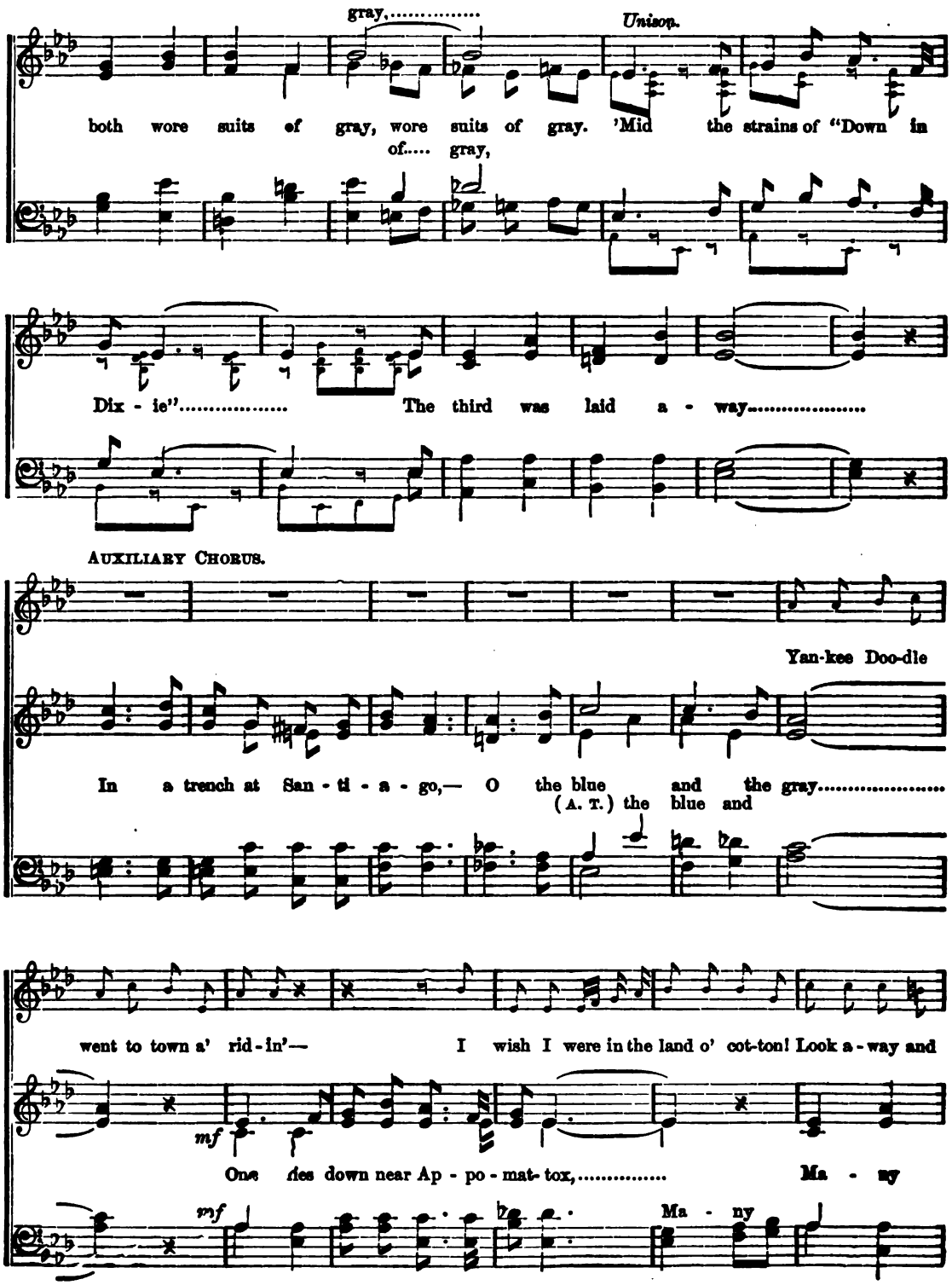
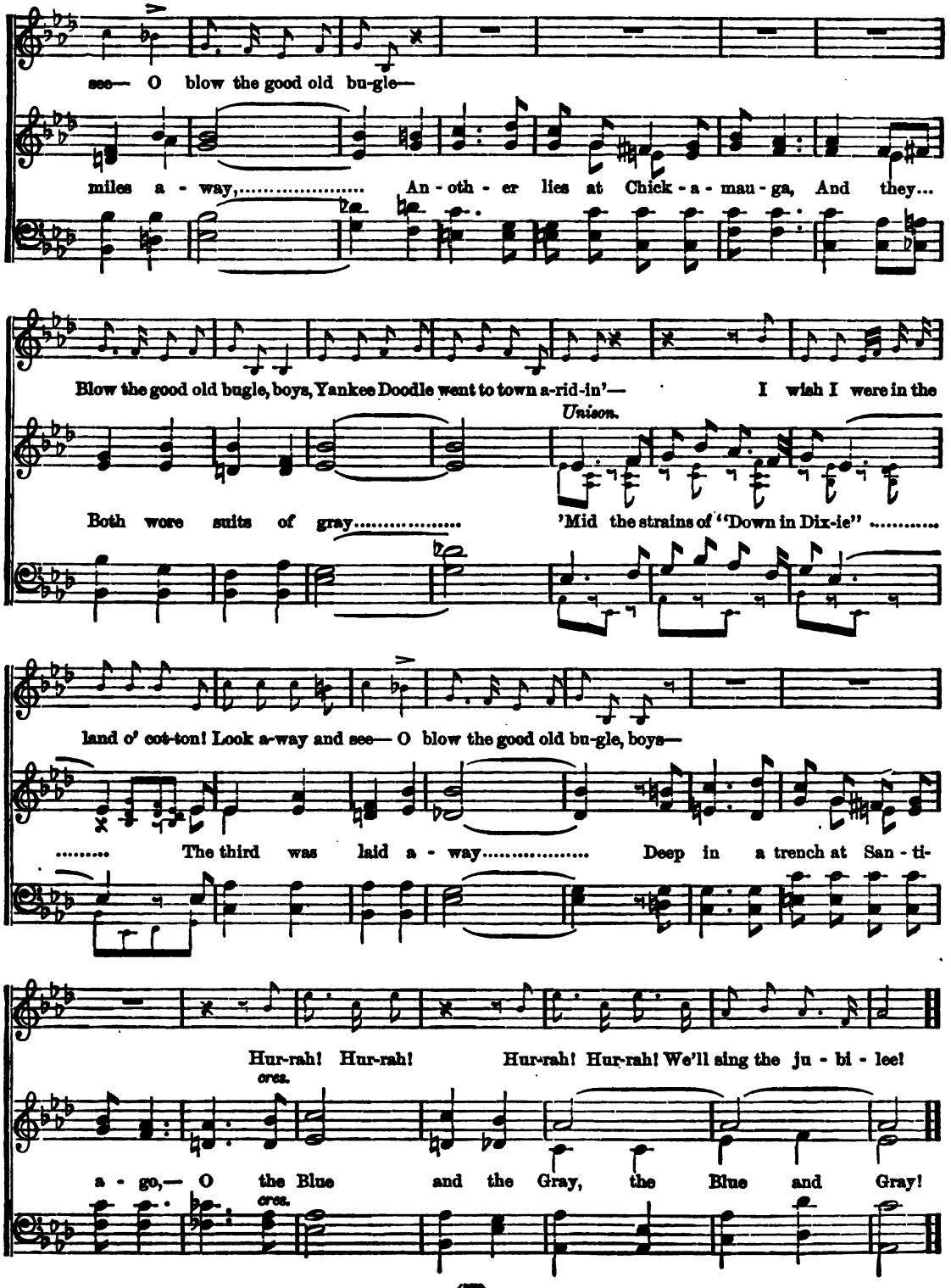
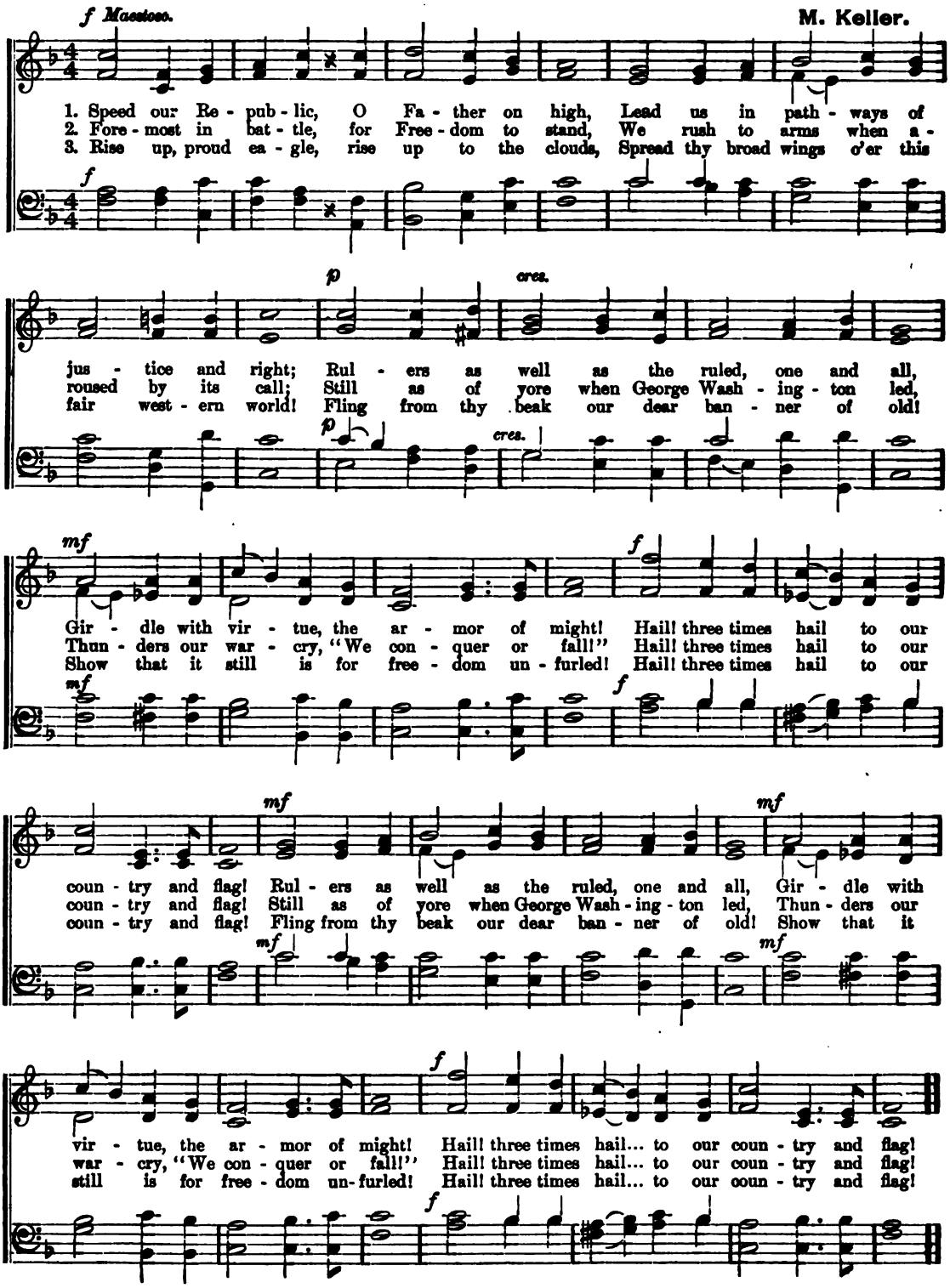
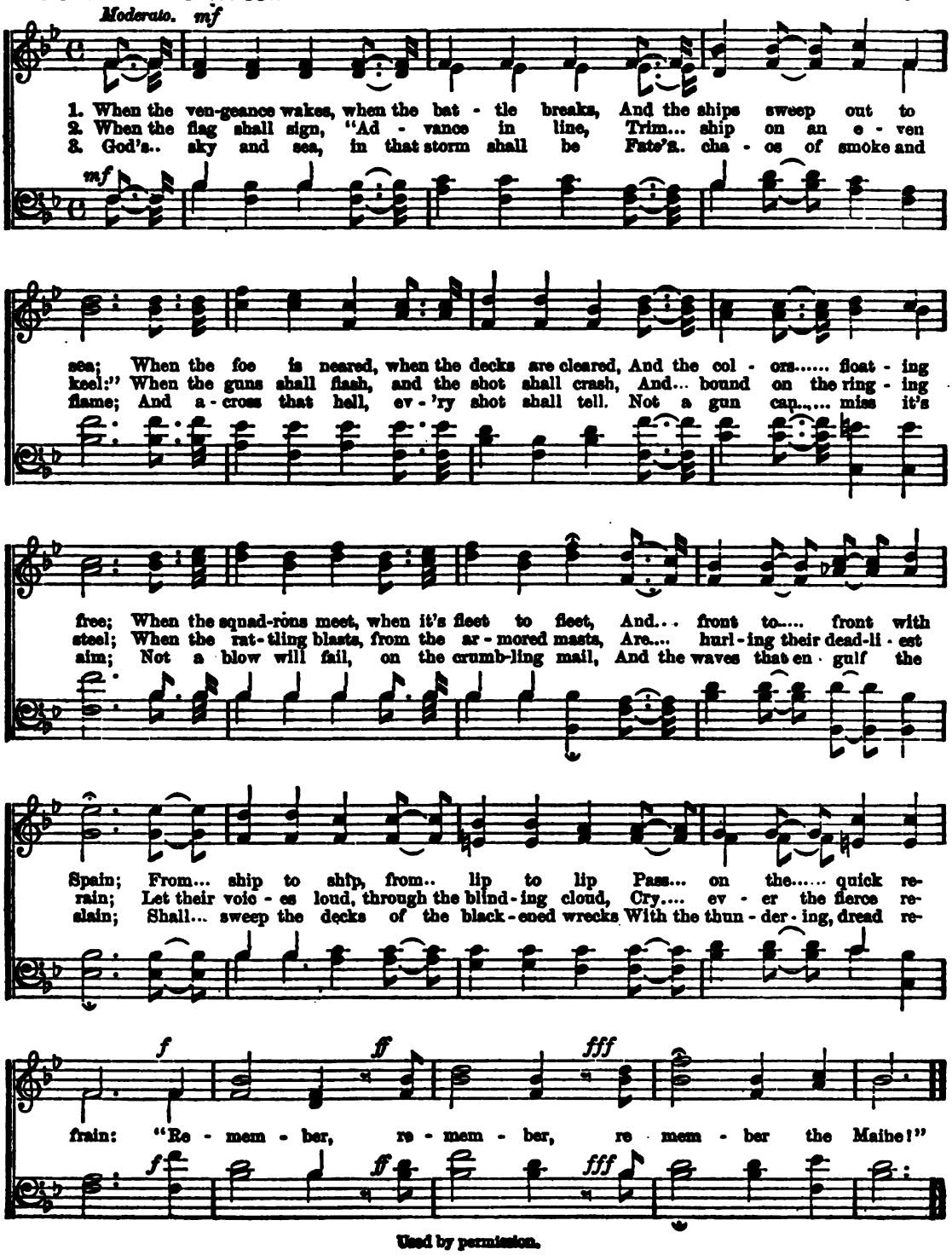

gray,.....
Unison.
both wore suits of gray, wore suits of gray. 'Mid the strains of "Down in
of..... gray,
Dix - ie"..... The third was laid a - way.....
AUXILIARY CHORUS.
Yan-kee Doo-dle
In a trench at San - ti - a - go,— O the blue and the gray.....
(A. T.) the blue and
went to town a' rid - in'— I wish I were in the land o' cot-ton! Look a - way and
mf
One lies down near Ap - po - mat- tox,..... Ma - ny
mf
Ma - ny

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

see— O blow the good old bu-gle—
miles a - way,..... An - oth - er lies at Chick - a - mau - ga, And they...
Blow the good old bugle, boys, Yankee Doodle went to town a-rid-in'— I wish I were in the
Unison.
Both wore suits of gray..... 'Mid the strains of "Down in Dix-ie" .....
land o' cot-ton! Look a-way and see— O blow the good old bu-gle, boys—
..... The third was laid a - way..... Deep in a trench at San - ti-
Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll sing the ju - bi - lee!
cres.
a - go,— O the Blue and the Gray, the Blue and Gray!
cres.

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.

f Maestoso.
M. Keller.
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high, Lead us in path - ways of
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this
f
p
cres.
jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led,
fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!
p
cres.
mf
Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thun - ders our war - cry, "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our
mf
f
mf
coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with
coun - try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led, Thun - ders our
coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it
mf
mf
mf
f
vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail... to our coun - try and flag!
war - cry, "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail... to our coun - try and flag!
still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail... to our coun - try and flag!
f

"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"

Robert Burns Wilson. **C. Crozat Converse.**

Moderato.
mf
1. When the ven-geance wakes, when the bat - tle breaks, And the ships sweep out to
2. When the flag shall sign, "Ad - vance in line, Trim... ship on an e - ven
3. God's.. sky and sea, in that storm shall be Fate's cha - os of smoke and
sea; When the foe is neared, when the decks are cleared, And the col - ors..... float - ing
keel:" When the guns shall flash, and the shot shall crash, And... bound on the ring - ing
flame; And a - cross that hell, ev - 'ry shot shall tell. Not a gun can..... miss it's
free; When the squad-rons meet, when it's fleet to fleet, And... front to..... front with
steel; When the rat-tling blasts, from the ar - mored masts, Are.... hurl - ing their dead-li - est
aim; Not a blow will fail, on the crumb-ling mail, And the waves that en - gulf the
Spain; From... ship to ship, from.. lip to lip Pass... on the..... quick re-
rain; Let their voic - es loud, through the blind - ing cloud, Cry.... ev - er the fierce re-
slain; Shall... sweep the decks of the black - ened wrecks With the thun - der - ing, dread re-
f
ff
fff
frain: "Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re mem - ber the Maine!"

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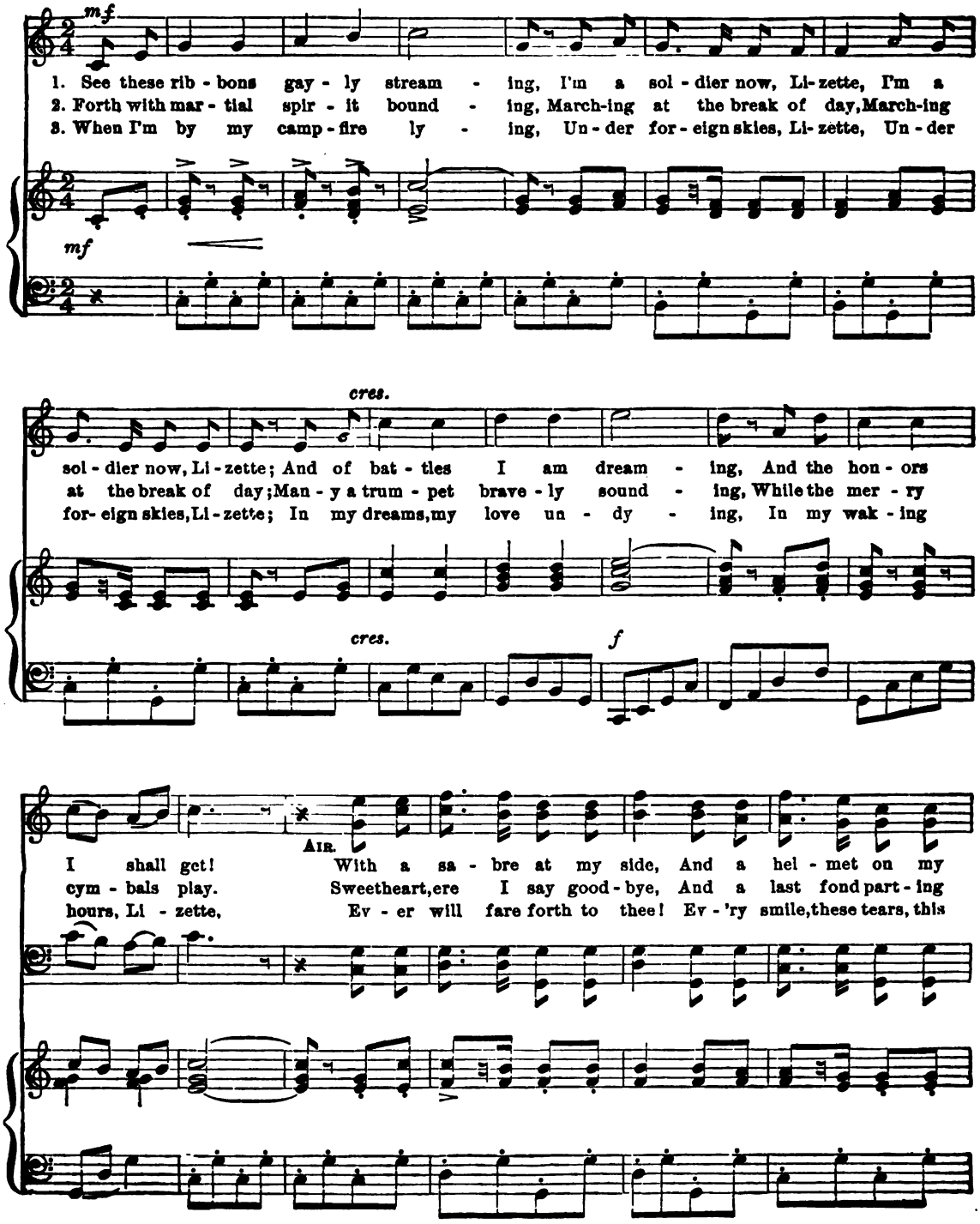
LIZETTE.

Words of 2d and 3d verses by Arthur Nash. **Kücken.**

IN UNISON. MALE VOICES.

mf
1. See these rib - bons gay - ly stream - ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a
2. Forth with mar - tial spir - it bound - ing, March-ing at the break of day, March-ing
3. When I'm by my camp - fire ly - ing, Un - der for - eign skies, Li - zette, Un - der
mf
cres.
sol - dier now, Li - zette; And of bat - tles I am dream - ing, And the hon - ors
at the break of day; Man - y a trum - pet brave - ly sound - ing, While the mer - ry
for - eign skies, Li - zette; In my dreams, my love un - dy - ing, In my wak - ing
cres.
f
AIR.
I shall get! With a sa - bre at my side, And a hel - met on my
cym - bals play. Sweetheart, ere I say good - bye, And a last fond part - ing
hours, Li - zette, Ev - er will fare forth to thee! Ev - 'ry smile, these tears, this

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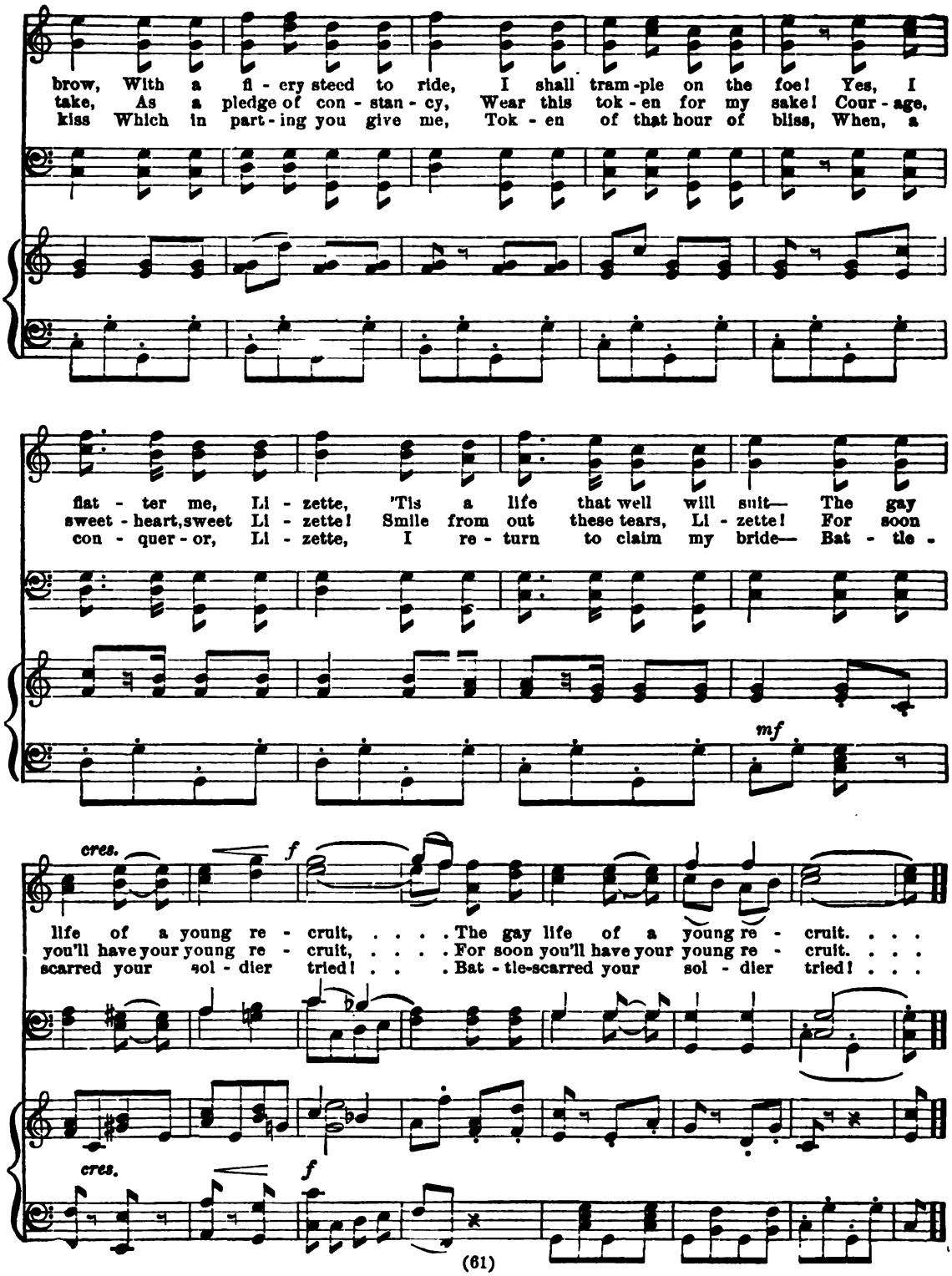
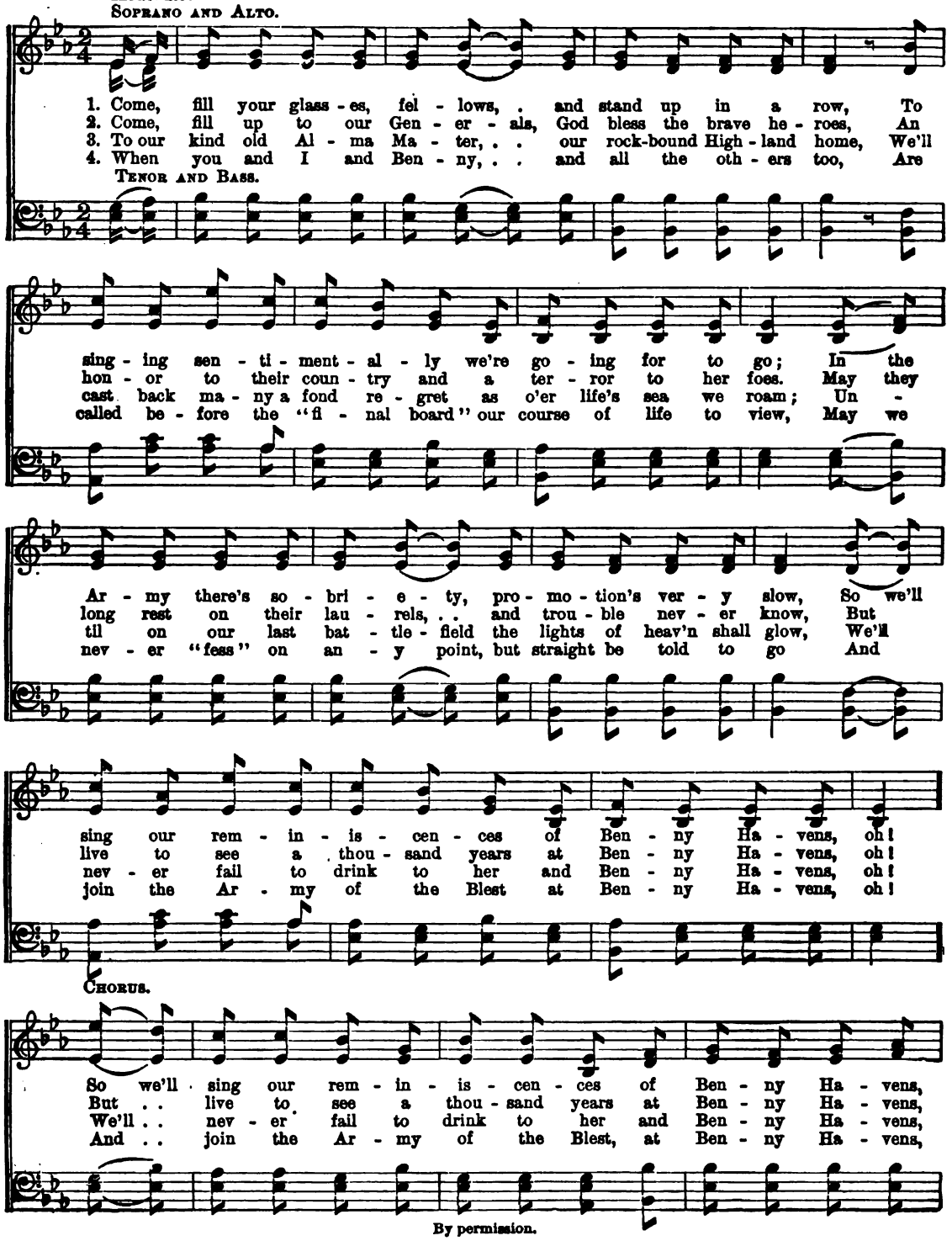

brow, With a fi - ery steed to ride, I shall tram-ple on the foe! Yes, I
take, As a pledge of con - stan - cy, Wear this tok - en for my sake! Cour - age,
kiss Which in part - ing you give me, Tok - en of that hour of bliss, When, a
flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will suit— The gay
sweet - heart, sweet Li - zette! Smile from out these tears, Li - zette! For soon
con - quer - or, Li - zette, I re - turn to claim my bride— Bat - tle -
mf
cres.
f
life of a young re - cruit, ... The gay life of a young re - cruit. . . .
you'll have your young re - cruit, ... For soon you'll have your young re - cruit. . . .
scarred your sol - dier tried! . . . Bat - tle-scarred your sol - dier tried! . . .
cres.
f

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

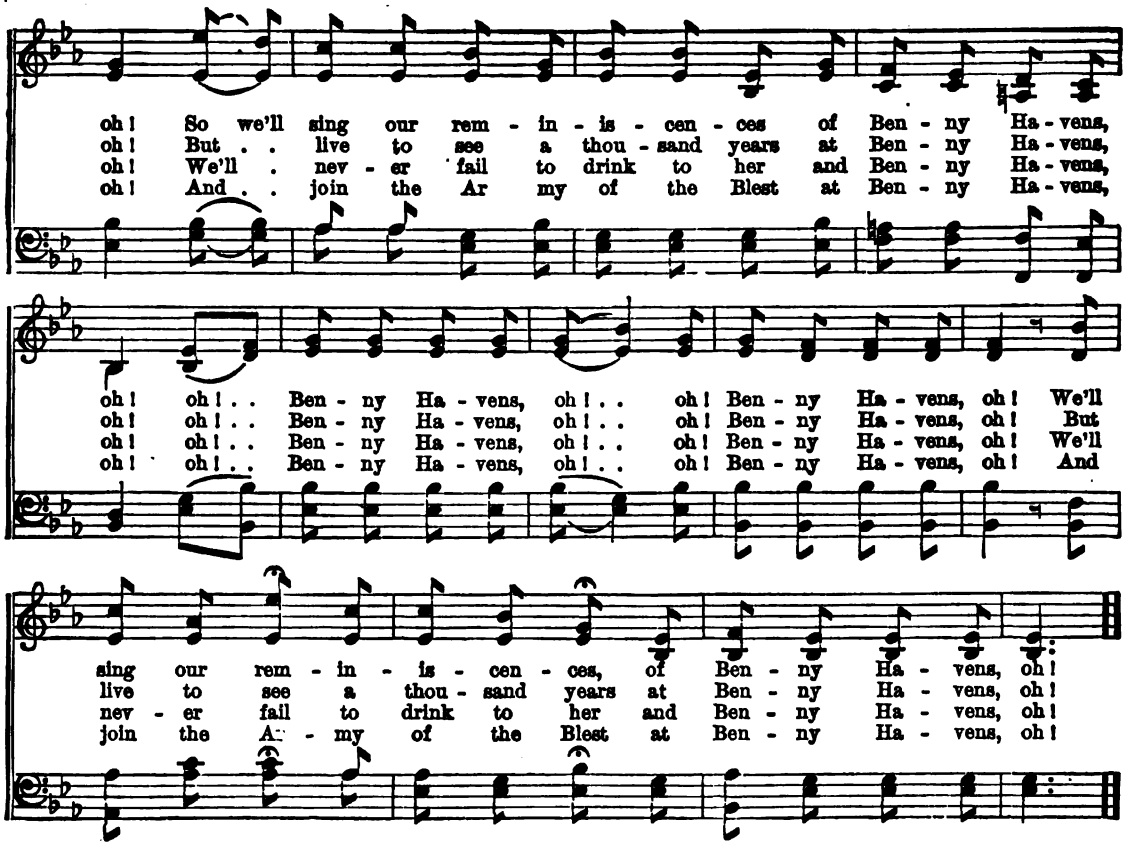
WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

Moderato.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

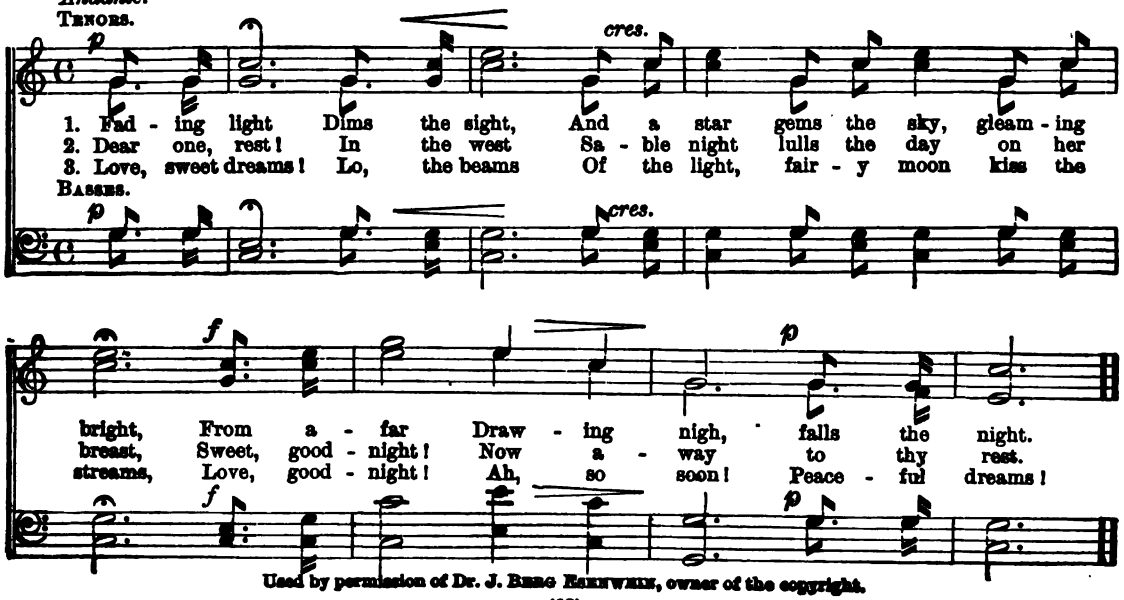

1. Come, fill your glass - es, fel - lows, . and stand up in a row, To
2. Come, fill up to our Gen - er - als, God bless the brave he - roes, An
3. To our kind old Al - ma Ma - ter, . . our rock-bound High - land home, We'll
4. When you and I and Ben - ny, . . and all the oth - ers too, Are
TENOR AND BASS.
sing - ing sen - ti - ment - al - ly we're go - ing for to go; In the
hon - or to their coun - try and a ter - ror to her foes. May they
cast back ma - ny a fond re - gret as o'er life's sea we roam; Un -
called be - fore the "fi - nal board" our course of life to view, May we
Ar - my there's so - bri - e - ty, pro - mo - tion's ver - y slow, So we'll
long rest on their lau - rels, . . and trou - ble nev - er know, But
til on our last bat - tle - field the lights of heav'n shall glow, We'll
nev - er "fess" on an - y point, but straight be told to go And
sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces of Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
join the Ar - my of the Blest at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
CHORUS.
So we'll sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces of Ben - ny Ha - vens,
But . . live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens,
We'll . . nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens,
And . . join the Ar - my of the Blest, at Ben - ny Ha - vens,

By permission.

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

oh! So we'll sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces of Ben - ny Ha - vens,
oh! But . . live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens,
oh! We'll . nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens,
oh! And . . join the Ar my of the Blest at Ben - ny Ha - vens,
oh! oh! . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! We'll
oh! oh! . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! But
oh! oh! . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! We'll
oh! oh! . . Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! . . oh! Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh! And
sing our rem - in - is - cen - ces, of Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
live to see a thou - sand years at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
nev - er fail to drink to her and Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!
join the Ar - my of the Blest at Ben - ny Ha - vens, oh!

TAPS.

Words and Music by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein.

Andante.

Tenors.
p
cres.
1. Fad - ing light Dims the sight, And a star gems the sky, gleam - ing
2. Dear one, rest! In the west Sa - ble night lulls the day on her
3. Love, sweet dreams! Lo, the beams Of the light, fair - y moon kiss the
Basses.
p
cres.
f
p
bright, From a - far Draw - ing nigh, falls the night.
breast, Sweet, good - night! Now a - way to thy rest.
streams, Love, good - night! Ah, so soon! Peace - ful dreams!
f
p

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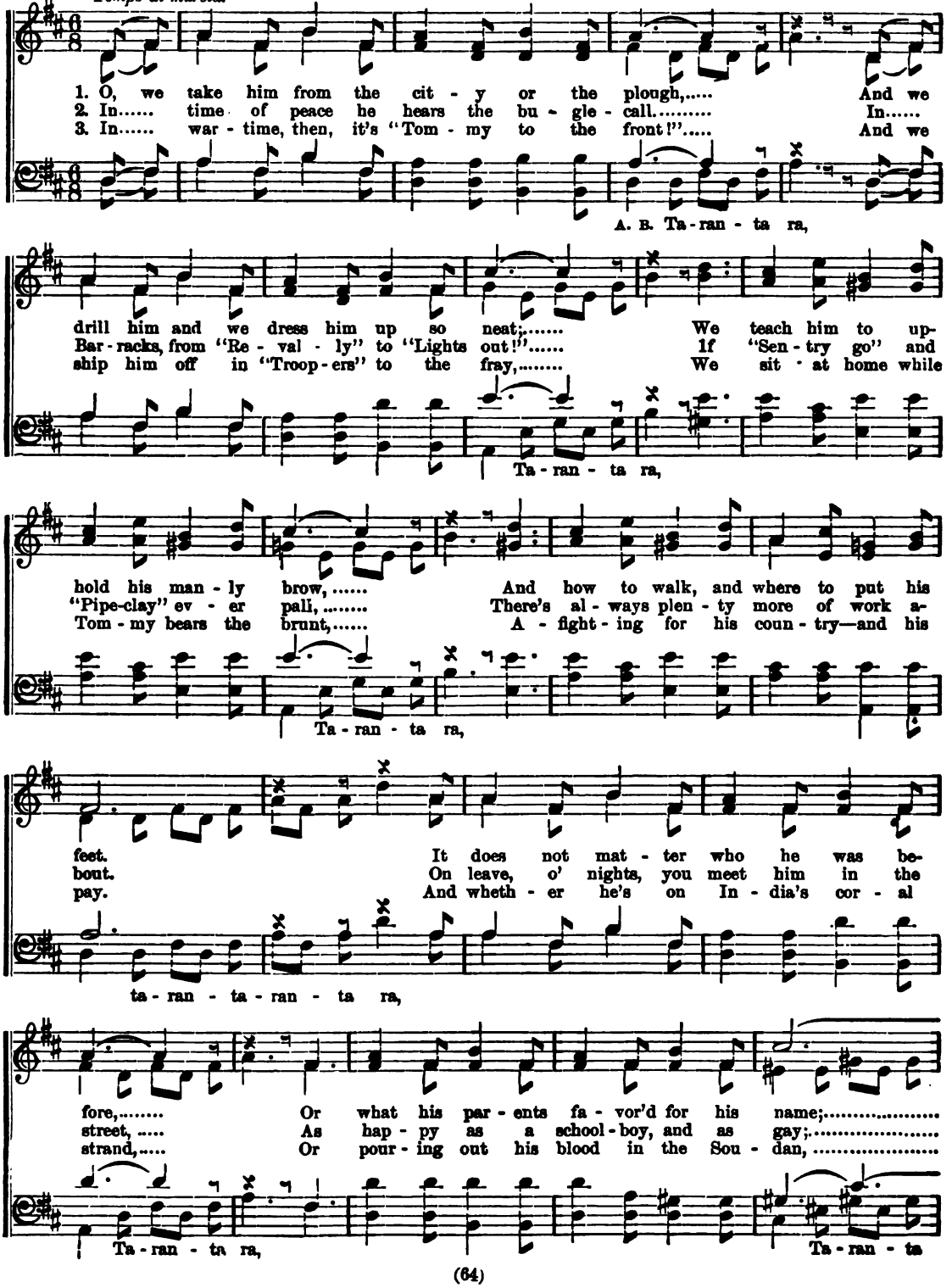
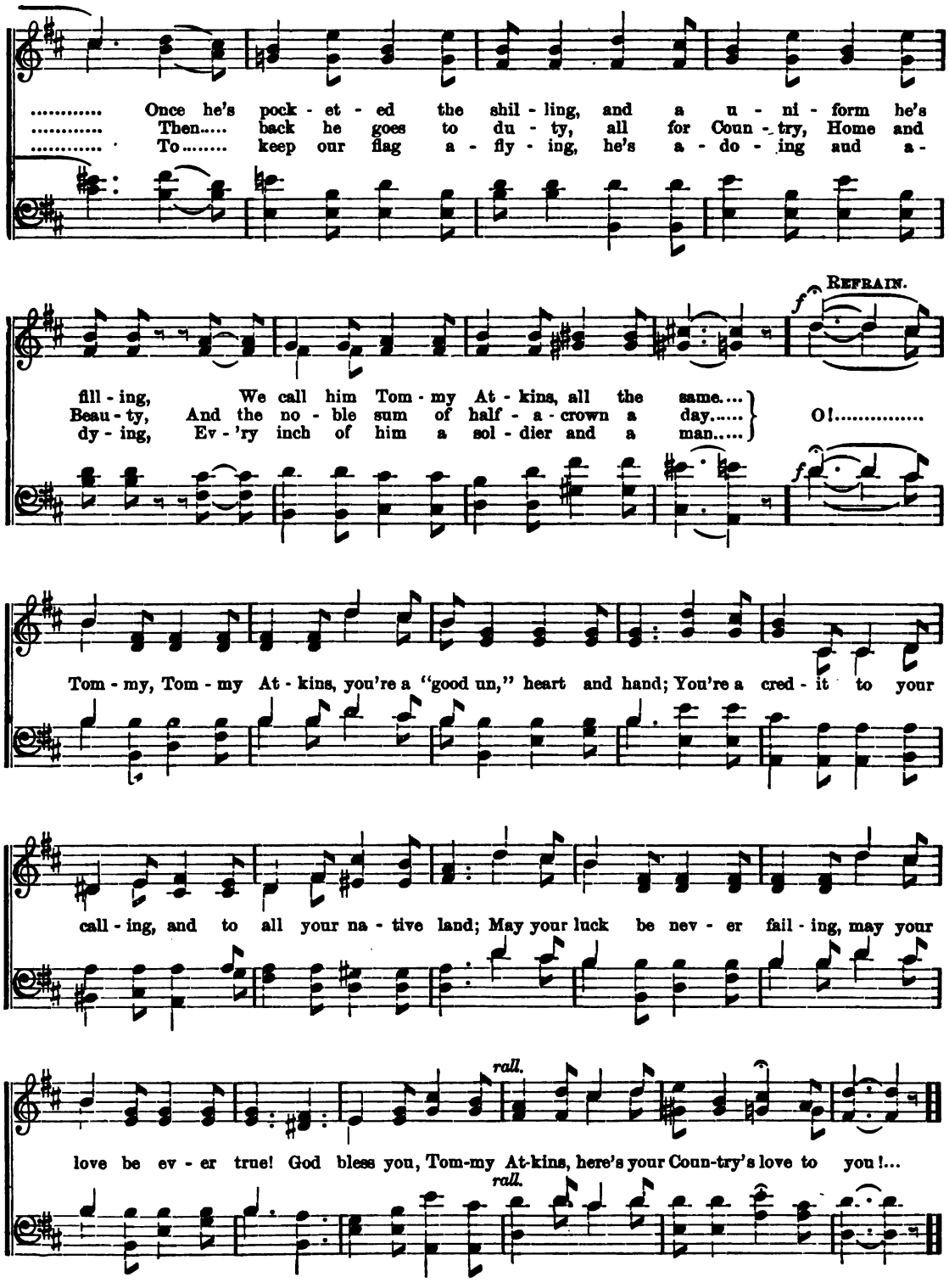
PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Henry Hamilton. S. Potter.

Tempo di marcia.

1. O, we take him from the cit - y or the plough,..... And we
2. In..... time of peace he hears the bu - gle - call..... In.....
3. In..... war - time, then, it's "Tom - my to the front!"..... And we
A. B. Ta - ran - ta ra,
drill him and we dress him up so neat;..... We teach him to up-
Bar - racks, from "Re - val - ly" to "Lights out!"..... If "Sen - try go" and
ship him off in "Troop - ers" to the fray,..... We sit - at home while
Ta - ran - ta ra,
hold his man - ly brow,..... And how to walk, and where to put his
"Pipe-clay" ev - er pali,..... There's al - ways plen - ty more of work a-
Tom - my bears the brunt,..... A - fight - ing for his coun - try—and his
Ta - ran - ta ra,
feet. It does not mat - ter who he was be-
bout. On leave, o' nights, you meet him in the
pay. And wheth - er he's on In - dia's cor - al
ta - ran - ta - ran - ta ra,
fore,..... Or what his par - ents fa - vor'd for his name;.....
street,..... As hap - py as a school - boy, and as gay;.....
strand,..... Or pour - ing out his blood in the Sou - dan, ...
Ta - ran - ta ra,
Ta - ran - ta

PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

..... Once he's pock - et - ed the shil - ling, and a u - ni - form he's
..... Then..... back he goes to du - ty, all for Coun - try, Home and
..... To..... keep our flag a - fly - ing, he's a - do - ing and a -
REFRAIN.
fill - ing, We call him Tom - my At - kins, all the same....
Beau - ty, And the no - ble sum of half - a - crown a day.....
dy - ing, Ev - 'ry inch of him a sol - dier and a man.....
O!.....
Tom - my, Tom - my At - kins, you're a "good un," heart and hand; You're a cred - it to your
call - ing, and to all your na - tive land; May your luck be nev - er fail - ing, may your
rall.
love be ev - er true! God bless you, Tom-my At-kins, here's your Coun-try's love to you!...
rall.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

Wm. R. Wallace. Bernard Covert.

mf and with expression.

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His eye was grow - ing dim,
2. The sword was brought, the sol - dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame;
3. "'Twas on that dread im - mor - tal day, I dared the Bri - ton's hand,
4. "Oh, keep the sword!" his ac - cents broke— A smile— and he was dead,

mf

When.. with a fee - ble voice he called His weep - ing son to him:
And.... as he grasped the an - cient blade, He mur - mur'd War - ren's name;
A..... cap - tain raised this blade on me— I tore it from his hand;
But his wrin - kled hand still grasped the blade Up - on that dy - ing bed.

with expression.

"Weep not, my boy!" the vet - 'ran said, "I bow to heav'n's high will;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold, But what is rich - er still,
And while the glo - rious bat - tle raged, It light - ened free - dom's will,
The son re - mains, the sword re - mains, Its glo - ry grow - ing still;

f

But quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker hill;
I leave you— mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker hill;
For, boy, the God of Free - dom bless'd The Sword of Bun - ker hill;
And twen - ty mill - ions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker hill;

f

a little slower.

But quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
I leave you— mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
For, boy, the God of Free - dom bless'd The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
And twen - ty mill - ions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

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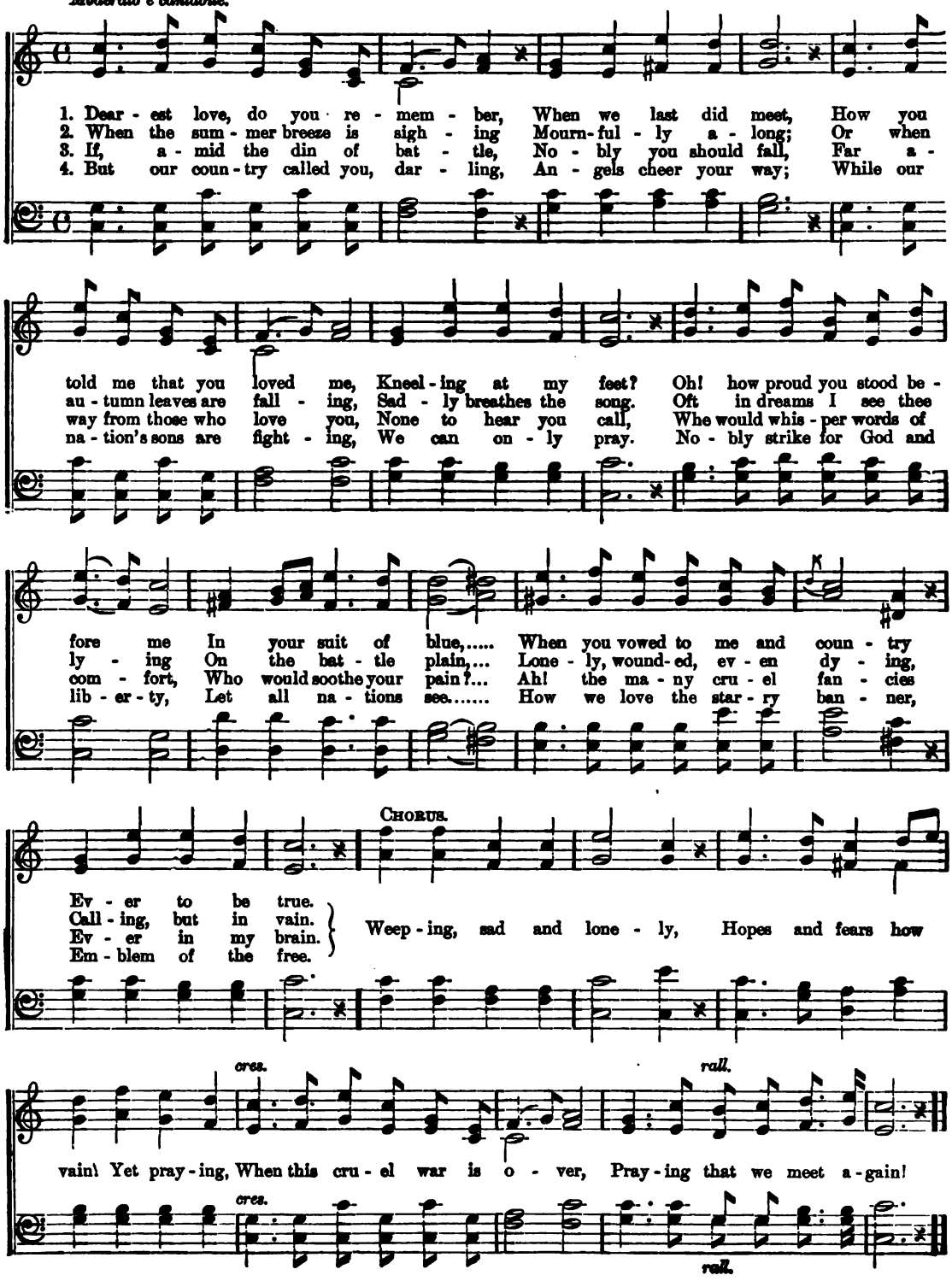
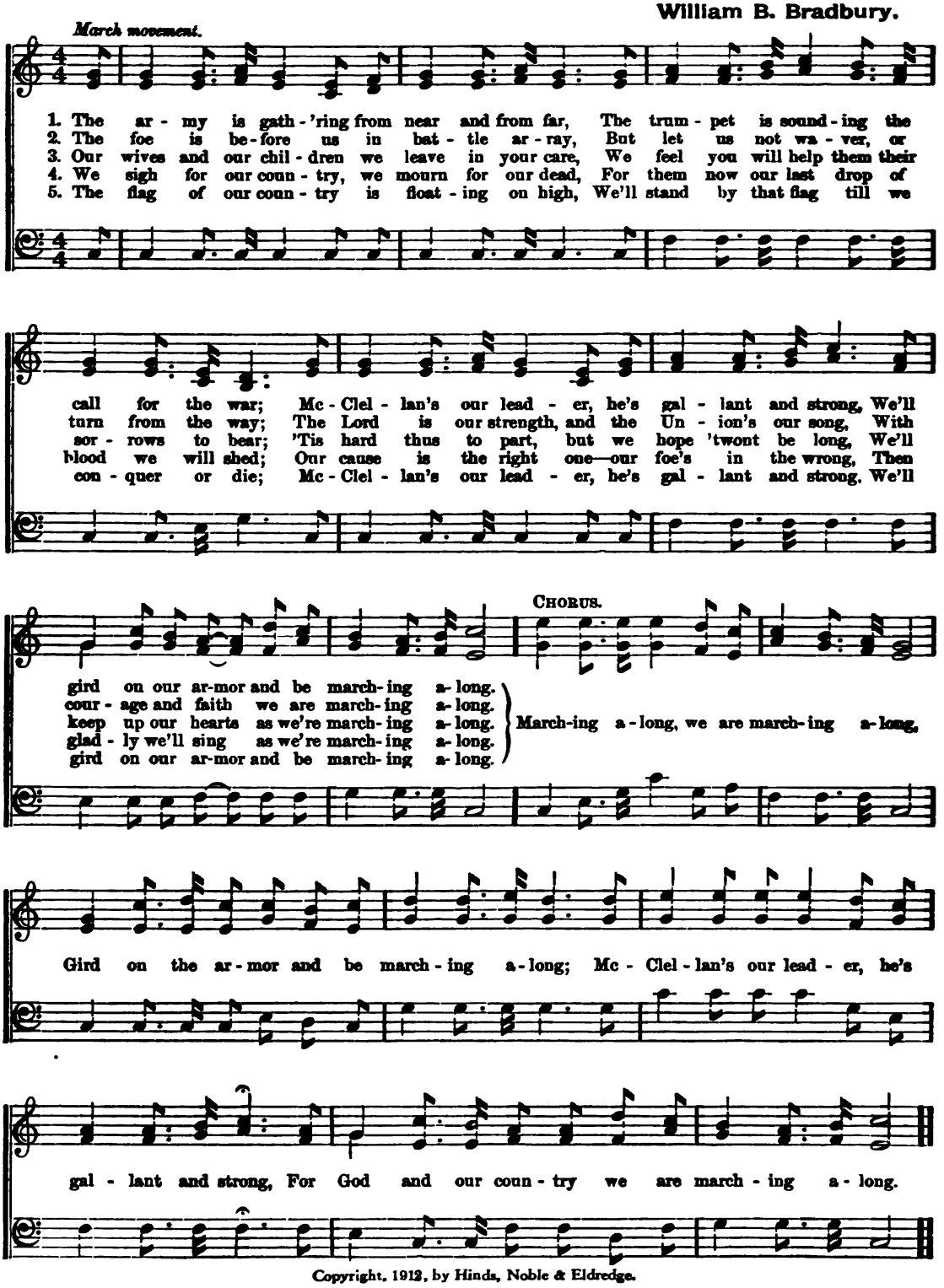
WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Henry Tucker.

Moderato e cantabile.

1. Dear - est love, do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet, How you told me that you loved me, Kneel - ing at my feet? Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me In your suit of blue,..... When you vowed to me and coun - try
2. When the sum - mer breeze is sigh - ing Mourn - ful - ly a - long; Or when au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, Sad - ly breathes the song. Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing On the bat - tle plain,... Lone - ly, wound - ed, ev - en dy - ing,
3. If, a - mid the din of bat - tle, No - bly you should fall, Far a - way from those who love you, None to hear you call, Whe would whis - per words of com - fort, Who would soothe your pain?... Ah! the ma - ny cru - el fan - cies
4. But our coun - try called you, dar - ling, An - gels cheer your way; While our na - tion's sons are fight - ing, We can on - ly pray. No - bly strike for God and lib - er - ty, Let all na - tions see..... How we love the star - ry ban - ner,
CHORUS.
Ev - er to be true. Call - ing, but in vain. Ev - er in my brain. Em - blem of the free.
Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet pray - ing, When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain!
cres.
rall.

MARCHING ALONG.

William B. Bradbury.

March movement.
1. The ar - my is gath - 'ring from near and from far, The trum - pet is sound - ing the
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wa - ver, or
3. Our wives and our chil - dren we leave in your care, We feel you will help them their
4. We sigh for our coun - try, we mourn for our dead, For them now our last drop of
5. The flag of our coun - try is float - ing on high, We'll stand by that flag till we
call for the war; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll
turn from the way; The Lord is our strength, and the Un - ion's our song, With
sor - rows to bear; 'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long, We'll
blood we will shed; Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong, Then
con - quer or die; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll
CHORUS.
gird on our ar-mor and be march-ing a-long.
cour - age and faith we are march-ing a-long.
keep up our hearts as we're march-ing a-long.
glad - ly we'll sing as we're march-ing a-long.
gird on our ar-mor and be march-ing a-long.
March-ing a-long, we are march-ing a-long,
Gird on the ar - mor and be march - ing a-long; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's
gal - lant and strong, For God and our coun - try we are march - ing a - long.

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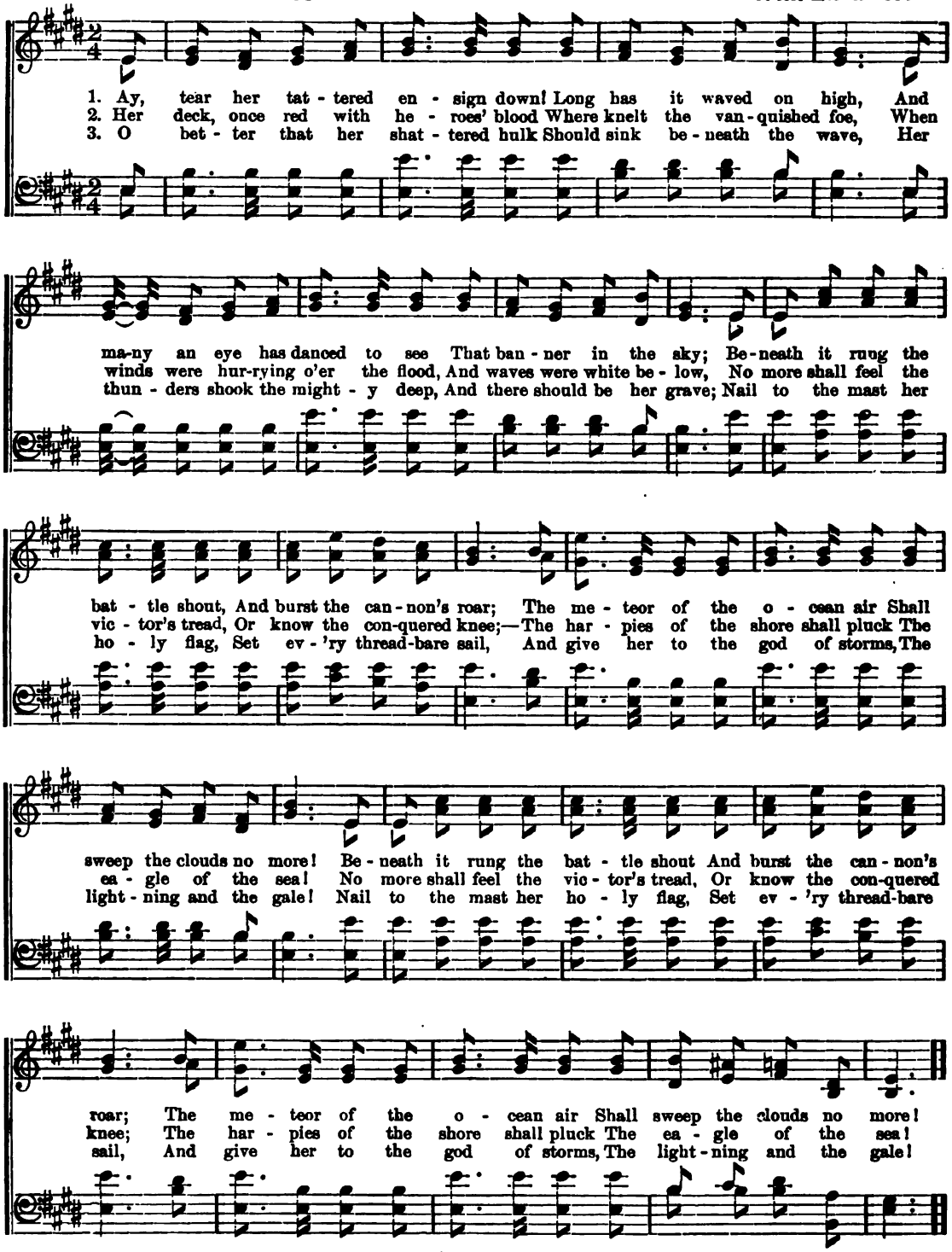
OLD IRONSIDES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. **Wm. Lardner.**


1. Ay, tear her tat - tered en - sign down! Long has it waved on high, And
2. Her deck, once red with he - roes' blood Where knelt the van - quished foe, When
3. O bet - ter that her shat - tered hulk Should sink be - neath the wave, Her
ma-ny an eye has danced to see That ban - ner in the sky; Be - neath it rung the
winds were hur-rying o'er the flood, And waves were white be - low, No more shall feel the
thun - ders shook the might - y deep, And there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her
bat - tle shout, And burst the can - non's roar; The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall
vic - tor's tread, Or know the con-quered knee;—The har - pies of the shore shall pluck The
ho - ly flag, Set ev - 'ry thread-bare sail, And give her to the god of storms, The
sweep the clouds no more! Be - neath it rung the bat - tle shout And burst the can - non's
ea - gle of the sea! No more shall feel the vic - tor's tread, Or know the con-quered
light - ning and the gale! Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag, Set ev - 'ry thread-bare
roar; The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall sweep the clouds no more!
knee; The har - pies of the shore shall pluck The ea - gle of the sea!
sail, And give her to the god of storms, The light - ning and the gale!

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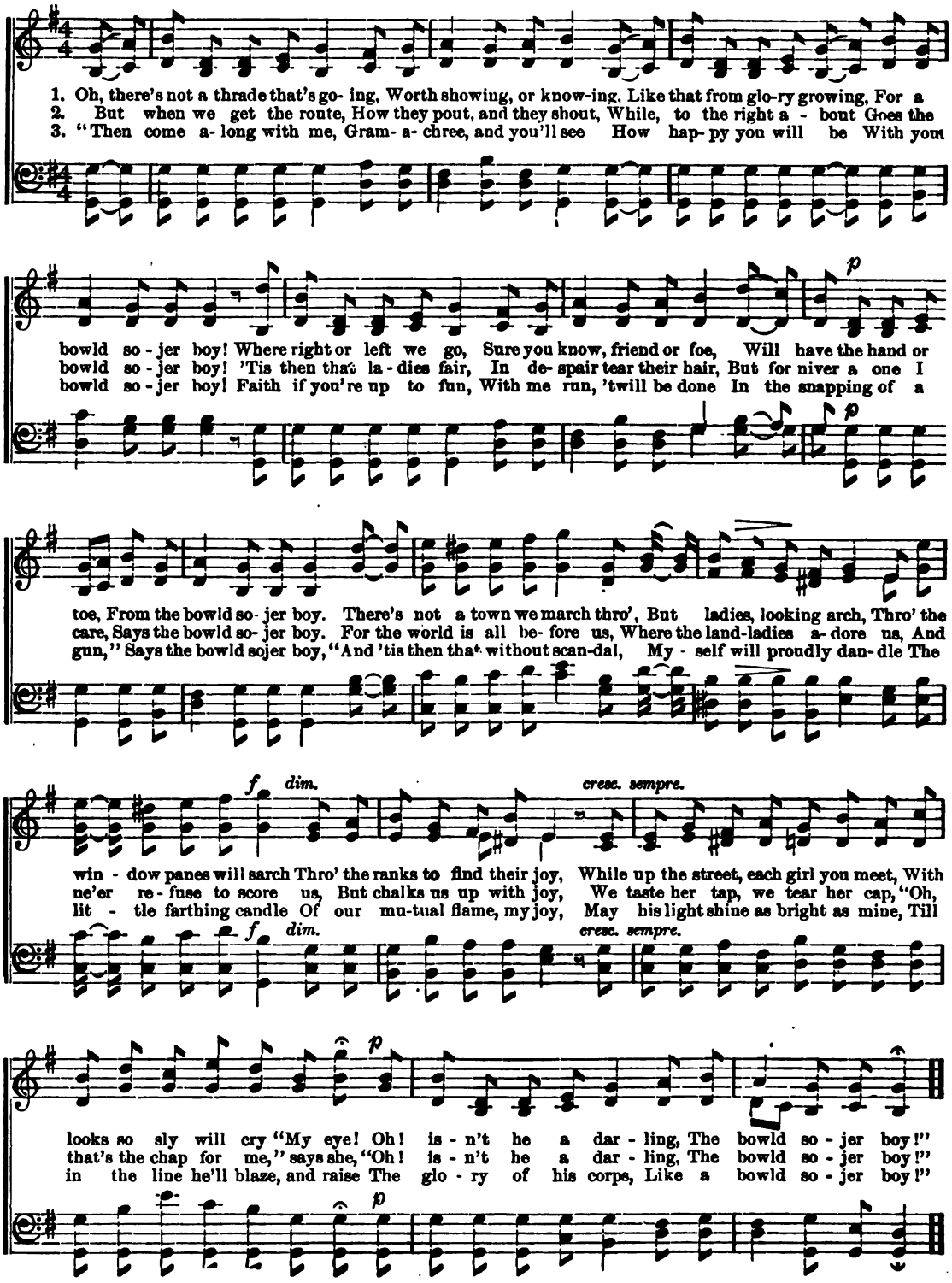
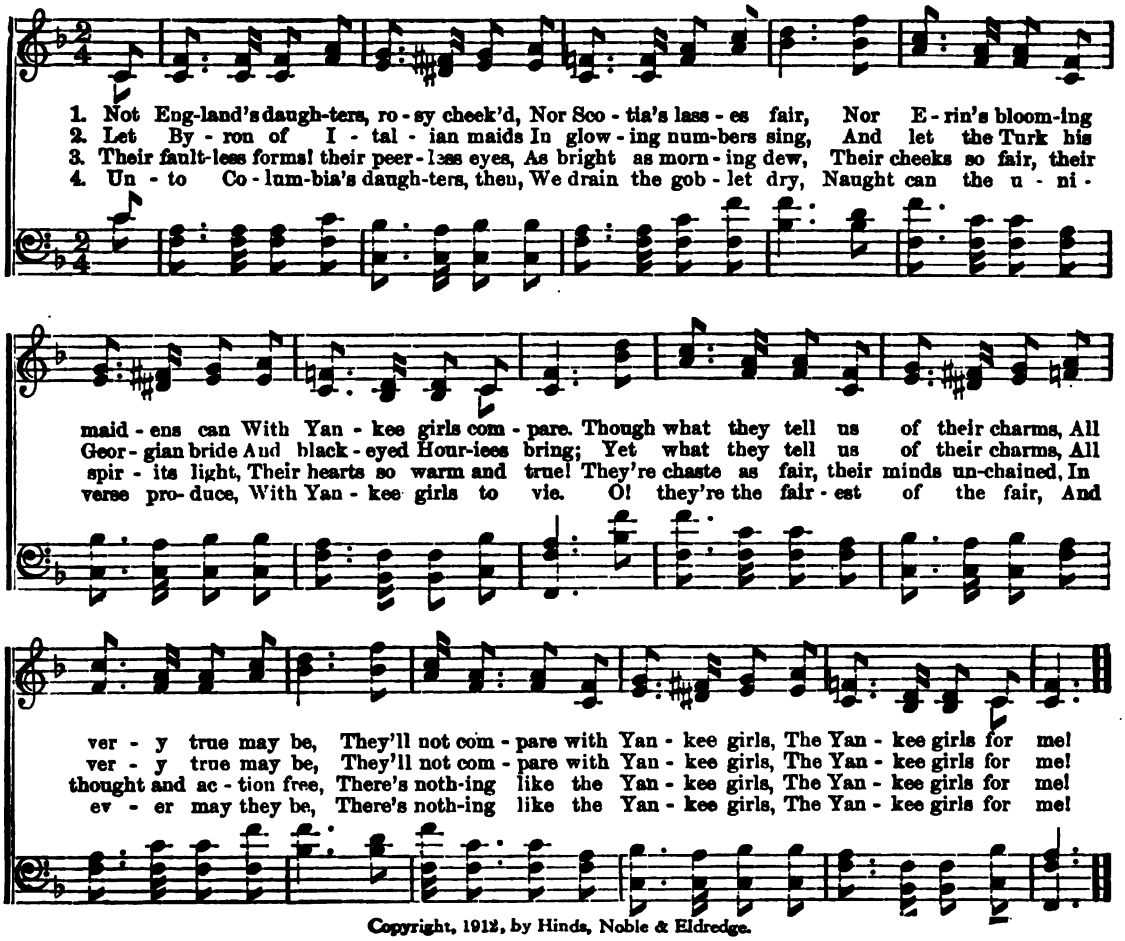
THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

Samuel Lover.

1. Oh, there's not a thrade that's go- ing, Worth showing, or know-ing. Like that from glo-ry growing, For a
2. But when we get the route, How they pout, and they shout, While, to the right a - bout Goes the
3. "Then come a- long with me, Gram- a- chree, and you'll see How hap- py you will be With your
bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or
bowld so - jer boy! 'Tis then that la - dies fair, In de- spair tear their hair, But for niver a one I
bowld so - jer boy! Faith if you're up to fun, With me run, 'twill be done In the snapping of a
toe, From the bowld so- jer boy. There's not a town we march thro', But ladies, looking arch, Thro' the
care, Says the bowld so- jer boy. For the world is all be- fore us, Where the land-ladies a- dore us, And
gun," Says the bowld sojer boy, "And 'tis then that without scan-dal, My - self will proudly dan- dle The
f dim.
cresc. sempre.
win - dow panes will sarch Thro' the ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet, With
ne'er re - fuse to score us, But chalks us up with joy, We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "Oh,
lit - tle farthing candle Of our mu-tual flame, my joy, May his light shine as bright as mine, Till
looks so sly will cry "My eye! Oh! is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"
that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"
in the line he'll blaze, and raise The glo - ry of his corps, Like a bowld so - jer boy!"

THE YANKEE GIRLS.

1. Not Eng-land's daugh-ters, ro - sy cheek'd, Nor Sco - tia's lass - es fair, Nor E - rin's bloom-ing
2. Let By - ron of I - tal - ian maids In glow - ing num-bers sing, And let the Turk his
3. Their fault-less forms! their peer - less eyes, As bright as morn - ing dew, Their cheeks so fair, their
4. Un - to Co - lum-bia's daugh-ters, then, We drain the gob - let dry, Naught can the u - ni -
maid - ens can With Yan - kee girls com - pare. Though what they tell us of their charms, All
Geor - gian bride And black - eyed Hour-iees bring; Yet what they tell us of their charms, All
spir - its light, Their hearts so warm and true! They're chaste as fair, their minds un-chained, In
verse pro- duce, With Yan - kee girls to vie. O! they're the fair - est of the fair, And
ver - y true may be, They'll not com - pare with Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!
ver - y true may be, They'll not com - pare with Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!
thought and ac - tion free, There's noth-ing like the Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!
ev - er may they be, There's noth-ing like the Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!

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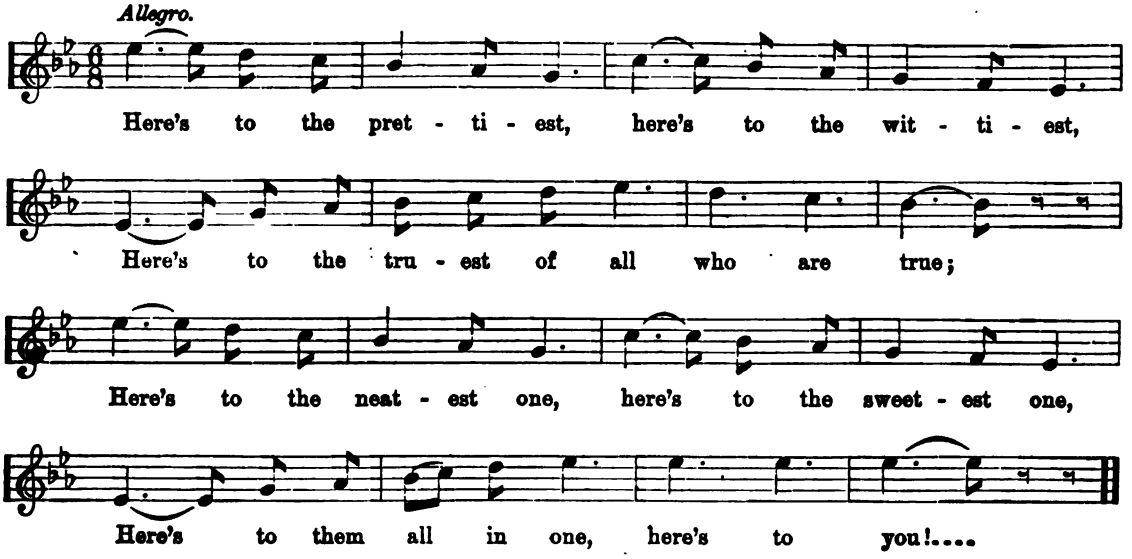
HERE'S TO YOU!

Allegro.
Here's to the pret - ti - est, here's to the wit - ti - est,
Here's to the tru - est of all who are true;
Here's to the neat - est one, here's to the sweet - est one,
Here's to them all in one, here's to you!....

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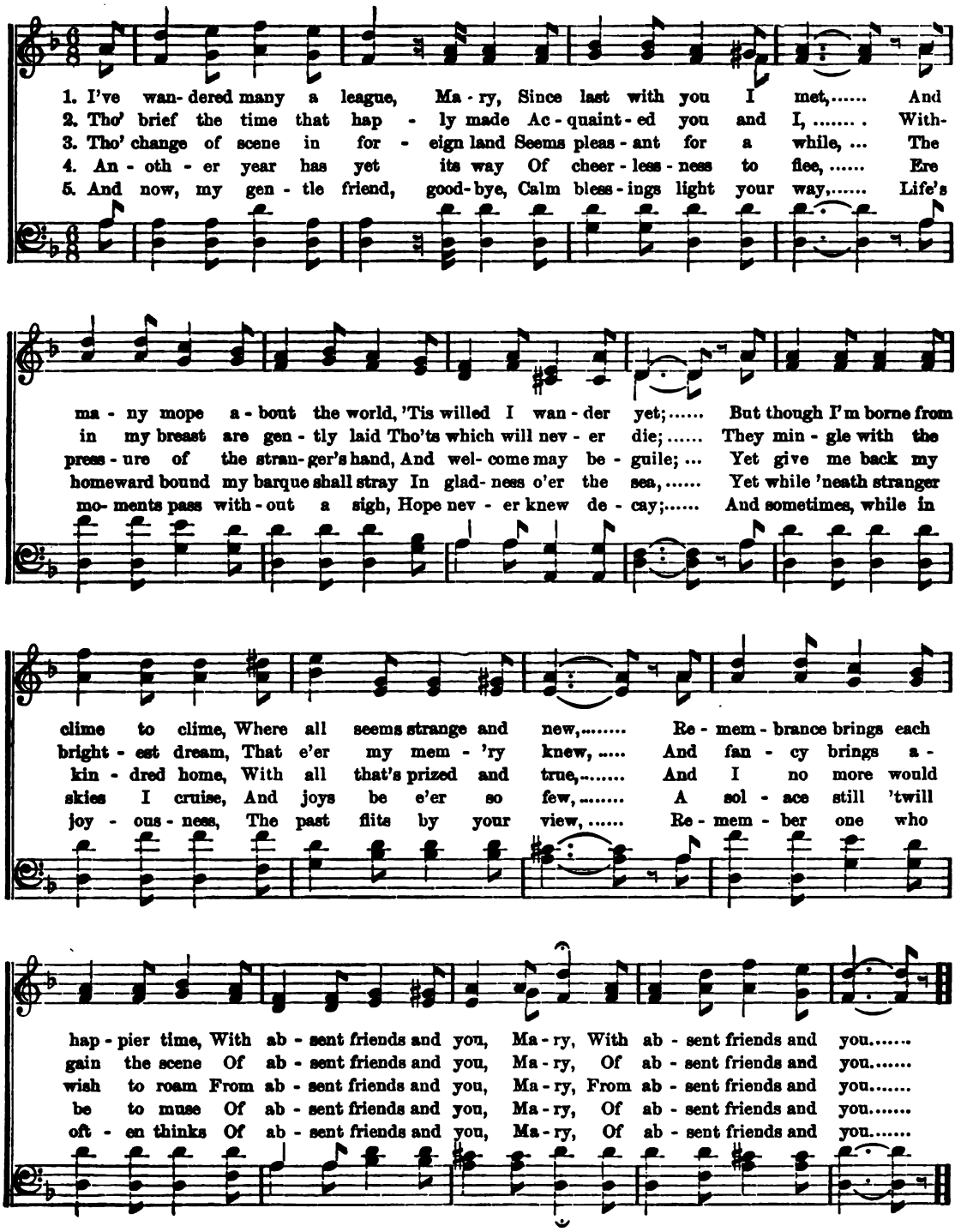
ABSENT FRIENDS AND YOU, MARY.

Commodore Spicer, U. S. Navy.


1. I've wan- dered many a league, Ma - ry, Since last with you I met,..... And
2. Tho' brief the time that hap - ly made Ac - quaint - ed you and I, ... With-
3. Tho' change of scene in for - eign land Seems pleas - ant for a while, ... The
4. An - oth - er year has yet its way Of cheer - less - ness to flee, ... Ere
5. And now, my gen - tle friend, good-bye, Calm bless - ings light your way,..... Life's
ma - ny mope a - bout the world, 'Tis willed I wan - der yet;..... But though I'm borne from
in my breast are gen - tly laid Tho'ts which will nev - er die;..... They min - gle with the
press - ure of the stran - ger's hand, And wel - come may be - guile; ... Yet give me back my
homeward bound my barque shall stray In glad - ness o'er the sea,..... Yet while 'neath stranger
mo - ments pass with - out a sigh, Hope nev - er knew de - cay;..... And sometimes, while in
clime to clime, Where all seems strange and new,..... Re - mem - brance brings each
bright - est dream, That e'er my mem - 'ry knew, ... And fan - cy brings a -
kin - dred home, With all that's prized and true,..... And I no more would
skies I cruise, And joys be e'er so few,..... A sol - ace still 'twill
joy - ous - ness, The past flits by your view, ... Re - mem - ber one who
hap - pier time, With ab - sent friends and you, Ma - ry, With ab - sent friends and you.....
gain the scene Of ab - sent friends and you, Ma - ry, Of ab - sent friends and you.....
wish to roam From ab - sent friends and you, Ma - ry, From ab - sent friends and you.....
be to muse Of ab - sent friends and you, Ma - ry, Of ab - sent friends and you.....
oft - en thinks Of ab - sent friends and you, Ma - ry, Of ab - sent friends and you.....

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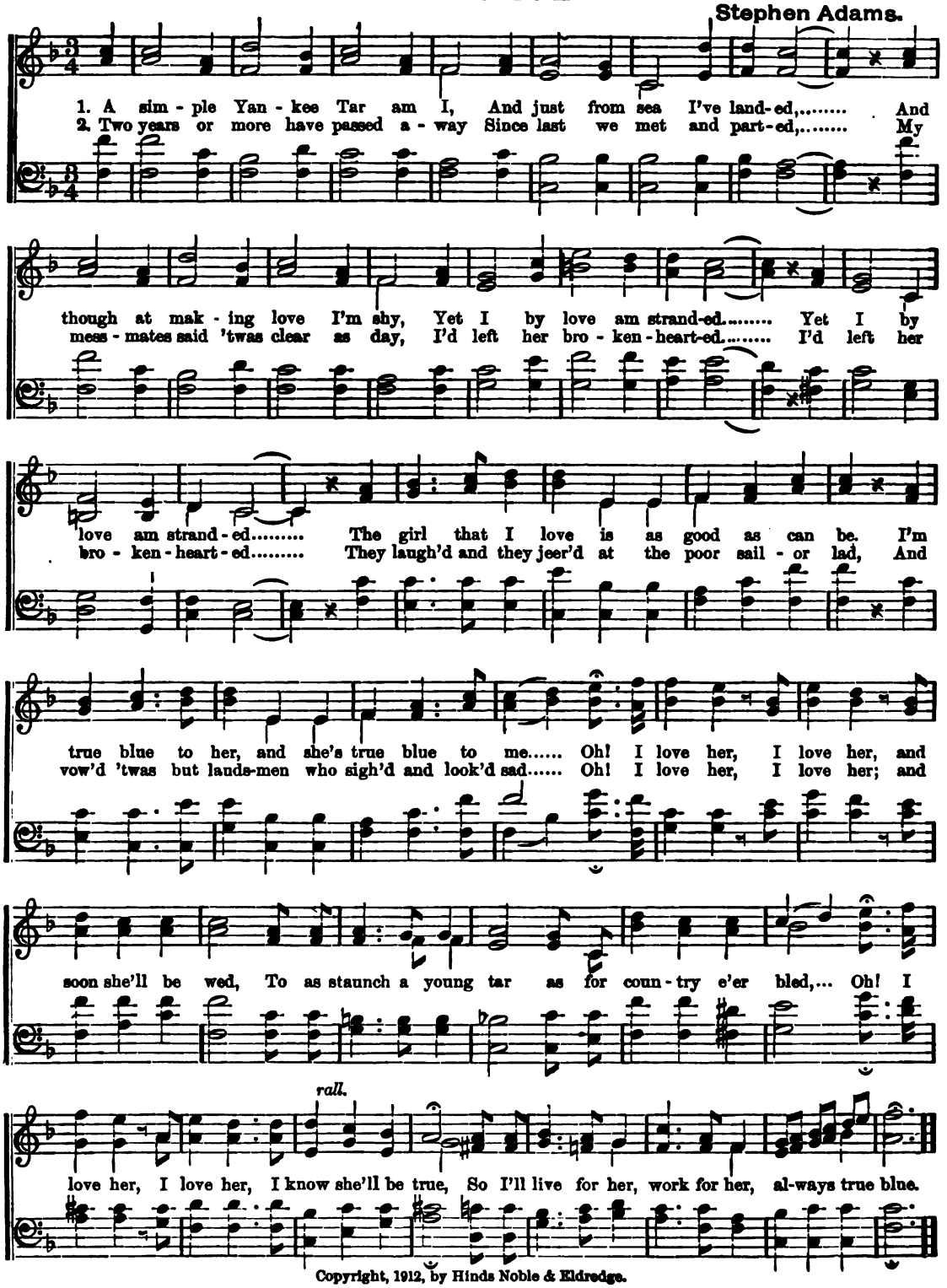
TRUE BLUE.

Stephen Adams.

1. A sim - ple Yan - kee Tar am I, And just from sea I've land-ed,..... And
2. Two years or more have passed a - way Since last we met and part-ed,..... My
though at mak - ing love I'm shy, Yet I by love am strand-ed..... Yet I by
mess - mates said 'twas clear as day, I'd left her bro - ken - heart-ed..... I'd left her
love am strand - ed..... The girl that I love is as good as can be. I'm
bro - ken - heart - ed..... They laugh'd and they jeer'd at the poor sail - or lad, And
true blue to her, and she's true blue to me..... Oh! I love her, I love her, and
vow'd 'twas but lands-men who sigh'd and look'd sad..... Oh! I love her, I love her; and
soon she'll be wed, To as staunch a young tar as for coun - try e'er bled,... Oh! I
rall.
love her, I love her, I know she'll be true, So I'll live for her, work for her, al-ways true blue.

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A THOUSAND LEAGUES AWAY.

J. Barnby.
W. C. Bennett.

Allegro con spirito.

1. The wind is blow - ing fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One kiss and I'm a-
2. I half could be a lands-man, While those dear eyes I see, To hear the gale rave
3. One kiss; the tide ebbs fast, love; I must not lag - gard be, Up - on the voy - age

rall. *a tempo.*

way, Kate,... For two long years to sea. For two long years to
by with-out, While you sat snug with me. But I must hear the
I'll hope, love, Will give a wife to me. Pray for us, Kate; such

rall.

think of you, Dream of you night and day, To long for you a - cross the sea,..... A
storm howl by; The salt breeze whist - ling play Its weird sea tune a - mongst the shrouds, A
pray'rs as yours God.... bids the winds o - bey; By for - tune heard your lov - ing word.... Will

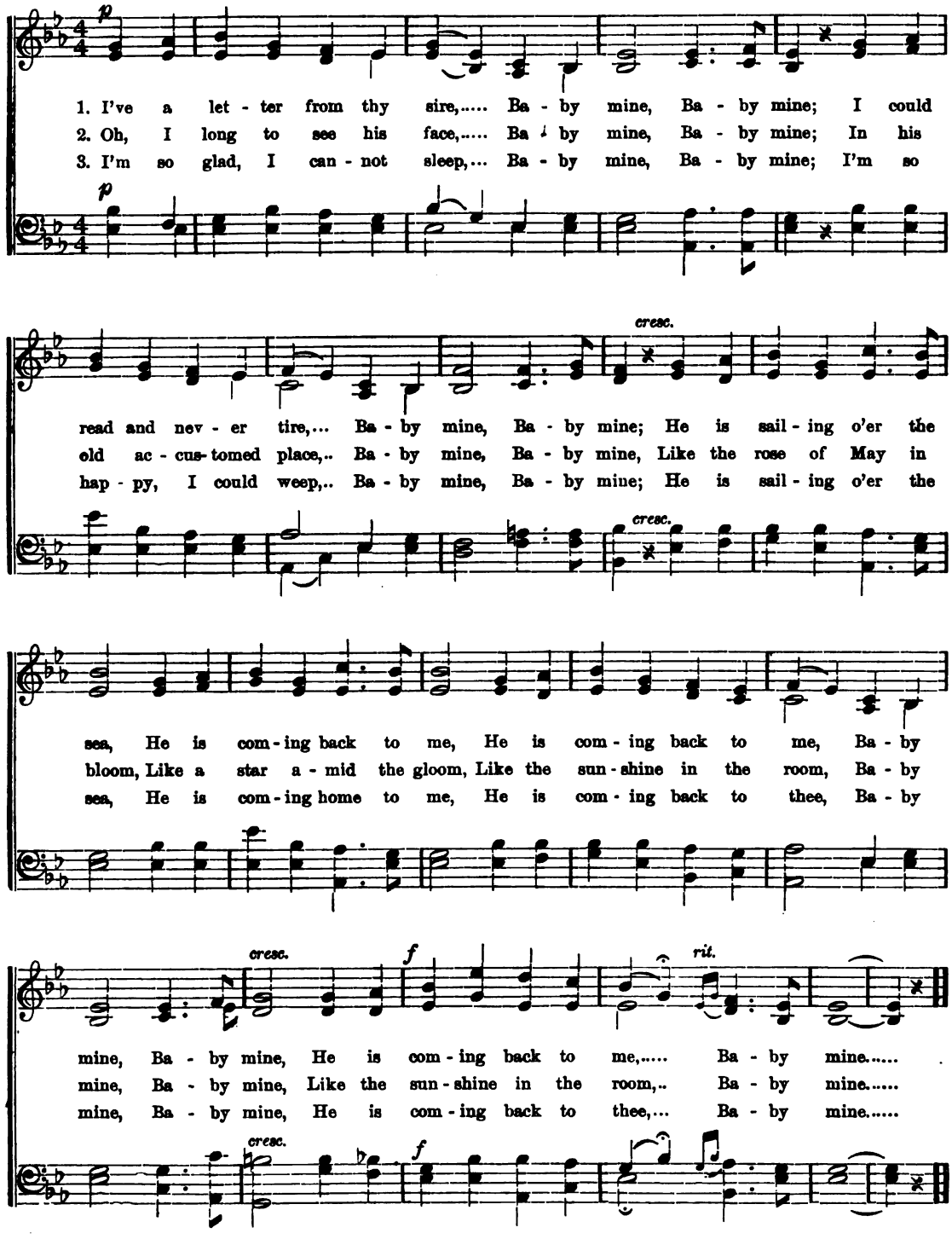
dim. *p* *mezza voce.* *cres.*

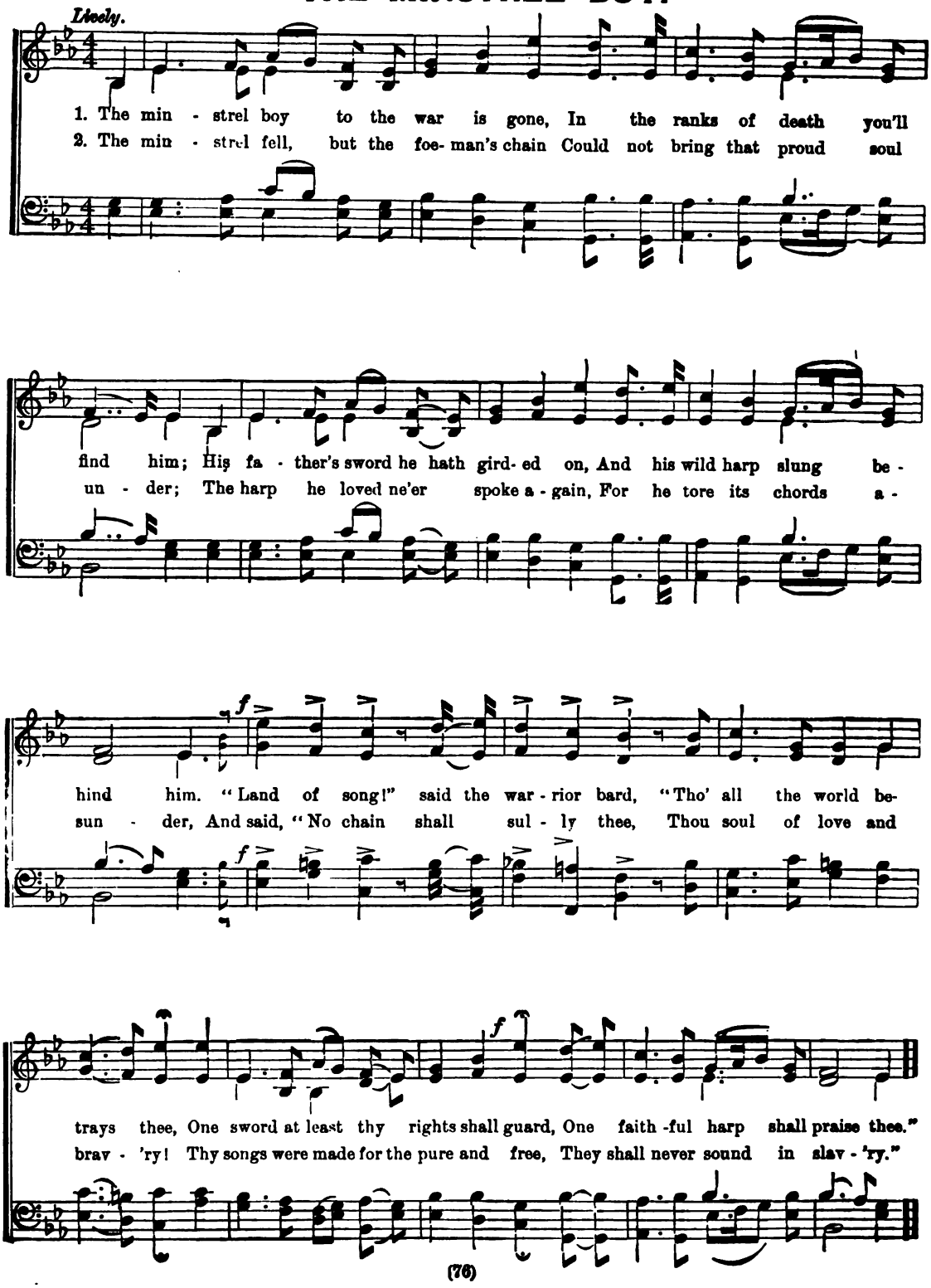
thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A thou-sand leagues a-
thou-sand leagues a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, dear Kate, A thou-sand leagues a-
speed us far a - way, A thou-sand leagues a - way, my Kate, A thou-sand leagues a-

dim. *p* *cres.*

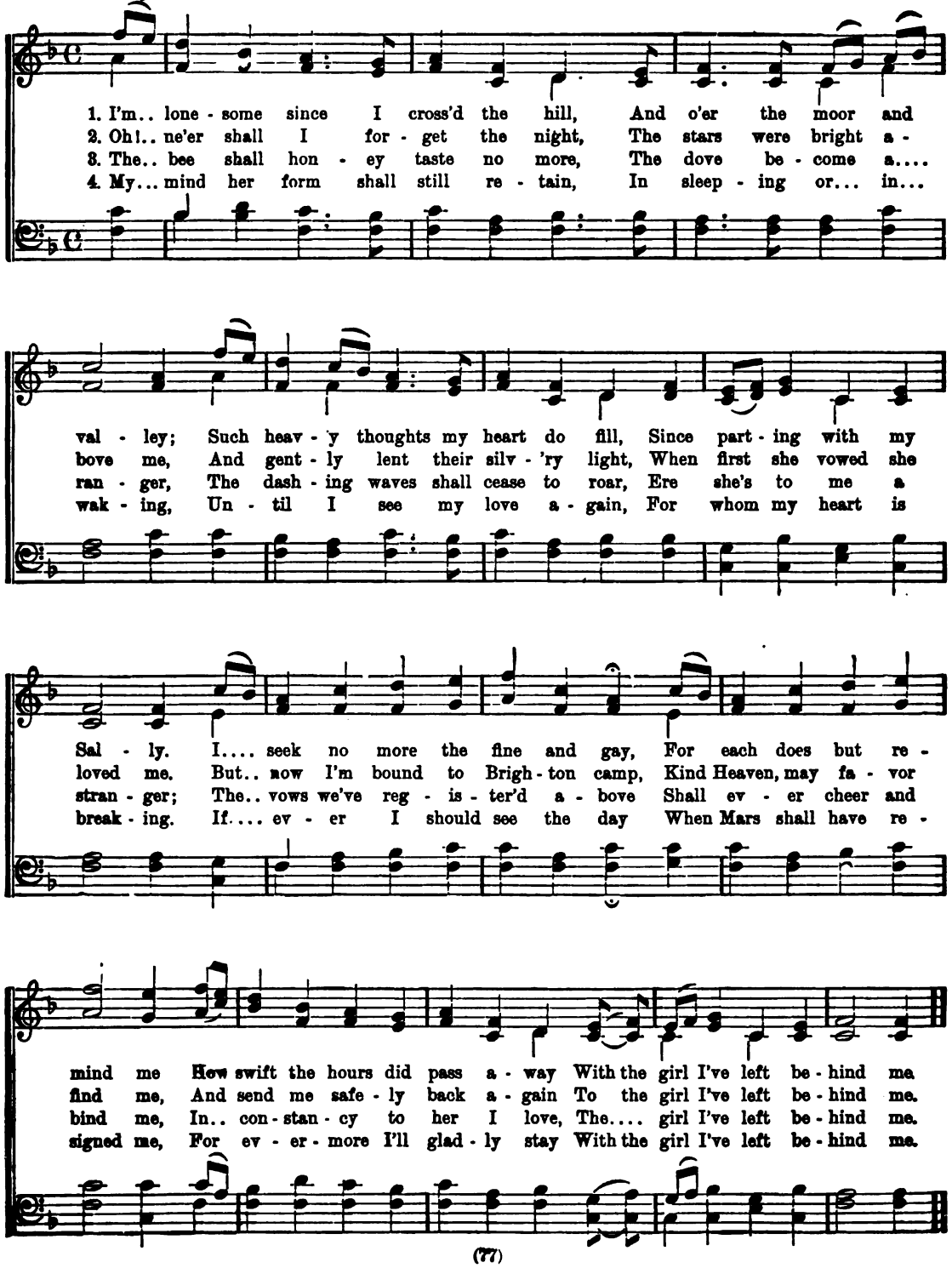
way, While round the Pole we toss and roll, ... A thou - sand leagues a - way
way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, ... A thou - sand leagues a - way.
way. God will be - friend the lad you send ... A thou - sand leagues a - way

BABY MINE.

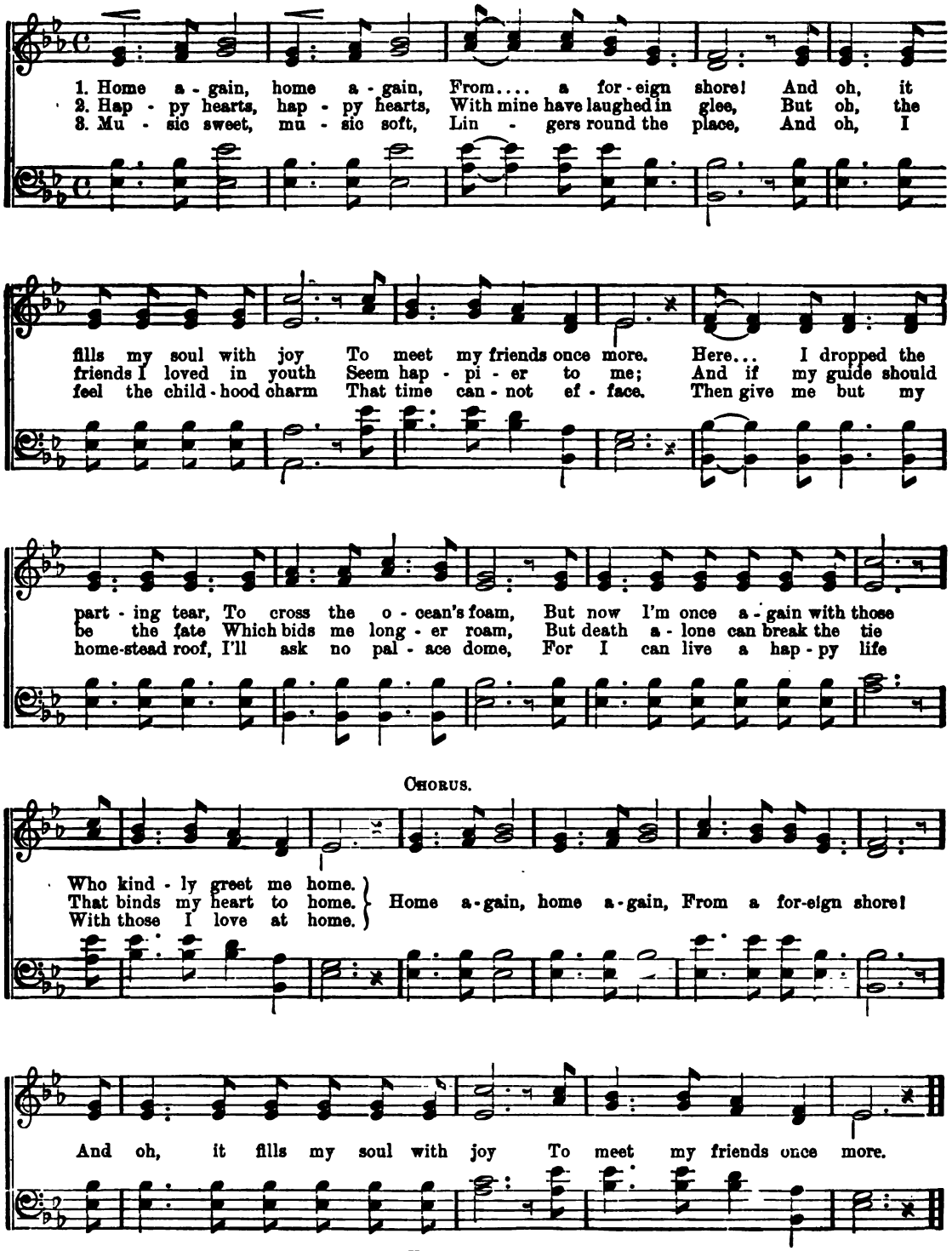
Charles Mackay. **Archibald Johnston.**

p
1. I've a let - ter from thy sire,..... Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I could
2. Oh, I long to see his face,..... Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; In his
3. I'm so glad, I can - not sleep,... Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I'm so
cresc.
read and nev - er tire,... Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the
old ac - cus - tomed place,.. Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine, Like the rose of May in
hap - py, I could weep,.. Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the
sea, He is com - ing back to me, He is com - ing back to me, Ba - by
bloom, Like a star a - mid the gloom, Like the sun - shine in the room, Ba - by
sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee, Ba - by
cresc.
f
rit.
mine, Ba - by mine, He is com - ing back to me,..... Ba - by mine.....
mine, Ba - by mine, Like the sun - shine in the room,.. Ba - by mine.....
mine, Ba - by mine, He is com - ing back to thee,... Ba - by mine.....
cresc.
f

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Lively.
1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe- man's chain Could not bring that proud soul
find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird- ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -
hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith -ful harp shall praise thee."
brav - 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slav - 'ry."

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Allegretto.

1. I'm.. lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and
2. Oh!.. ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a -
3. The.. bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a....
4. My... mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or... in...
val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my
bove me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she
ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a
wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is
Sal - ly. I.... seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re -
loved me. But.. now I'm bound to Brigh - ton camp, Kind Heaven, may fa - vor
stran - ger; The.. vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and
break - ing. If.... ev - er I should see the day When Mars shall have re -
mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
bind me, In.. con - stan - cy to her I love, The.... girl I've left be - hind me.
signed me, For ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

HOME AGAIN.

Words and music by Marshall S. Pike.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From.... a for - eign shore! And oh, it
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh, the
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh, I
fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more. Here... I dropped the
friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should
feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face. Then give me but my
part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those
be the fate Which bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the tie
home-stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life
Chorus.
Who kind - ly greet me home.
That binds my heart to home.
With those I love at home.
Home a-gain, home a-gain, From a for-eign shore!
And oh, it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

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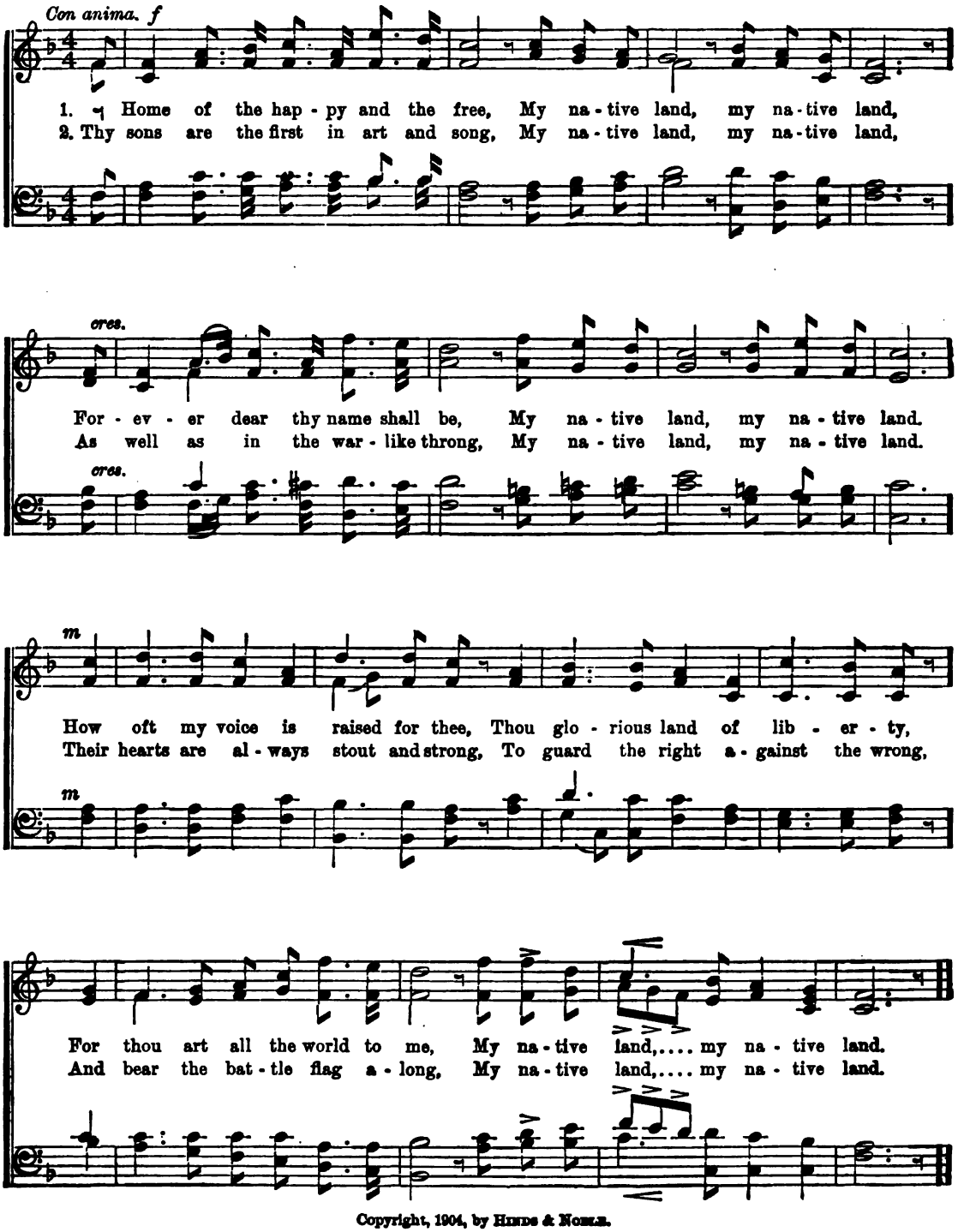
HOME OF THE HAPPY AND THE FREE.

Words by Arthur Berry. **Music by Frederic H. Pease.**

Con anima. f
1. Home of the hap - py and the free, My na - tive land, my na - tive land,
2. Thy sons are the first in art and song, My na - tive land, my na - tive land,
cres.
For - ev - er dear thy name shall be, My na - tive land, my na - tive land.
As well as in the war - like throng, My na - tive land, my na - tive land.
cres.
m
How oft my voice is raised for thee, Thou glo - rious land of lib - er - ty,
Their hearts are al - ways stout and strong, To guard the right a - gainst the wrong,
m
For thou art all the world to me, My na - tive land,.... my na - tive land.
And bear the bat - tle flag a - long, My na - tive land,.... my na - tive land.

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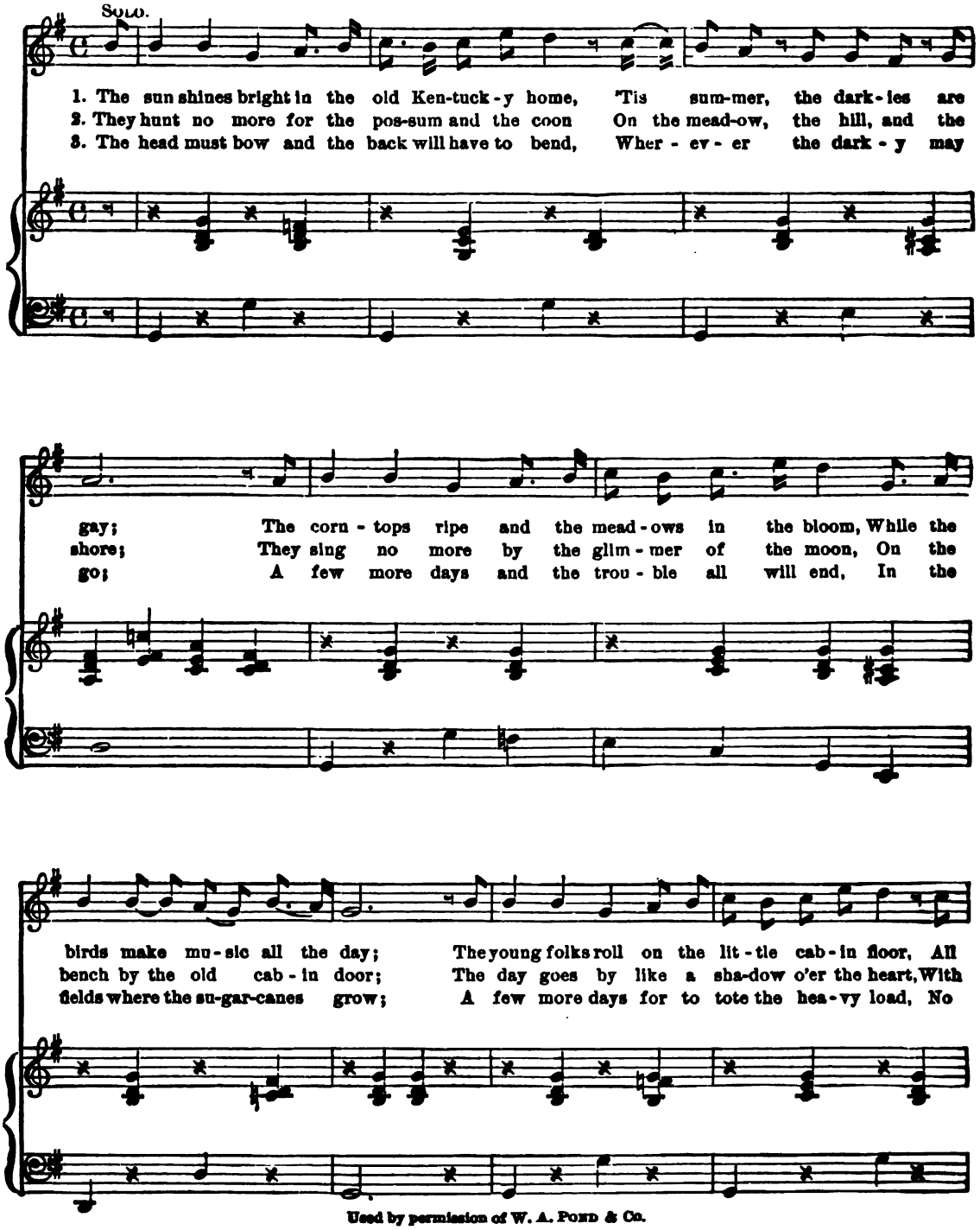
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**

Solo.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the shore;
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may go;
The corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the
birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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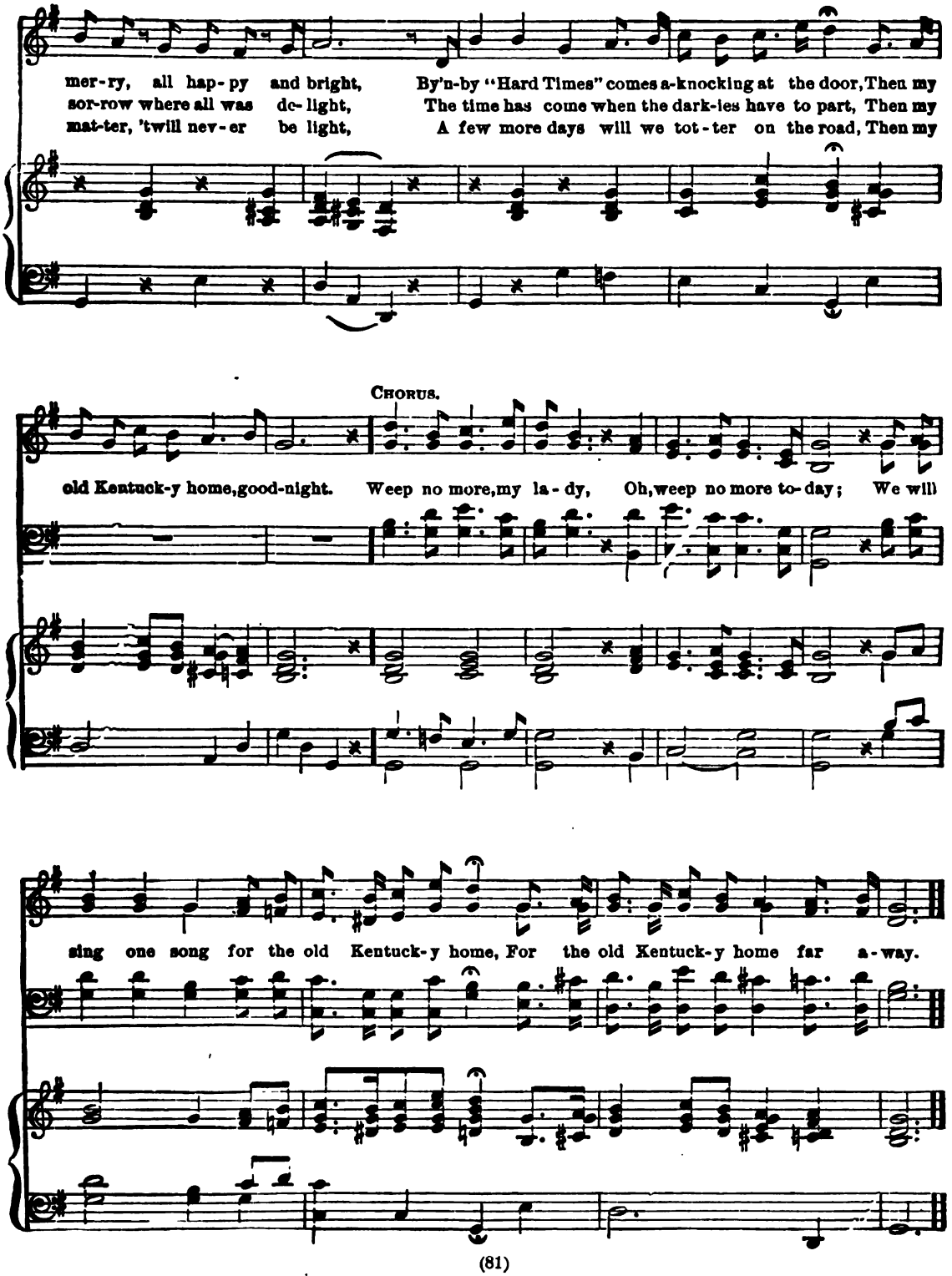
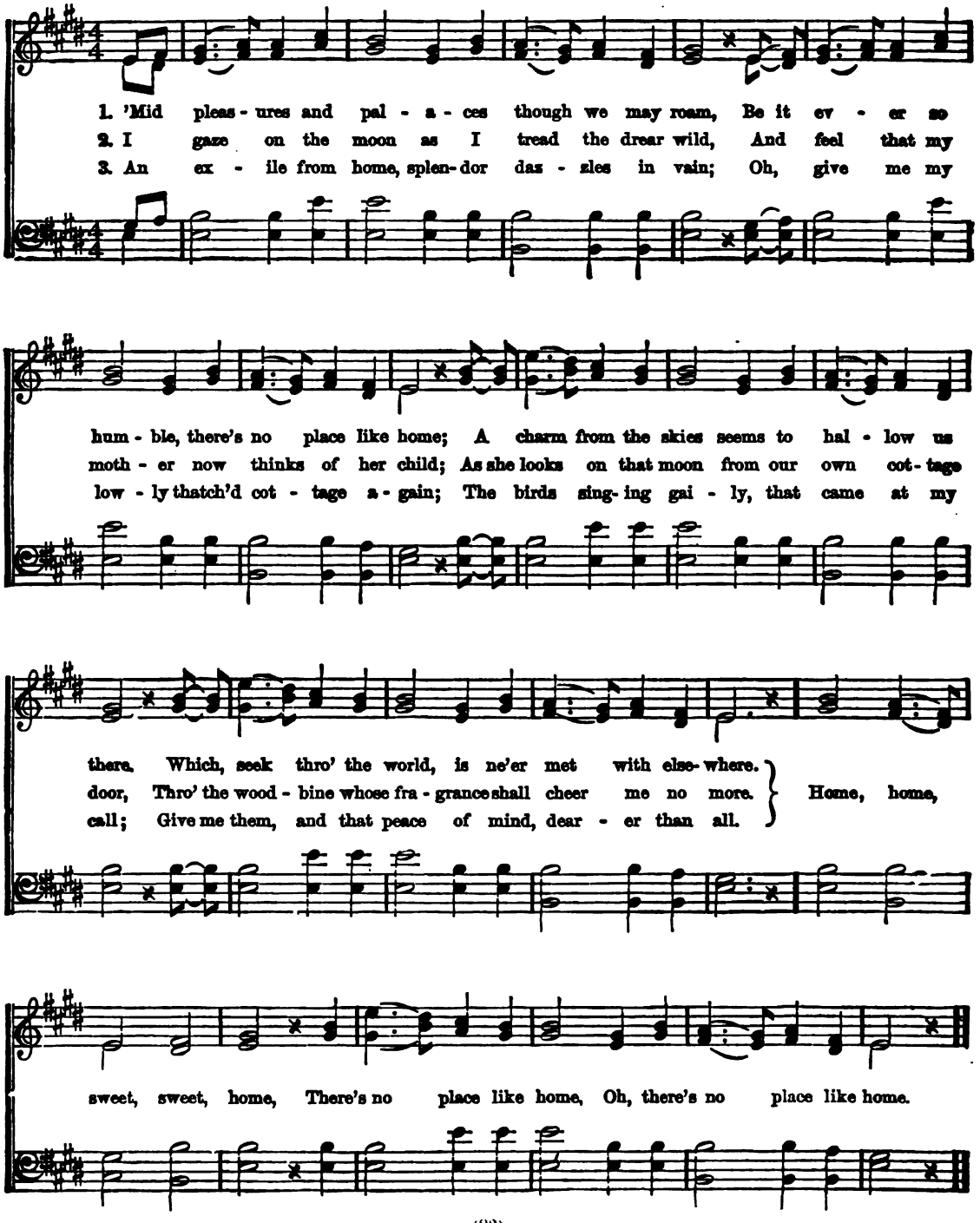
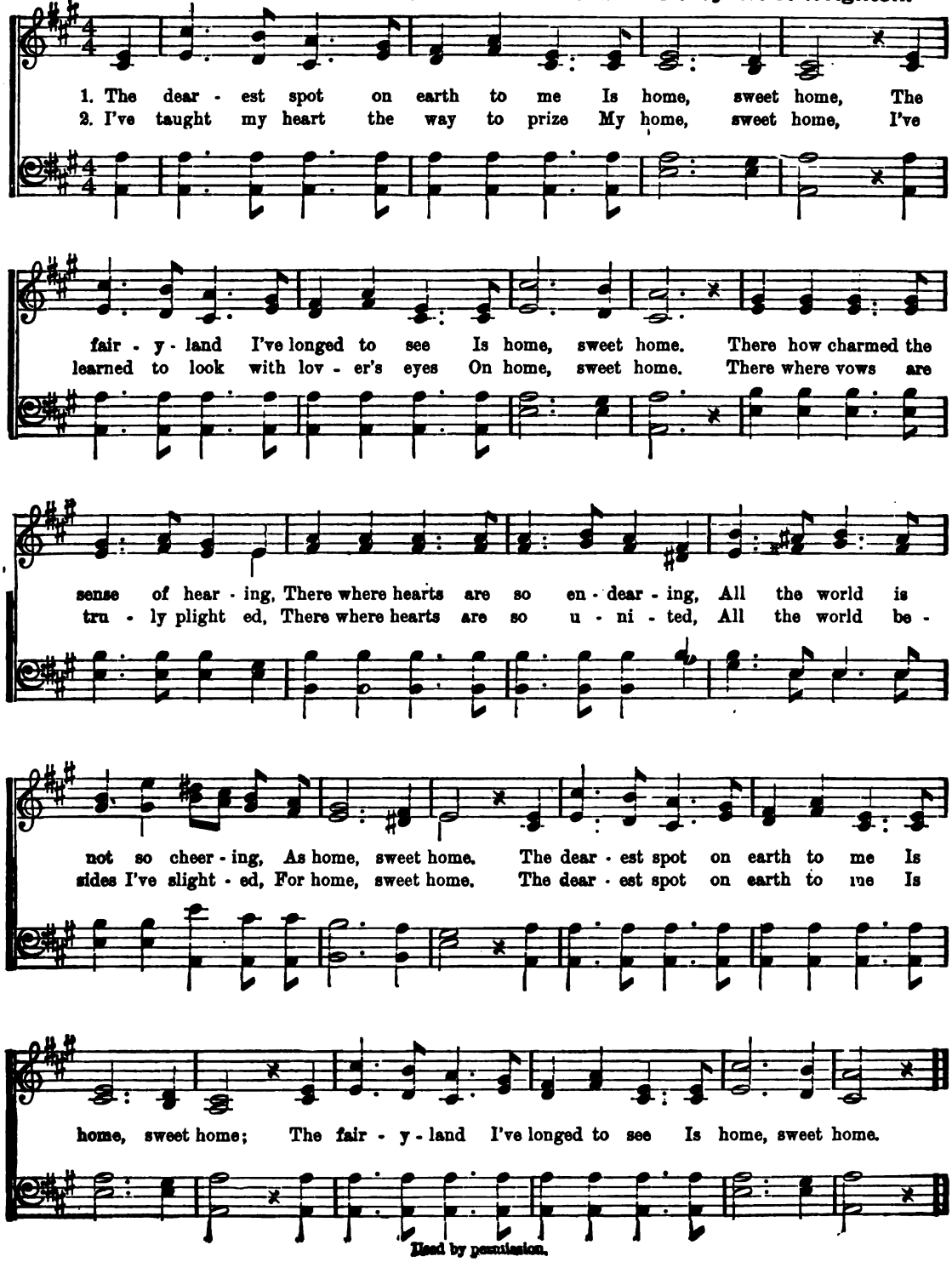
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my
Chorus.
old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne. **Music by Sir Henry Bishop.**

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing- ing gai - ly, that came at my
there. Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
Home, home,
sweet, sweet, home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.

Words and music by W. T. Wrighton.


1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home, The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've
fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are
sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is
tru - ly plight ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted, All the world be -
not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
sides I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is
home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

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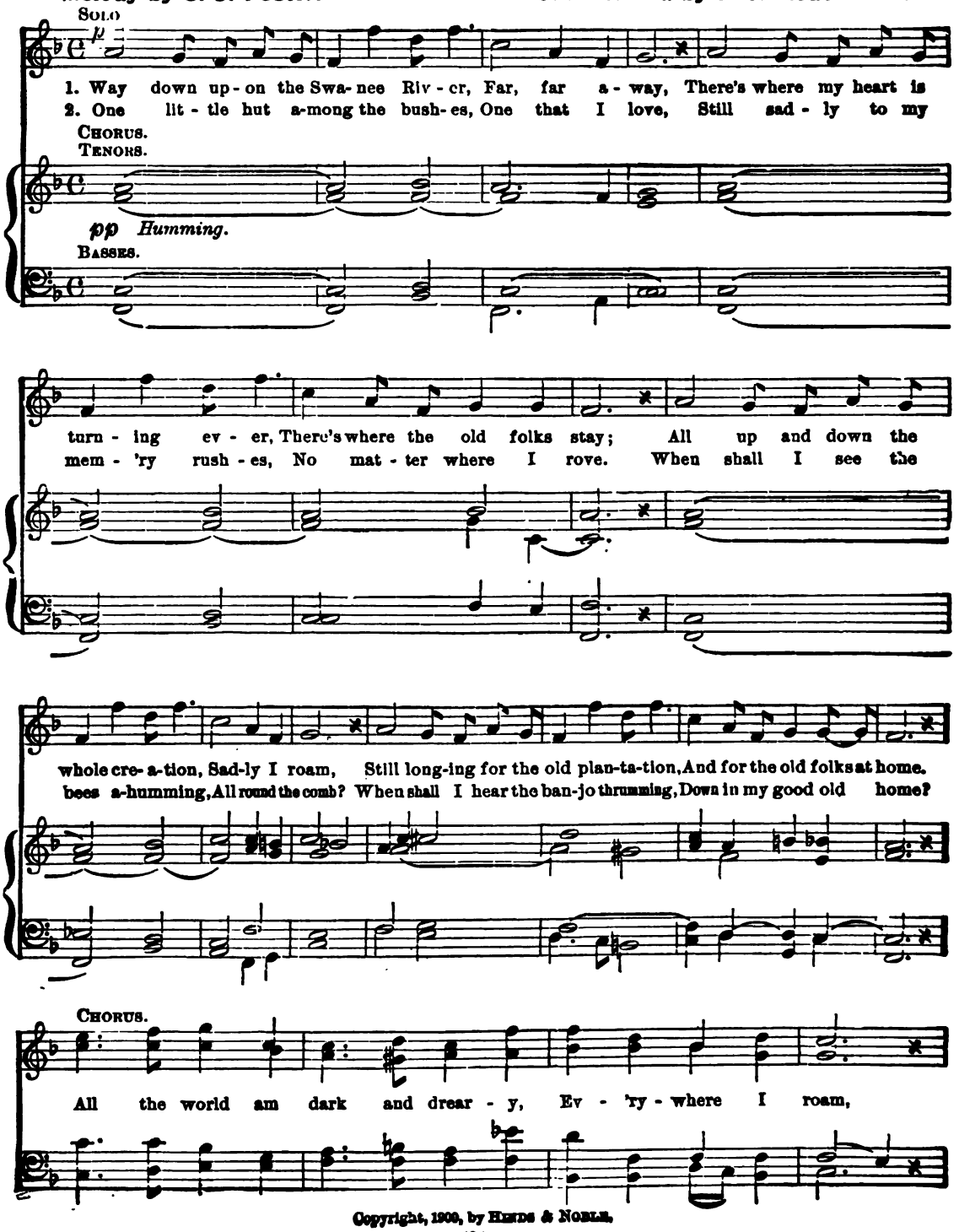
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**

Solo
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit - tle hut a-mong the bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my
Chorus.
Tenors.
pp Humming.
Basses.
turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When shall I see the
whole cre - a - tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?
Chorus.
All the world am dark and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

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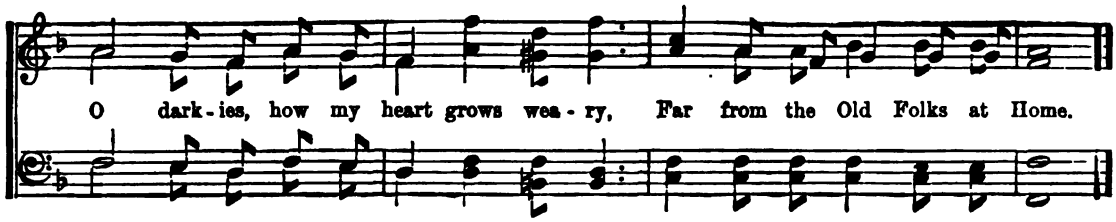
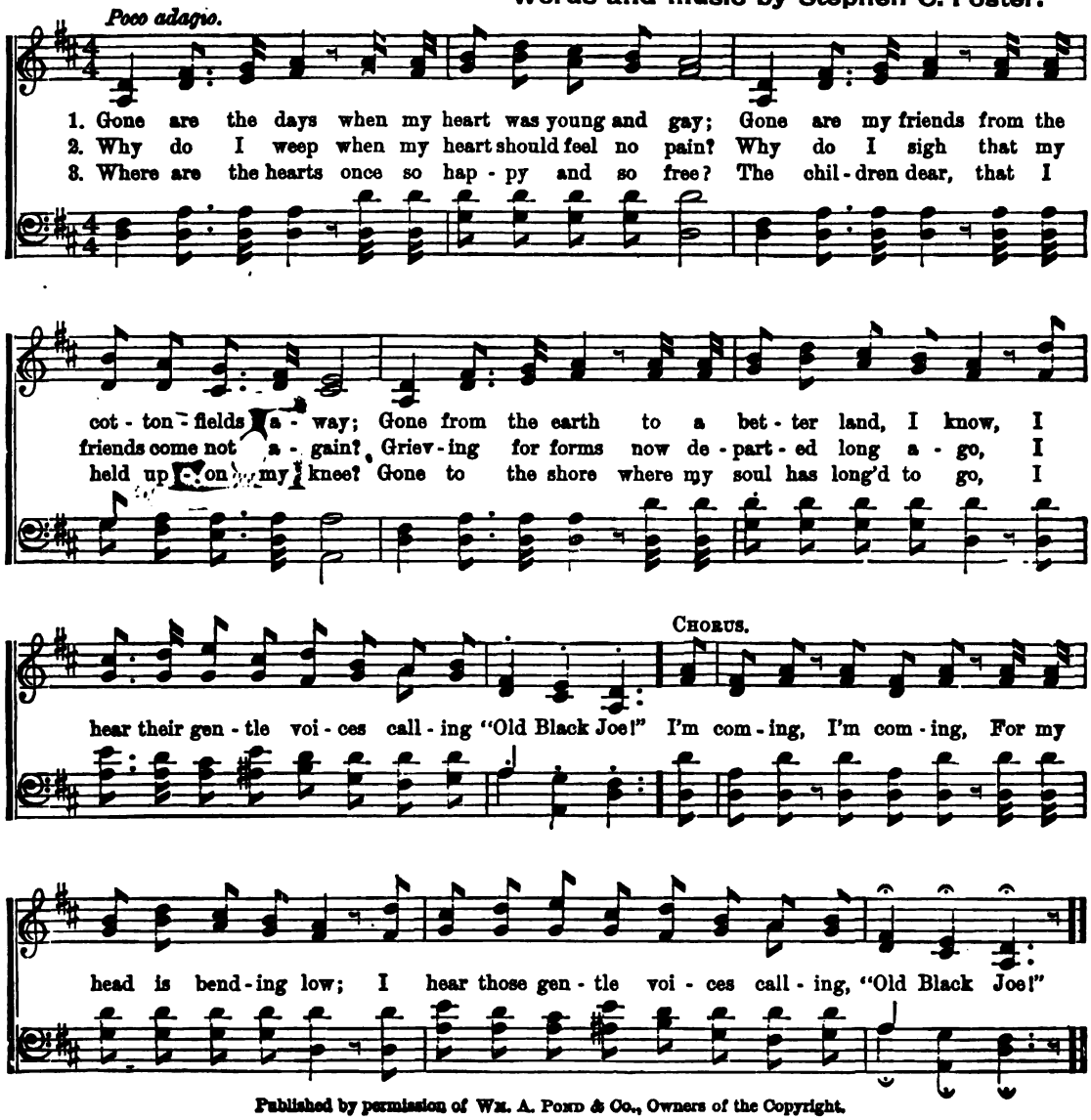


OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren dear, that I
cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I
friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go, I
held up on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I
Chorus.
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

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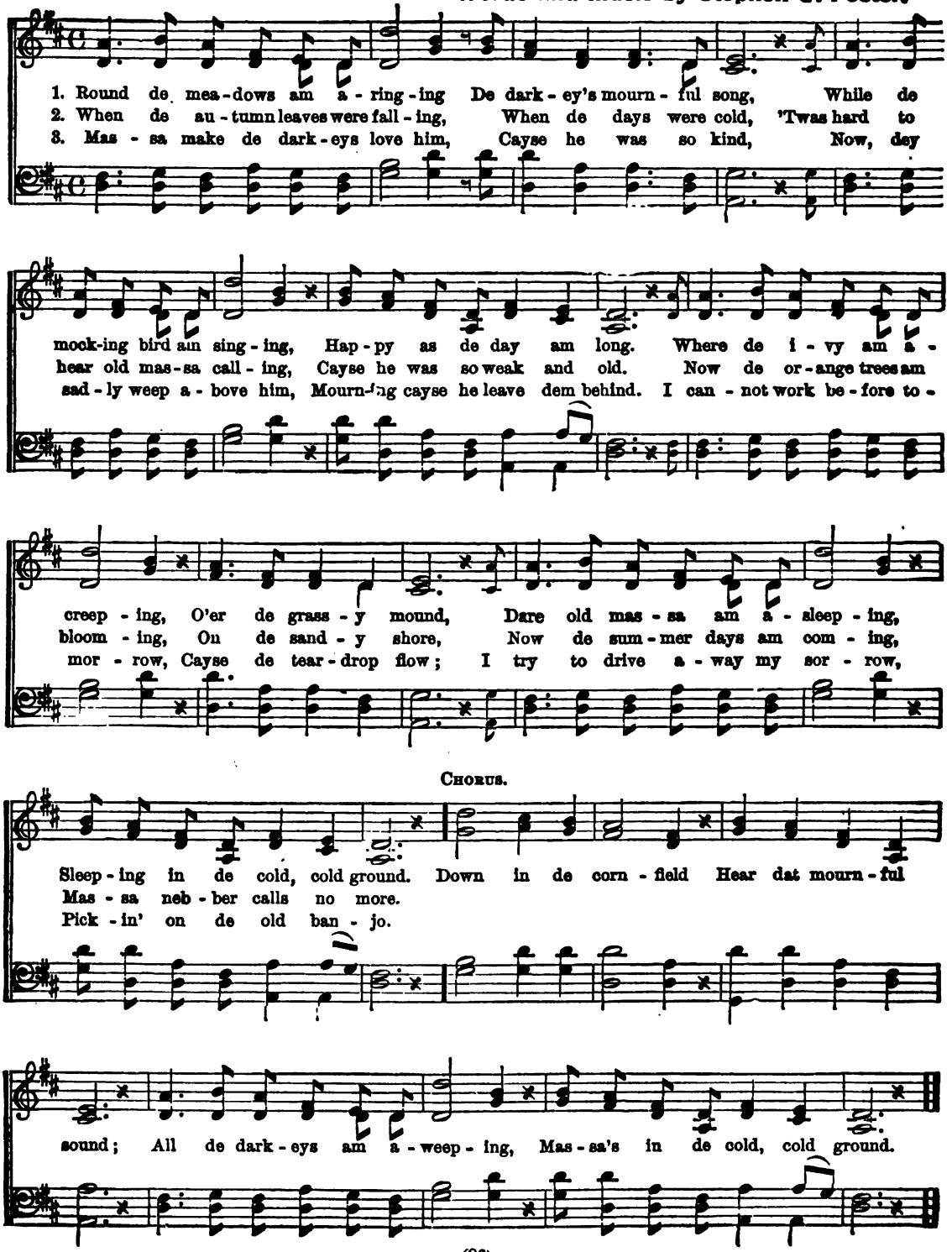
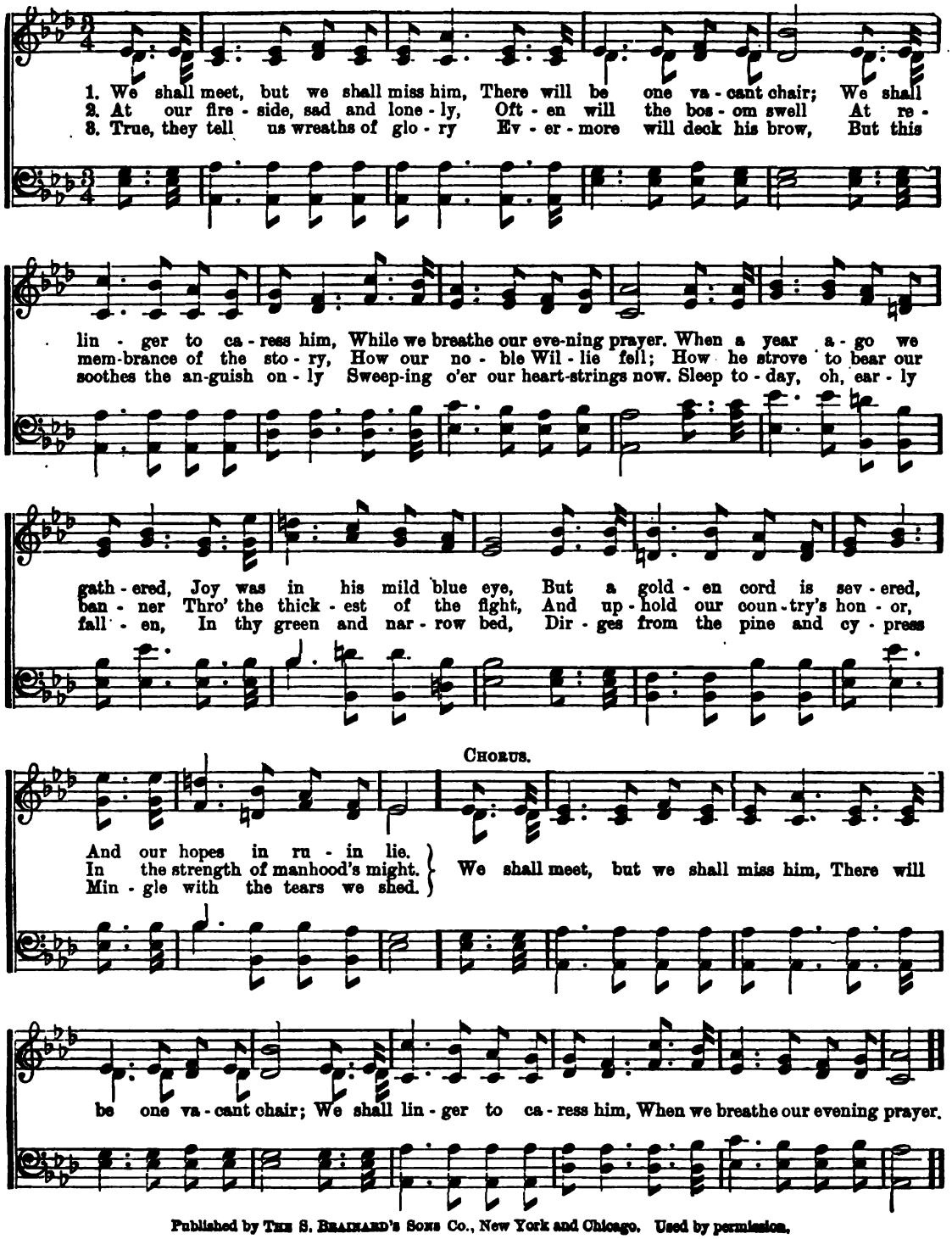
MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Round de mea-dows am a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas-sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey
mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-
hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am
sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-
creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound, Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing,
bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing,
mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a-way my sor-row,
Chorus.
Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.
sound; All de dark-eys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair; We shall
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell At re -
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow, But this
lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer. When a year a - go we
mem-brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our
soothes the an-guish on - ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to - day, oh, ear - ly
gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered,
ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or,
fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press
Chorus.
And our hopes in ru - in lie.
In the strength of manhood's might.
Min - gle with the tears we shed.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will
be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.

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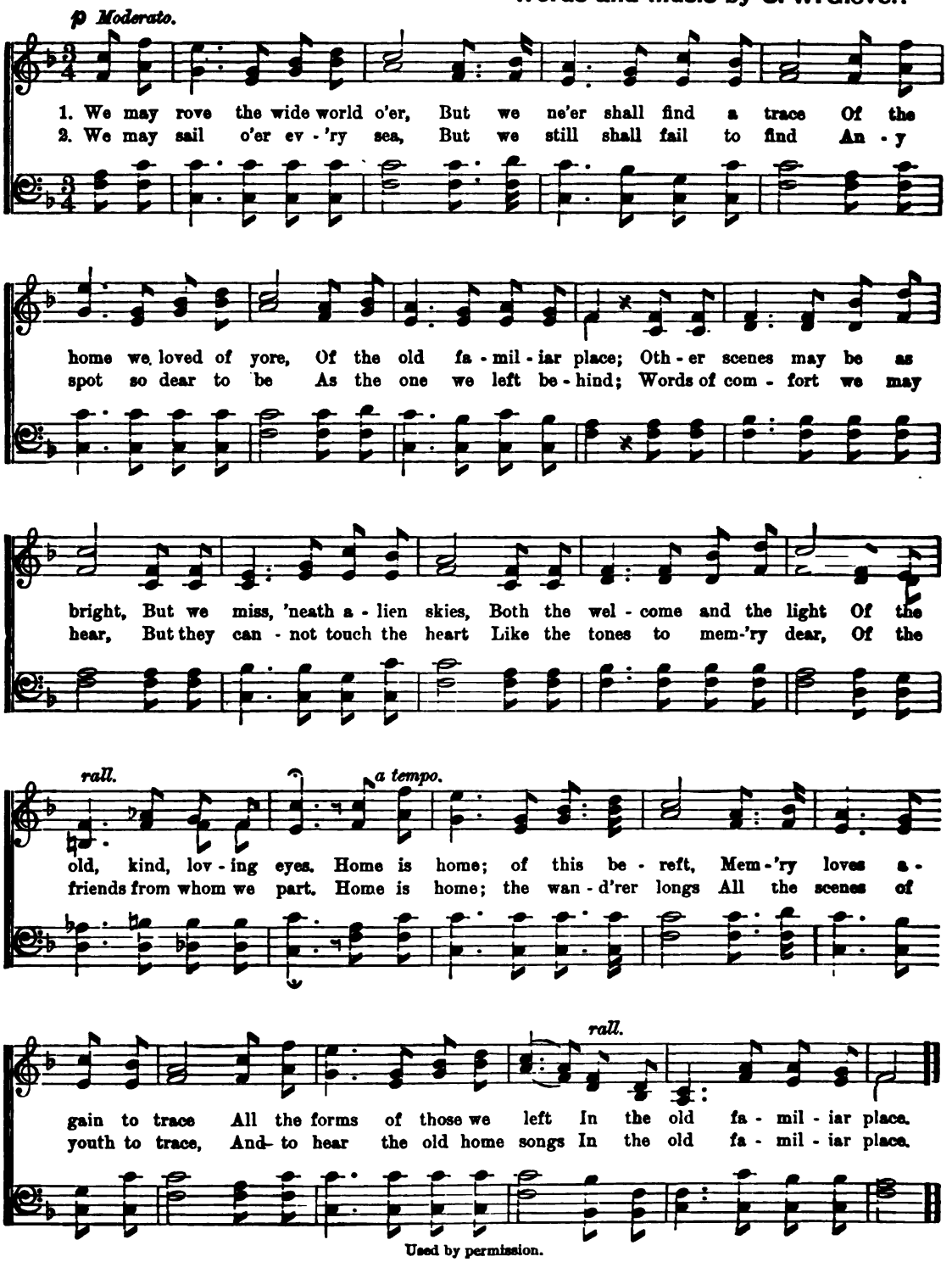
THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE.

Words and music by C. W. Glover.

p Moderato.
1. We may rove the wide world o'er, But we ne'er shall find a trace Of the
2. We may sail o'er ev - 'ry sea, But we still shall fail to find An - y
home we loved of yore, Of the old fa - mil - iar place; Oth - er scenes may be as
spot so dear to be As the one we left be - hind; Words of com - fort we may
bright, But we miss, 'neath a - lien skies, Both the wel - come and the light Of the
hear, But they can - not touch the heart Like the tones to mem-'ry dear, Of the
rall.
a tempo.
old, kind, lov - ing eyes. Home is home; of this be - reft, Mem - 'ry loves a -
friends from whom we part. Home is home; the wan - d'rer longs All the scenes of
rall.
gain to trace All the forms of those we left In the old fa - mil - iar place.
youth to trace, And to hear the old home songs In the old fa - mil - iar place.

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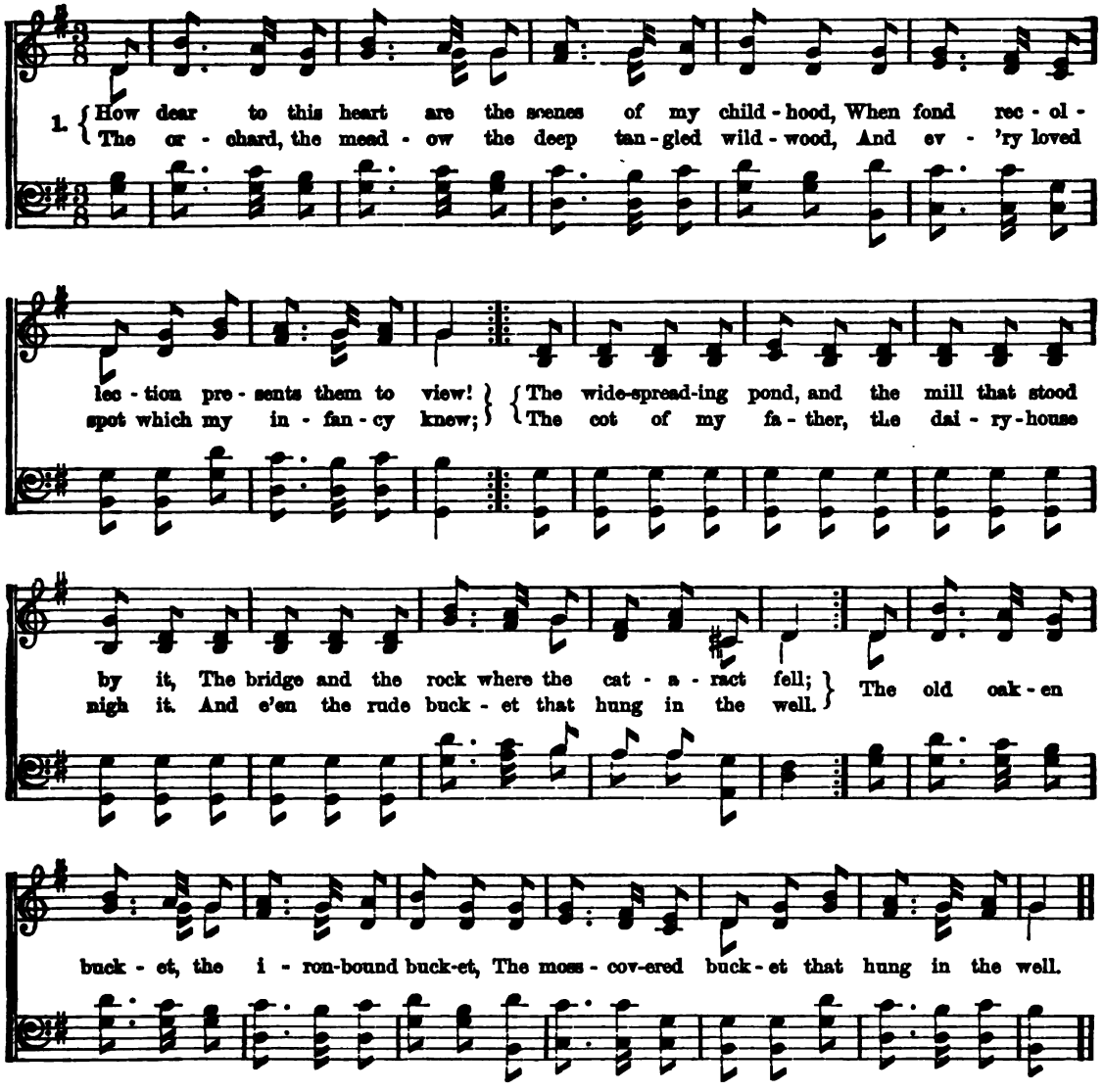
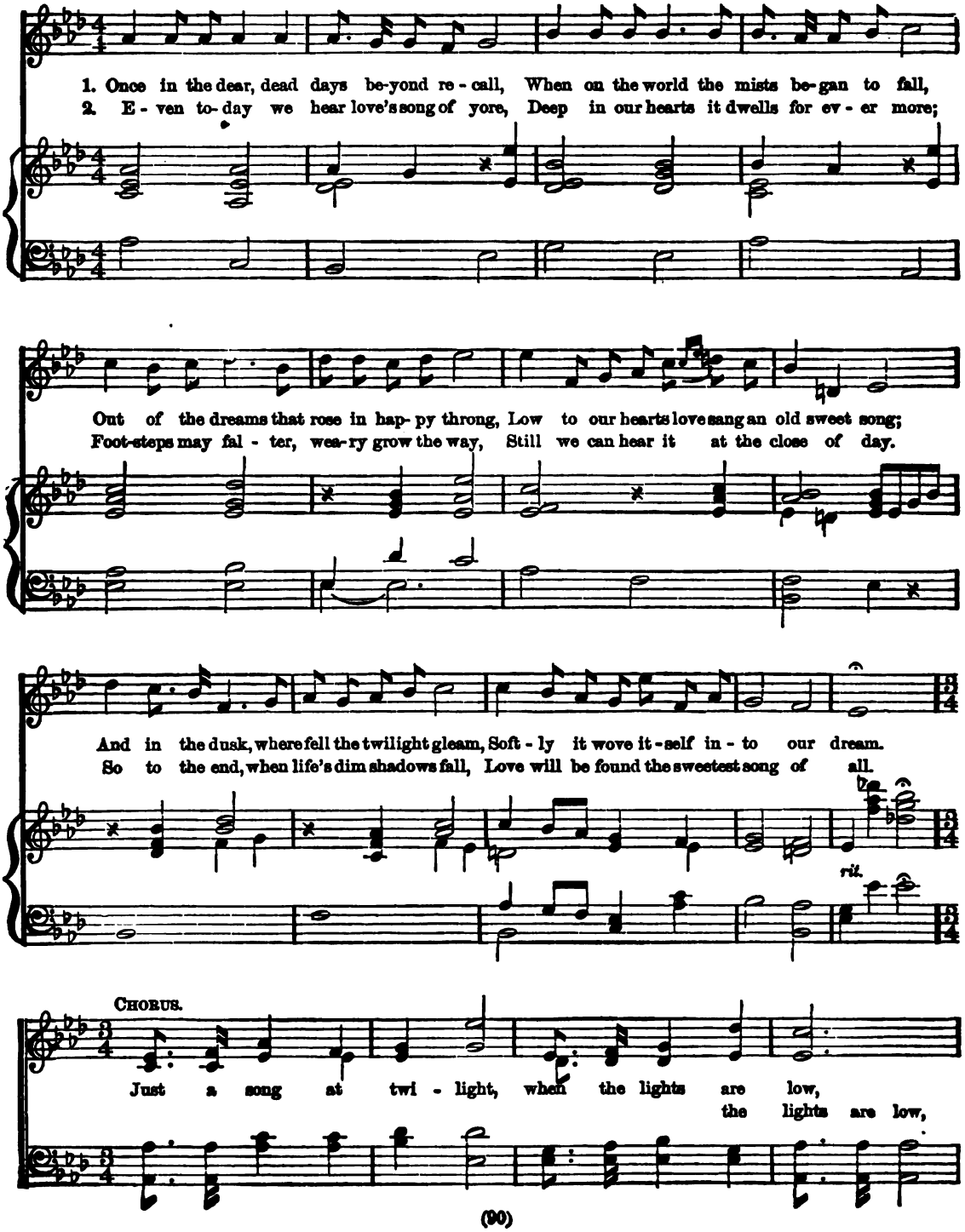
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

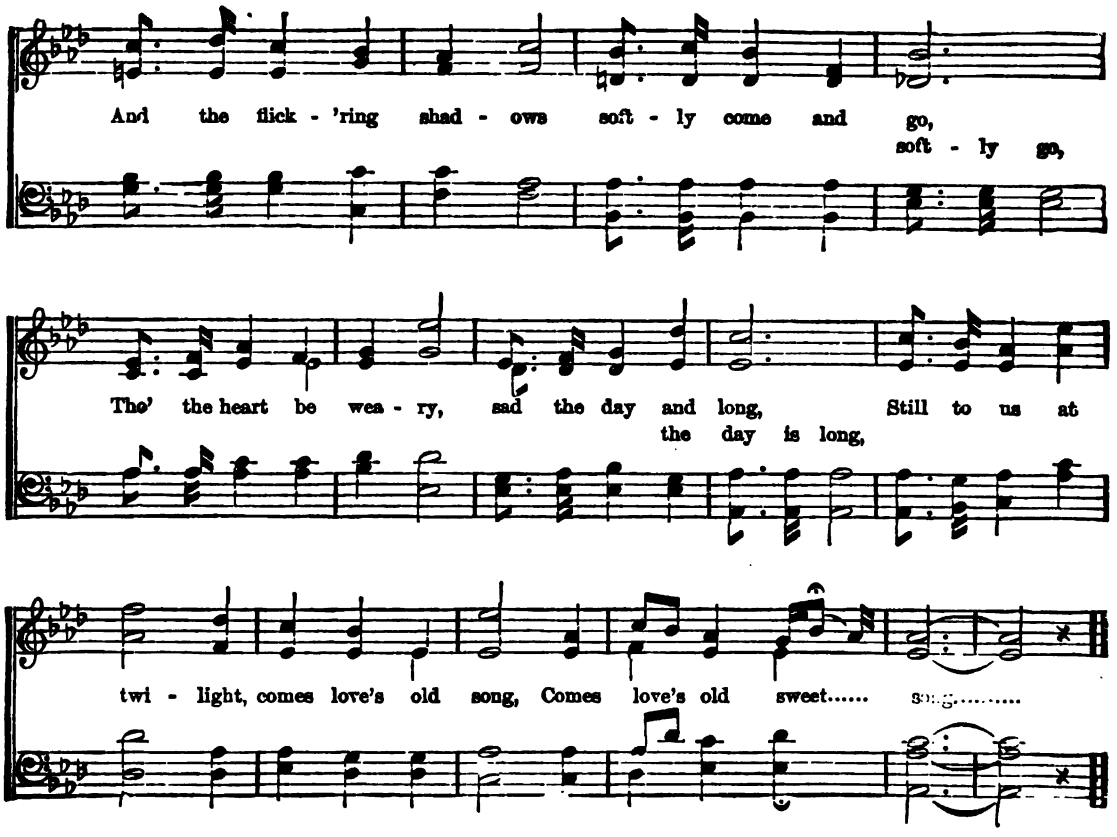
Samuel Woodworth.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in-fan-cy knew;
The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en
buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it.
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

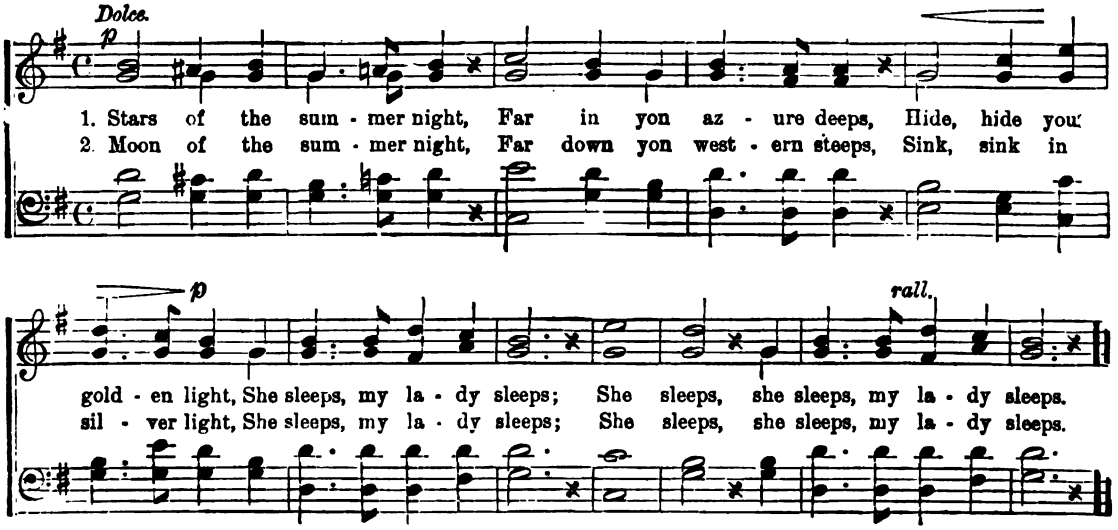
Words by G. F. Brigham. **Music by J. L. Molloy.**

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for ev - er more;
Out of the dreams that rose in hap- py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
rit.
CHORUS.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low,
the lights are low,

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

And the flick - 'ring shad - ows soft - ly come and go,
soft - ly go,
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at
the day is long,
twi - light, comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet..... song.....

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

(SERENADE.)

Arranged by George Rosey.


Dolce.
p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide you
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
p
rall.
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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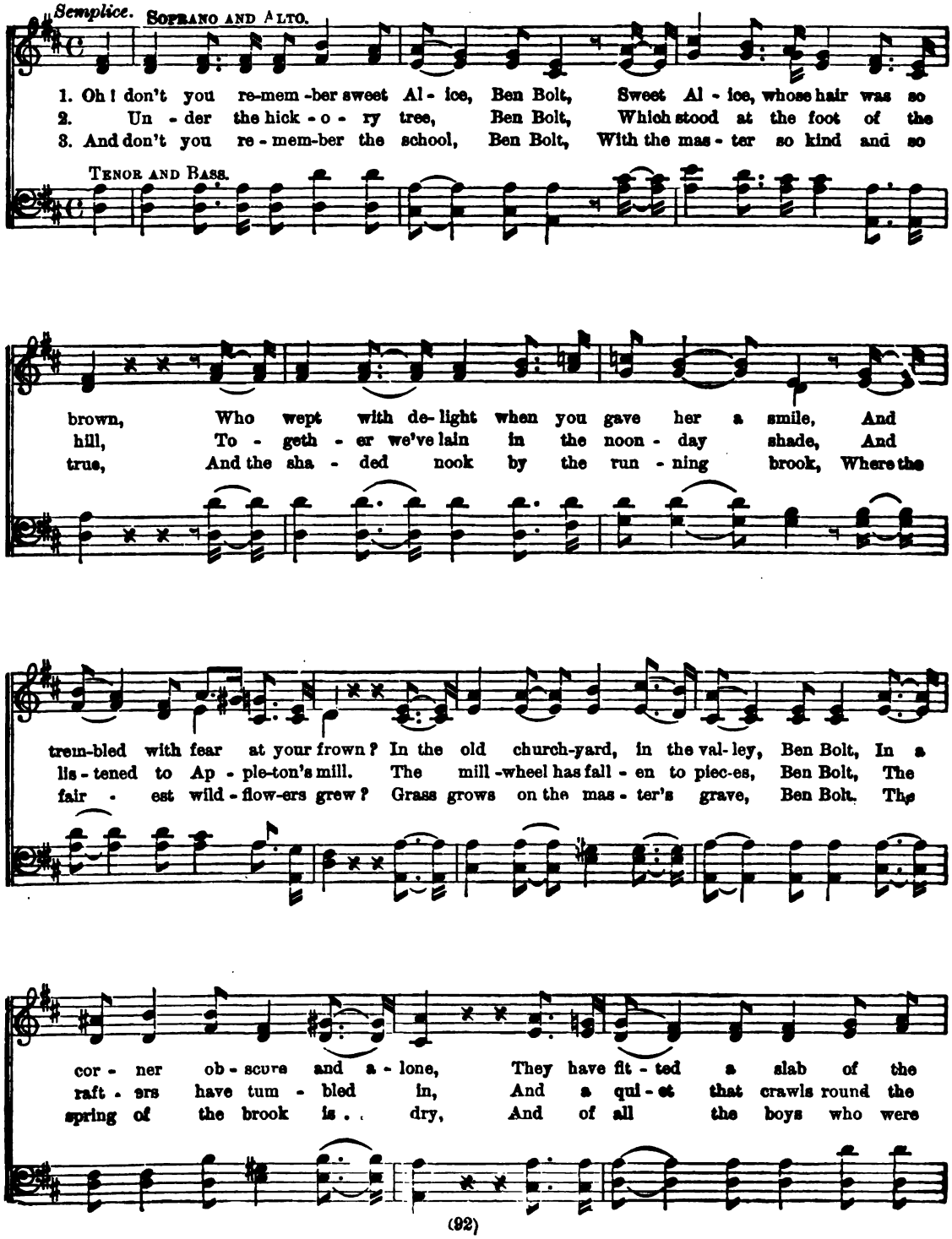
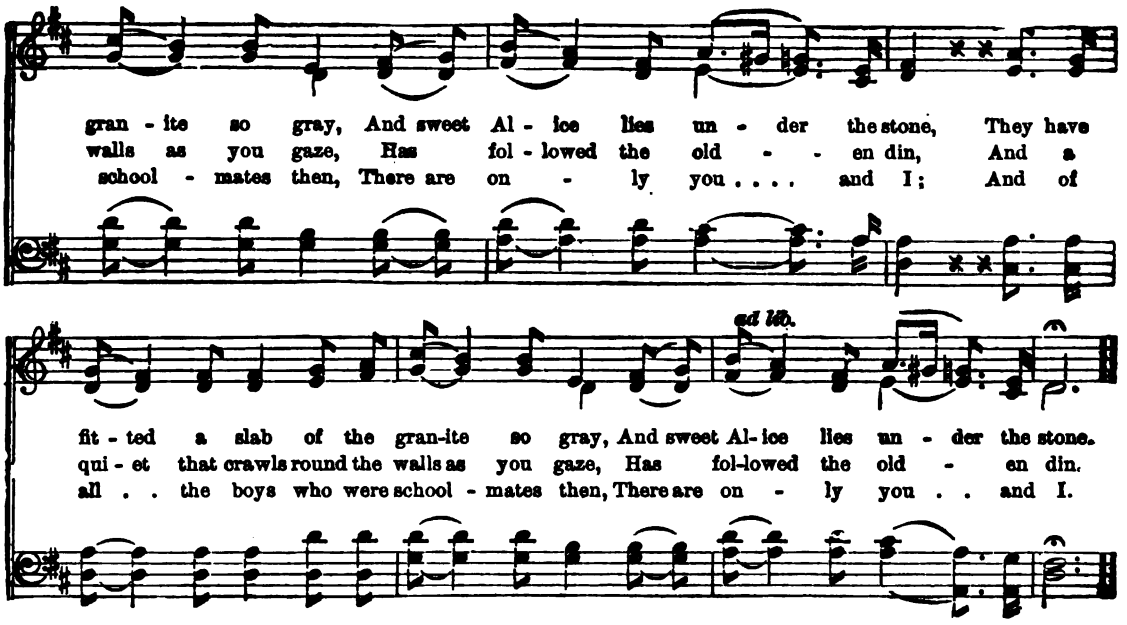
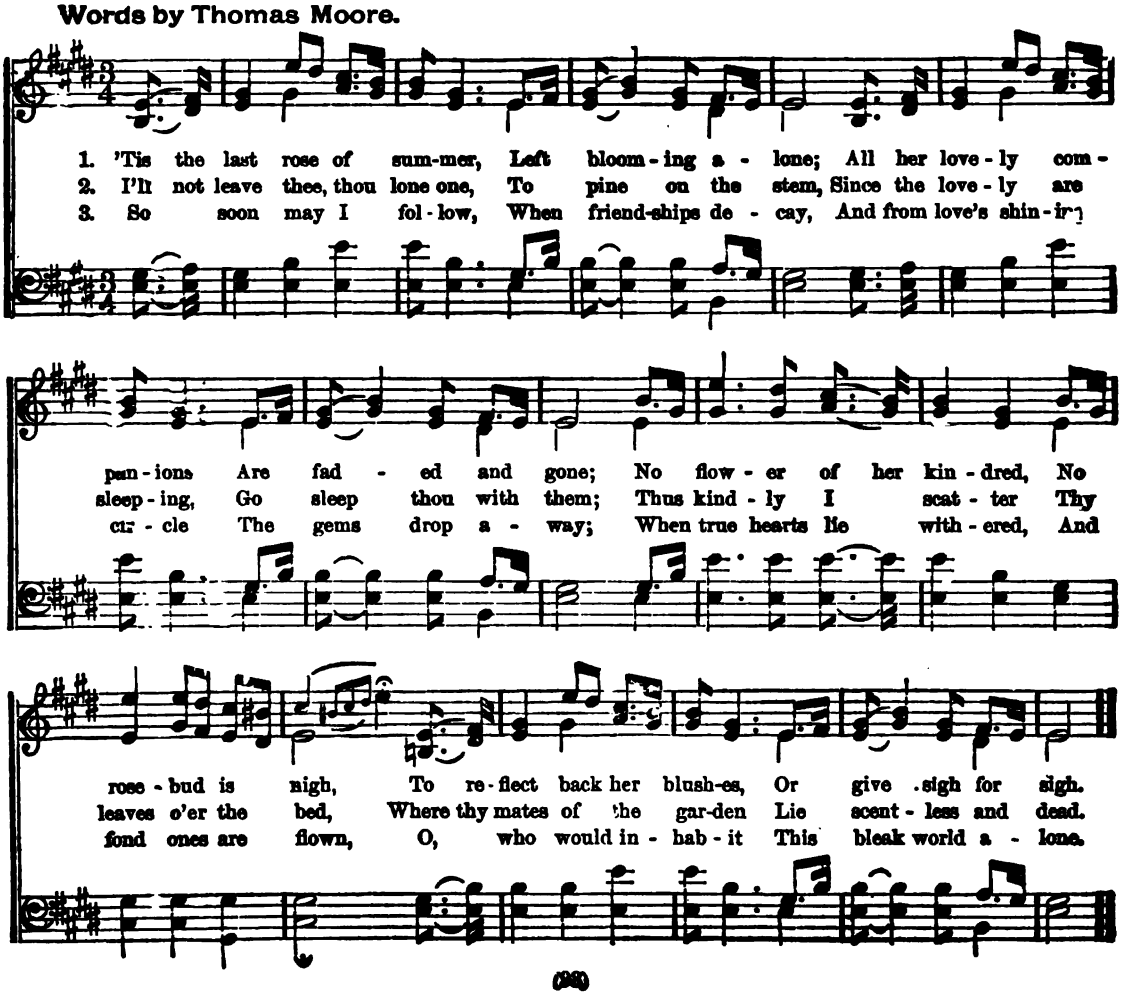
BEN BOLT.

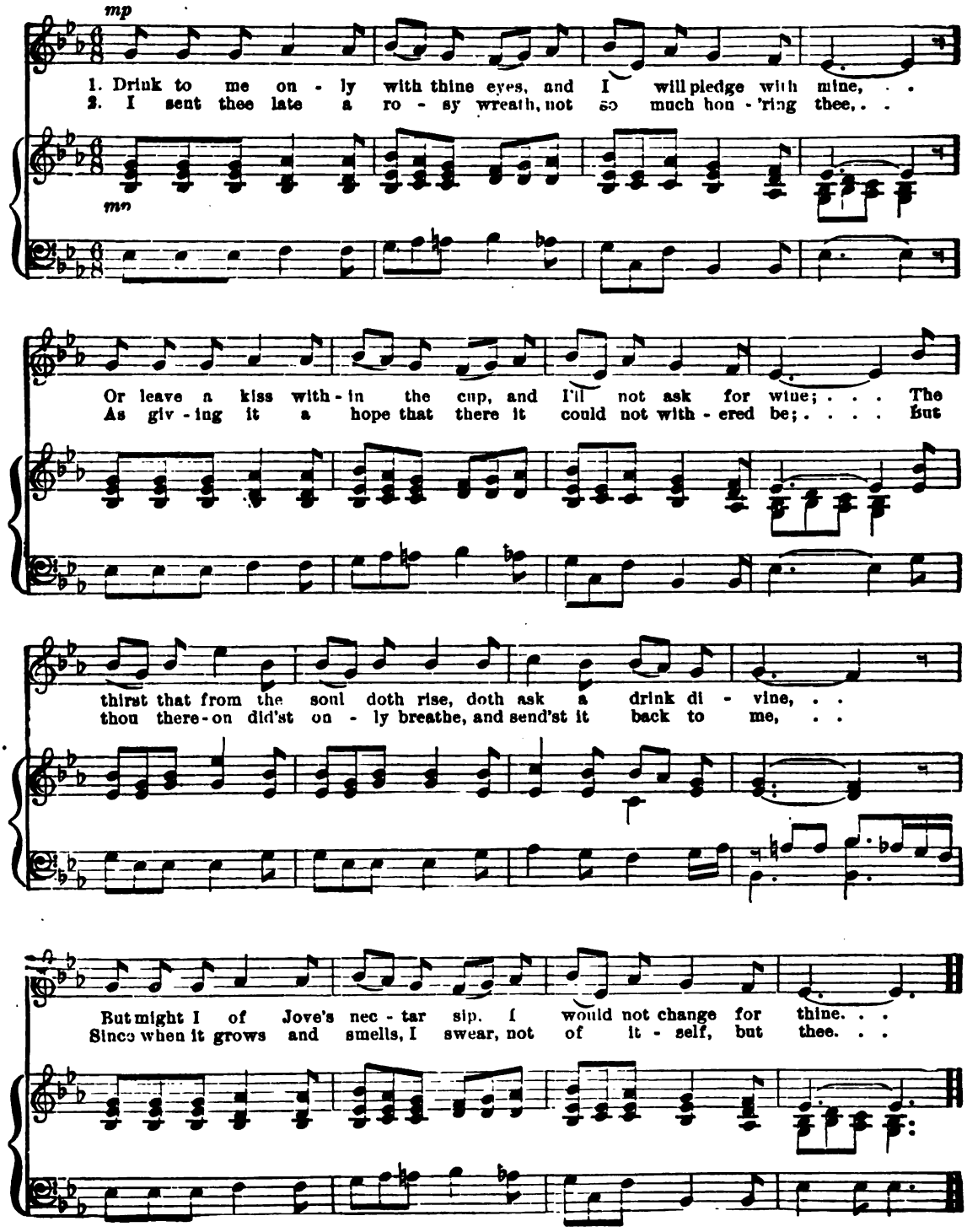
Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39. **Music by Nelson Kneass.**

Semplice.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so
TENOR AND BASS.
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, To-geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the
trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The
fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt. The
cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
spring of the brook is . . dry, And of all the boys who were


gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - - en din, And a
school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . . . and I; And of
ad lib.
fit - ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old - en din.
all . . the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you . . and I.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shin-in
pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with - ered, And
rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, O, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. **Old English Air.**

mp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . .
mp
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . . But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. **J. Barnby.**

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

pp

sf *p*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . .
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; .

mf

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

sf *p* *mf*

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

pp *f*

wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

p *rall e dim.* *pp*

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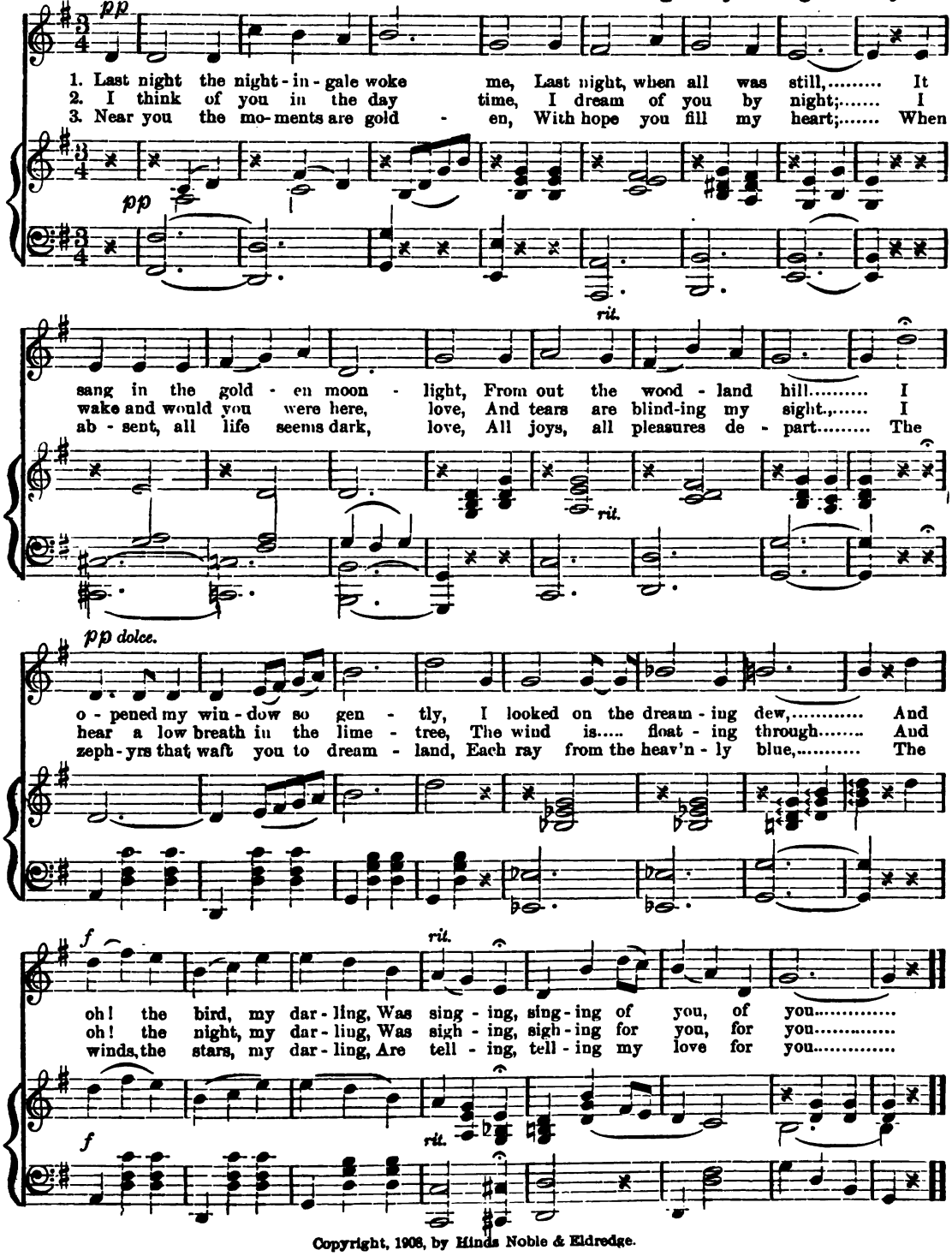
LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash.

Halfdan Kjerulf.

Arranged by George Rosey.

Andante Moderato.

pp
1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night, when all was still,..... It
2. I think of you in the day time, I dream of you by night;..... I
3. Near you the mo- ments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart;..... When
pp
rit.
sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out the wood - land hill..... I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blind-ing my sight,..... I
ab - sent, all life seems dark, love, All joys, all pleasures de - part..... The
rit.
pp dolce.
o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew,..... And
hear a low breath in the lime - tree, The wind is..... float - ing through..... And
zeph - yrs that waft you to dream - land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue,..... The
f
rit.
oh! the bird, my dar - ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.....
oh! the night, my dar - ling, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.....
winds, the stars, my dar - ling, Are tell - ing, tell - ing my love for you.....
f
rit.

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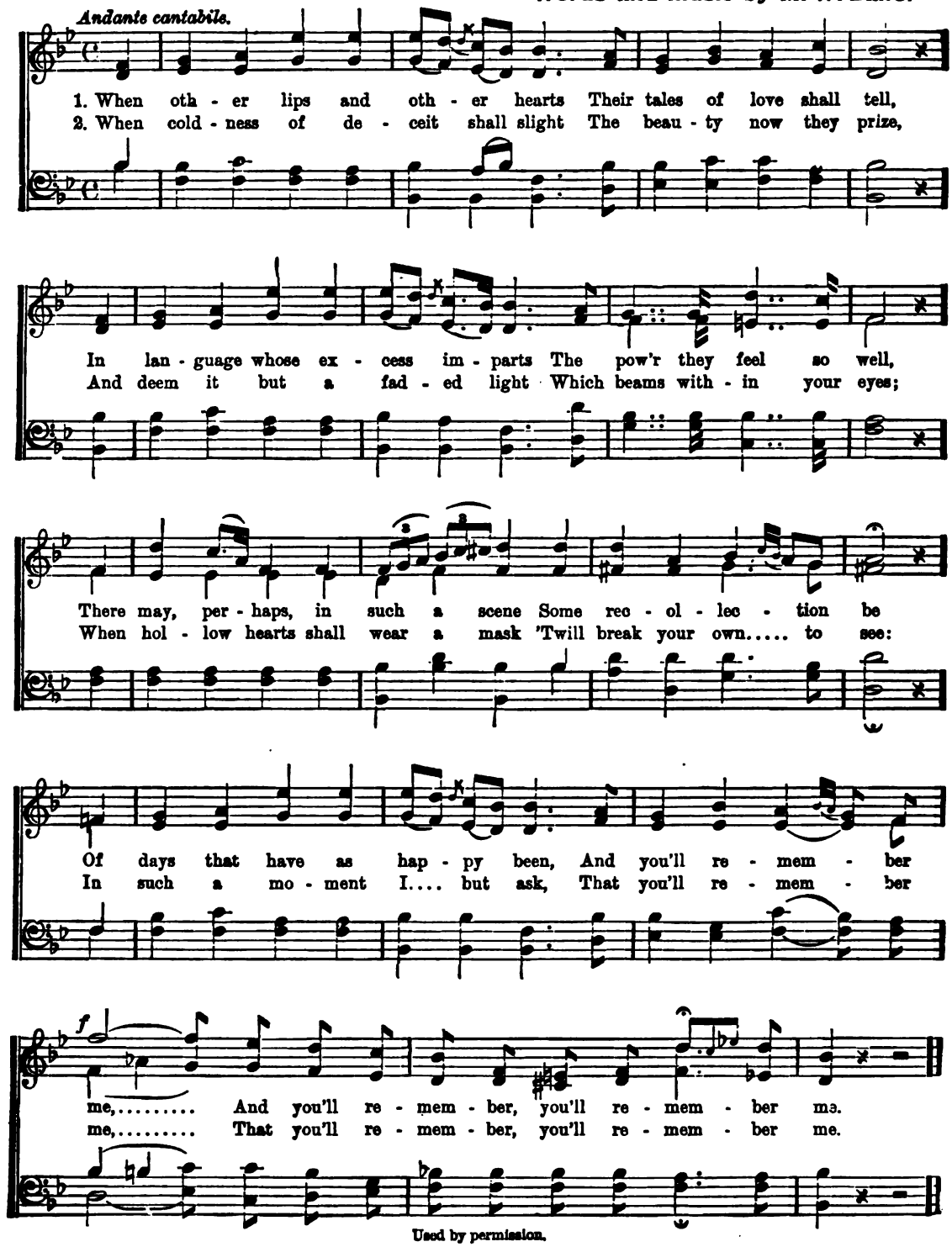
THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

Andante cantabile.
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,
In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;
There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own..... to see:
Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber
f
me,..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.

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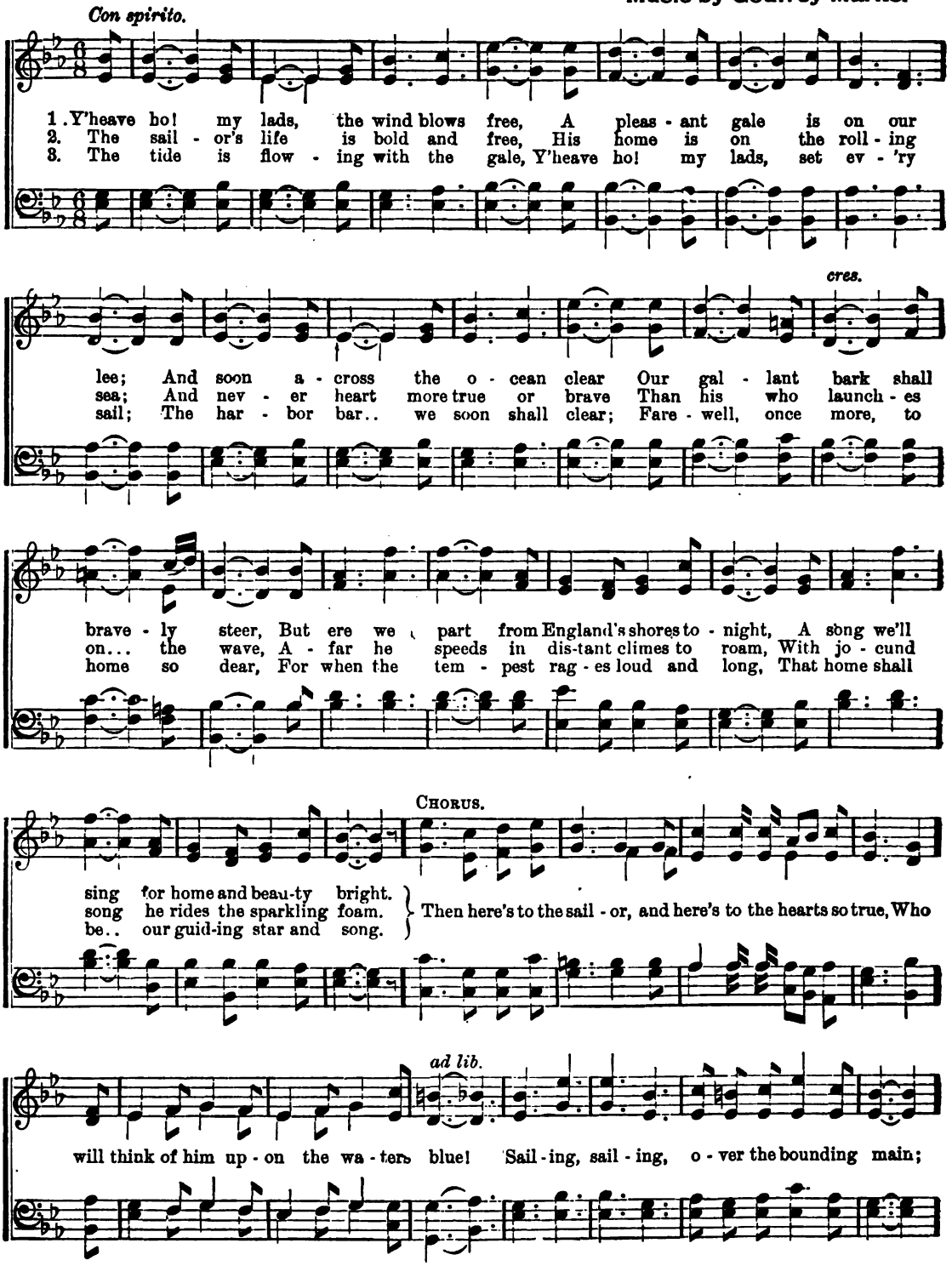
SAILING.

Music by Godfrey Marks.

Con spirito.
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry
cres.
lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall
sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es
sail; The har - bor bar.. we soon shall clear; Fare - well, once more, to
brave - ly steer, But ere we part from England's shores to - night, A song we'll
on... the wave, A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall
Chorus.
sing for home and beau-ty bright.
song he rides the sparkling foam.
be.. our guid-ing star and song.
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who
ad lib.
will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main;

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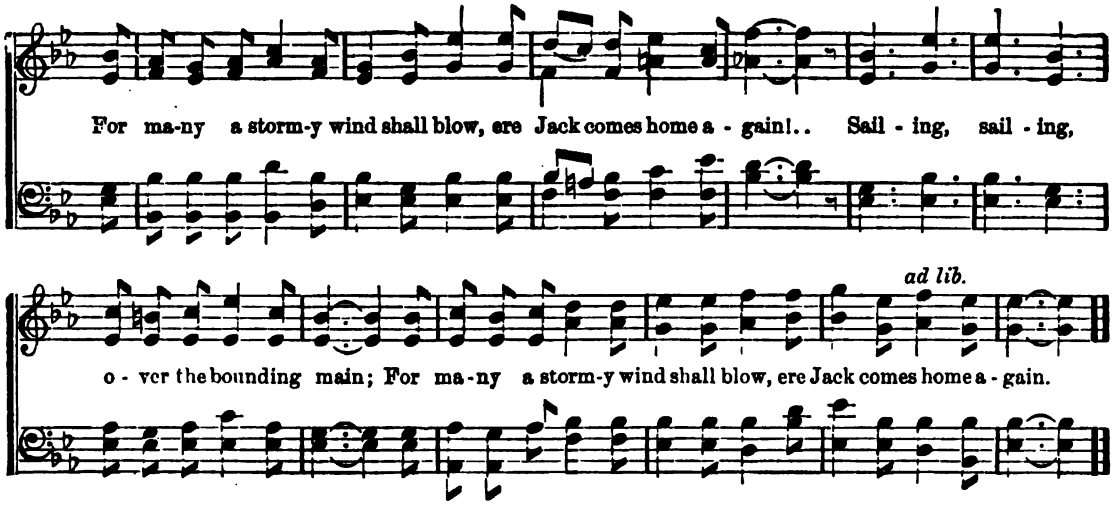
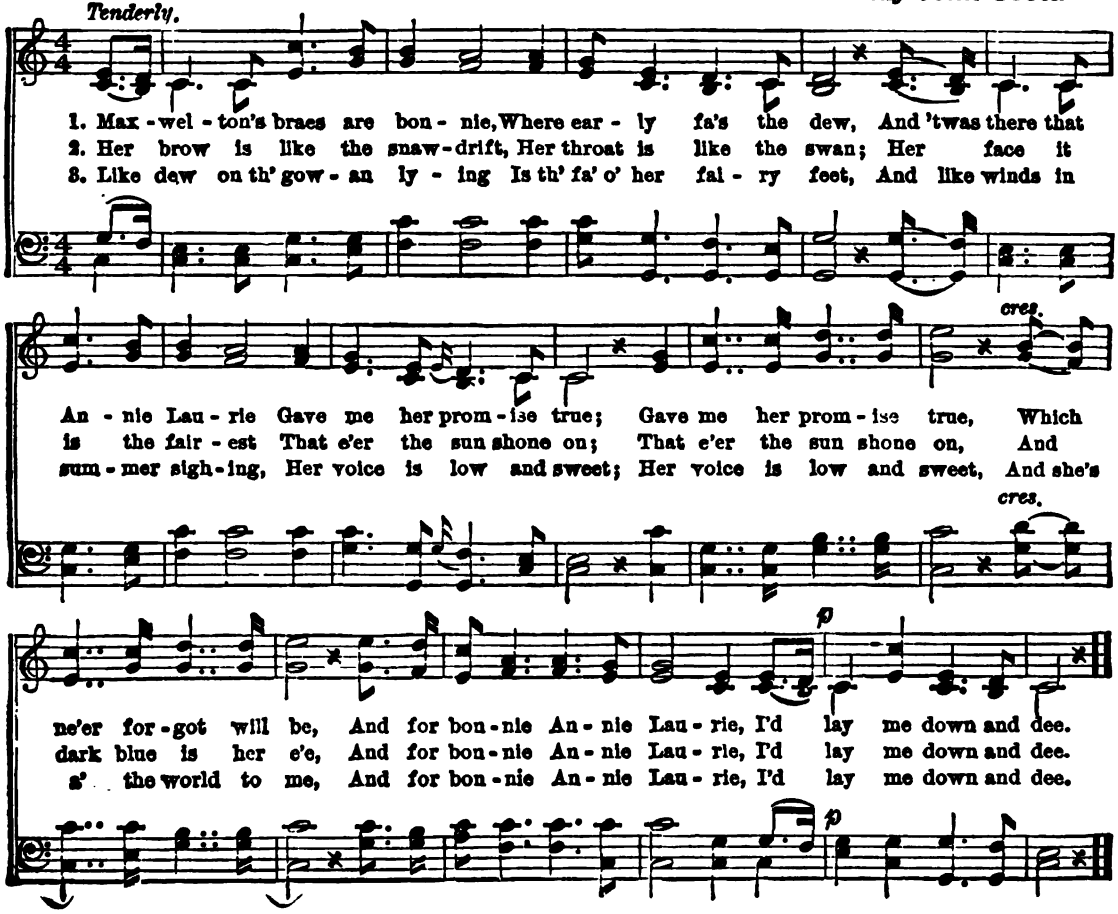
SAILING.


For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain!.. Sail - ing, sail - ing,
ad lib.
o - ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

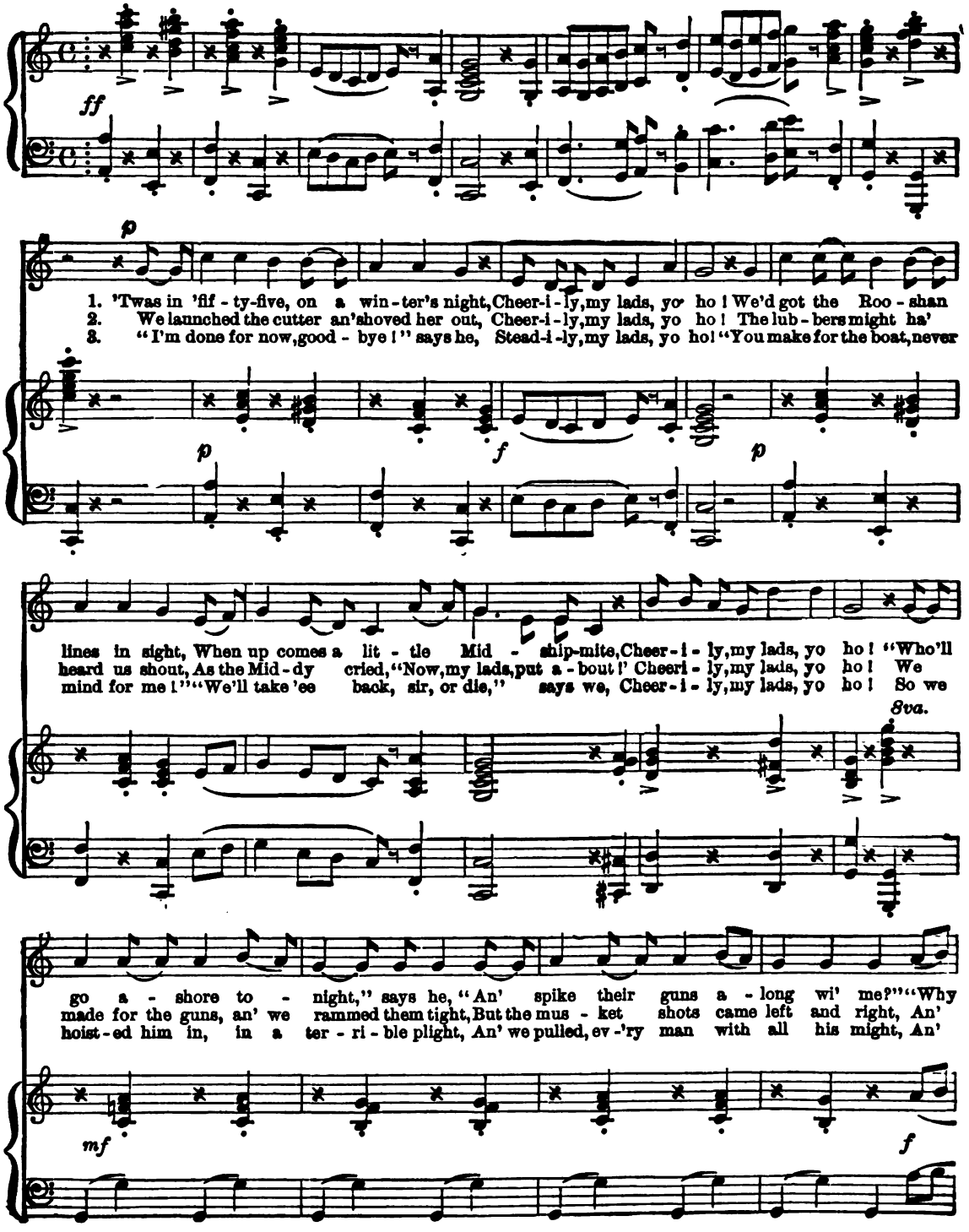
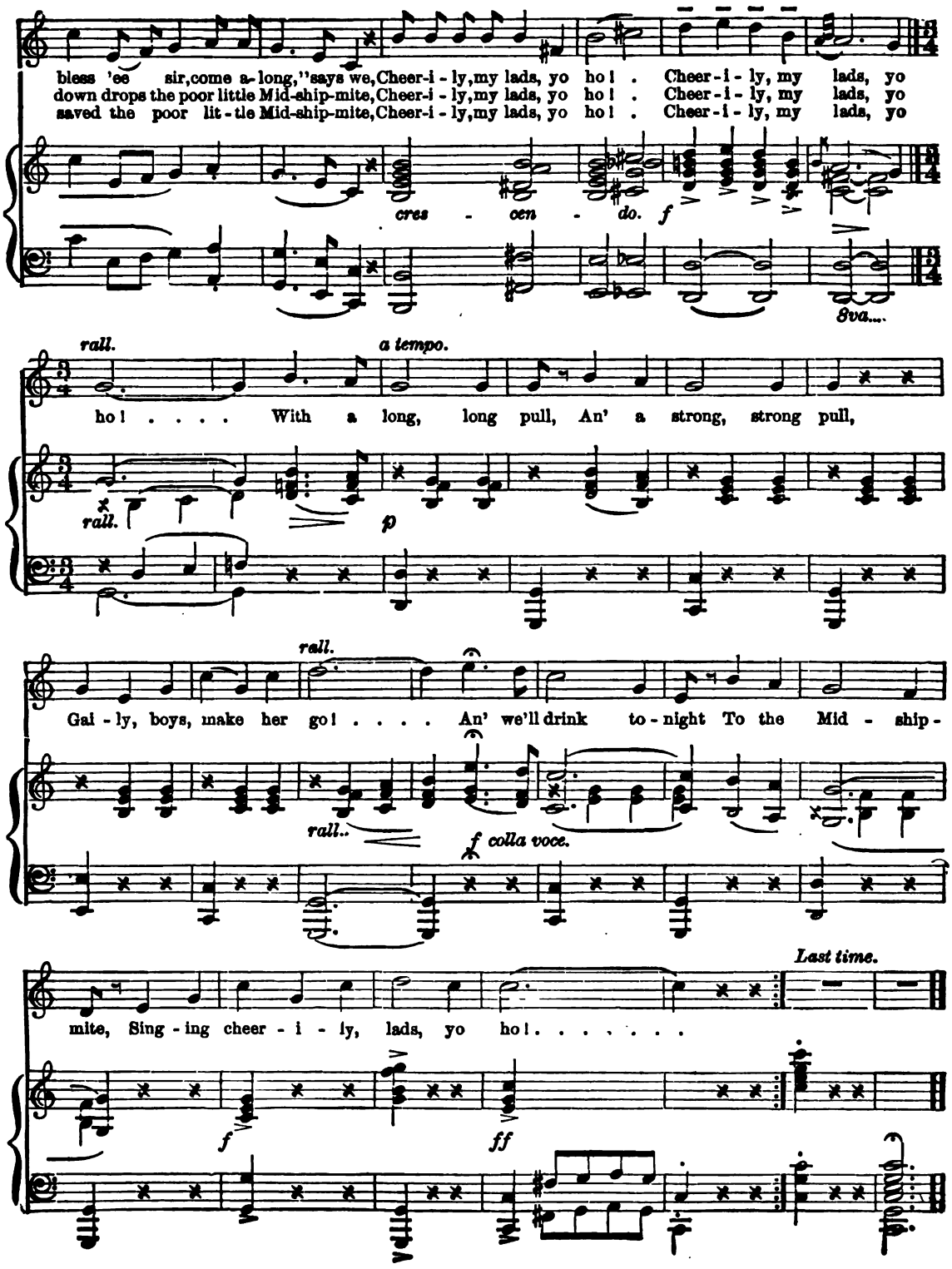
ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in
cres.
An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
cres.
p
ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
s' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
p

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

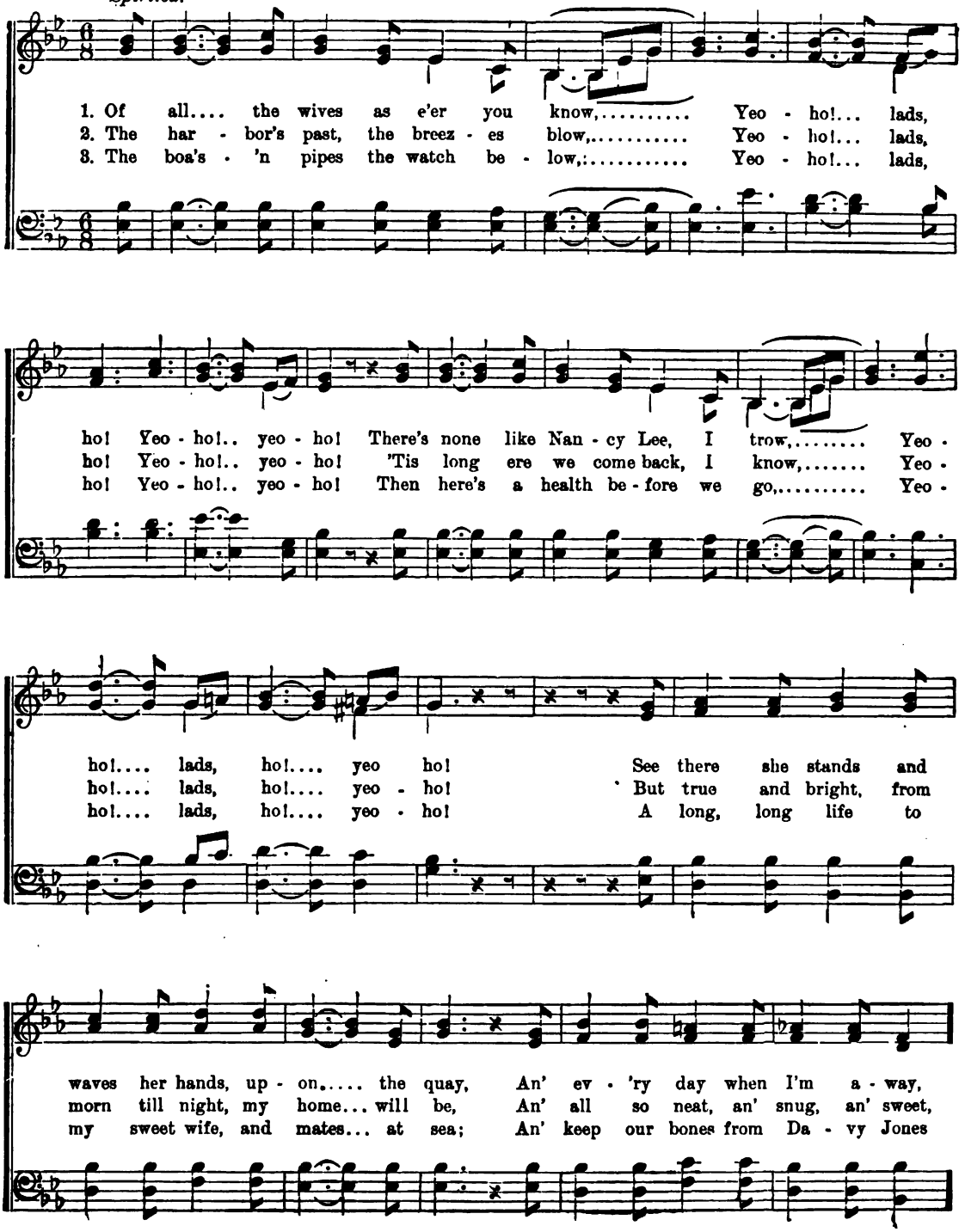
Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

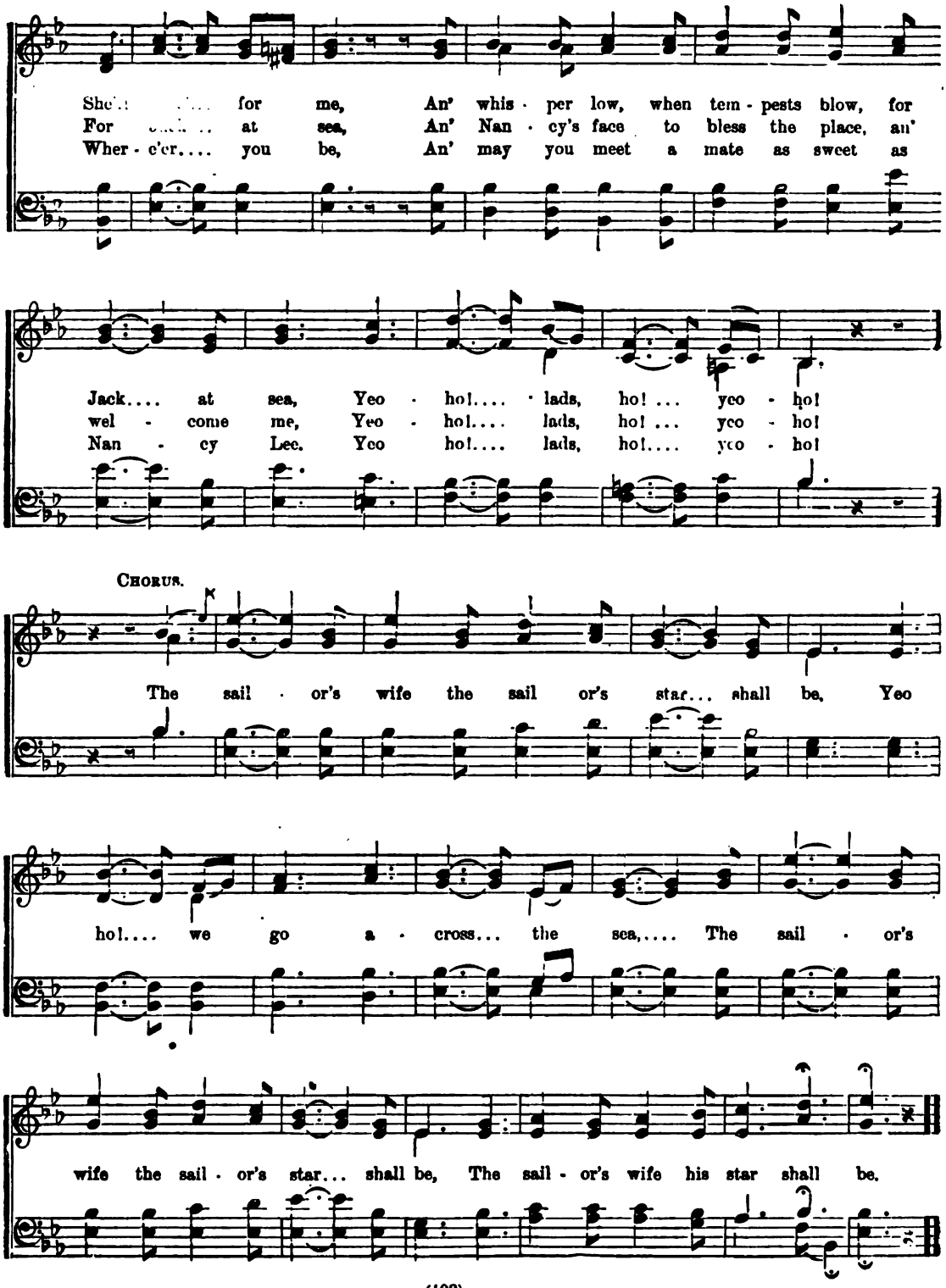
Con spirito.


ff
p
1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never
p
f
p
lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll
heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!' Cheeri - ly, my lads, yo ho! We
mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we
8va.
go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why
made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An'
hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'
mf
f

bless 'ee sir, come a-long," says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
cres - cen - do.
f
8va....
rall.
a tempo.
ho! . . . . With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,
rall.
p
rall.
Gai-ly, boys, make her go! . . . . An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid-ship-
rall..
f colla voce.
Last time.
mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho! . . . . . .
f
ff

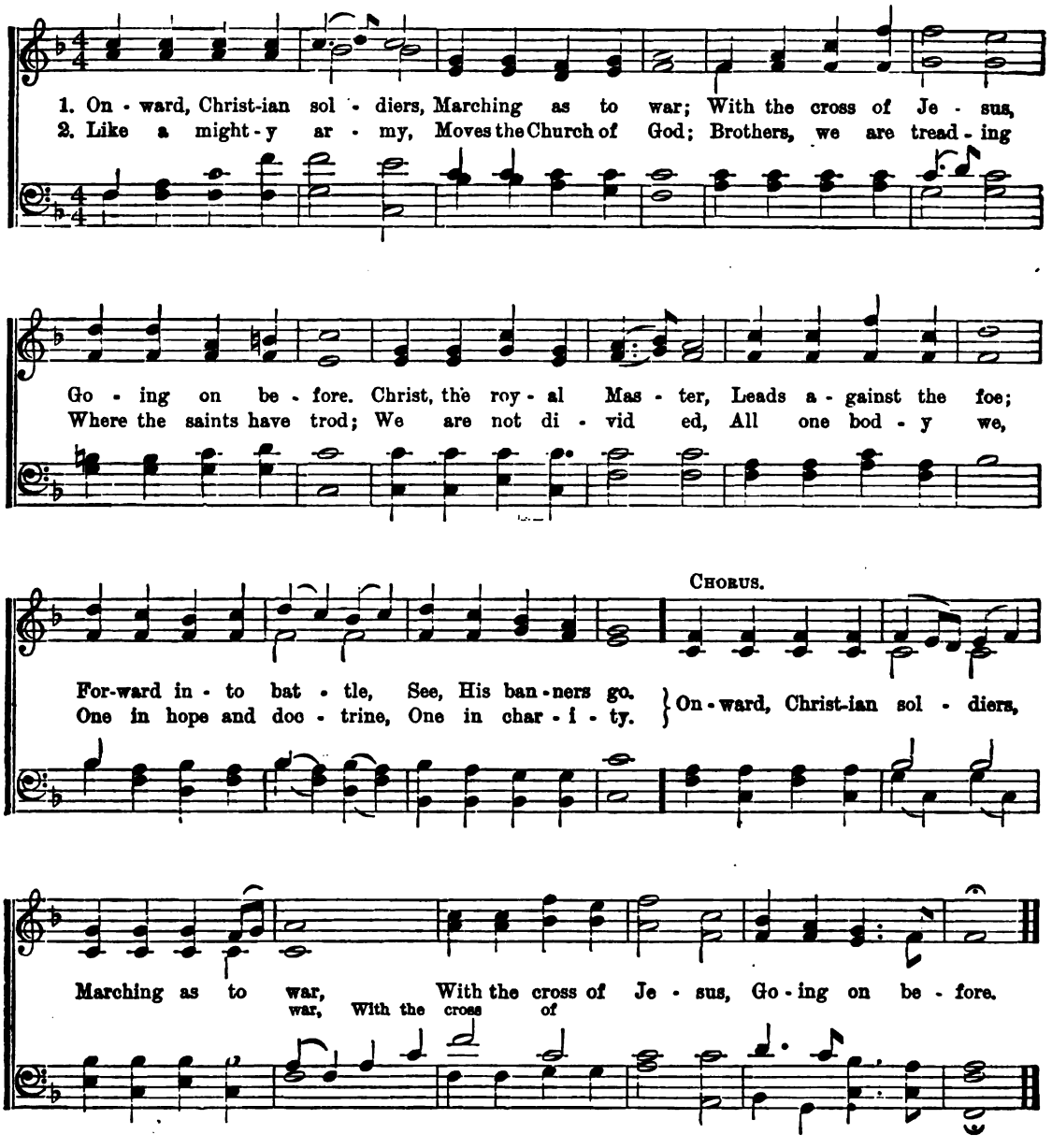
NANCY LEE.

Words by Fred E. Weatherly. **Music by Stephen Adams.**

Spirited.

1. Of all.... the wives as e'er you know,..... Yeo - ho!... lads,
2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow,..... Yeo - ho!... lads,
3. The boa's - 'n pipes the watch be - low,:..... Yeo - ho!... lads,
ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow,..... Yeo -
ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,..... Yeo -
ho! Yeo - ho!.. yeo - ho! Then here's a health be - fore we go,..... Yeo -
ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo ho! See there she stands and
ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho! But true and bright, from
ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho! A long, long life to
waves her hands, up - on..... the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way,
morn till night, my home... will be, An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet,
my sweet wife, and mates... at sea; An' keep our bones from Da - vy Jones

NANCY LEE.

She'l[illegible] for me, An' whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for
For [illegible] at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an'
Wher - e'er.... you be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as
Jack.... at sea, Yeo - ho!.... lads, ho! ... yeo - ho!
wel - come me, Yeo - ho!.... lads, ho! ... yeo - ho!
Nan - cy Lee, Yeo ho!.... lads, ho!.... yeo - ho!
CHORUS.
The sail - or's wife the sail or's star... shall be, Yeo
ho!.... we go a - cross... the sea,.... The sail - or's
wife the sail - or's star... shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

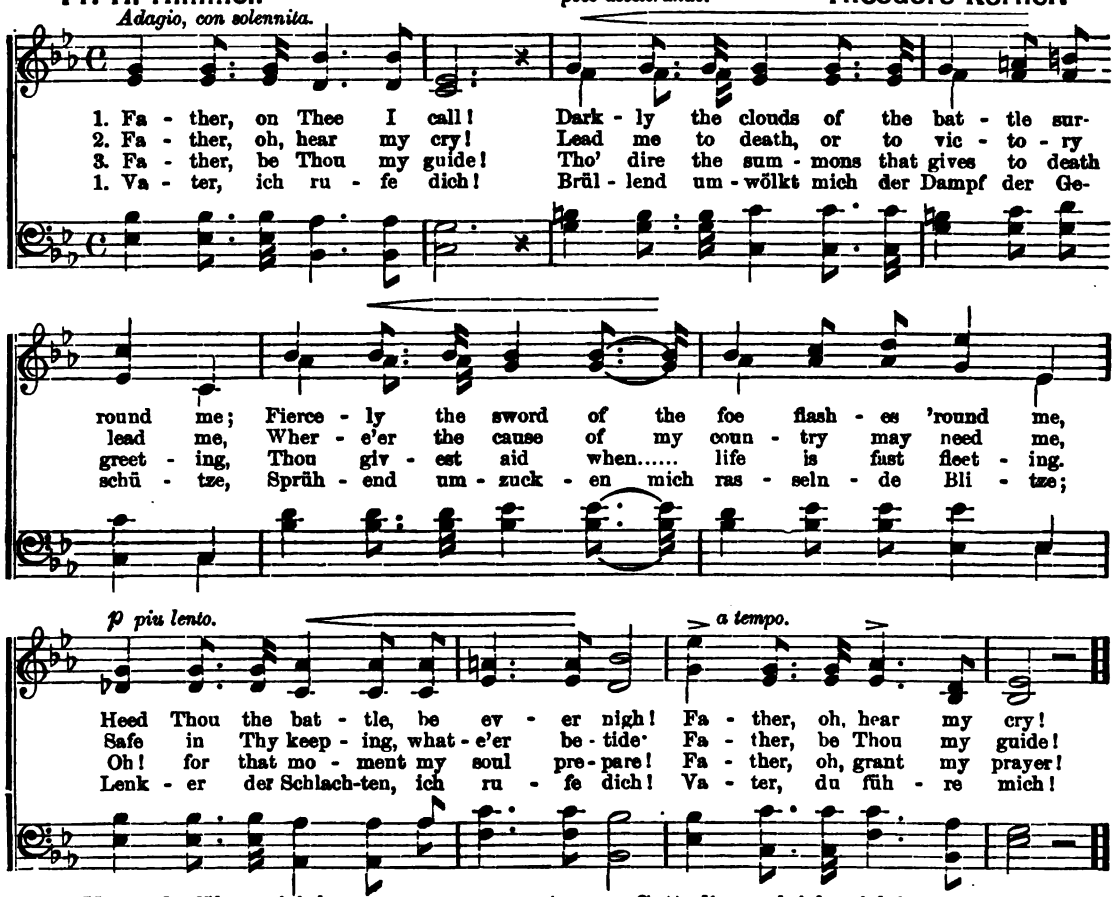
Words by S. Baring-Gould. **Music by A. S. Sullivan.**

1. On - ward, Christ-ian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid ed, All one bod - y we,
Chorus.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
On - ward, Christ-ian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Cho.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Cho.

THE BATTLE PRAYER.

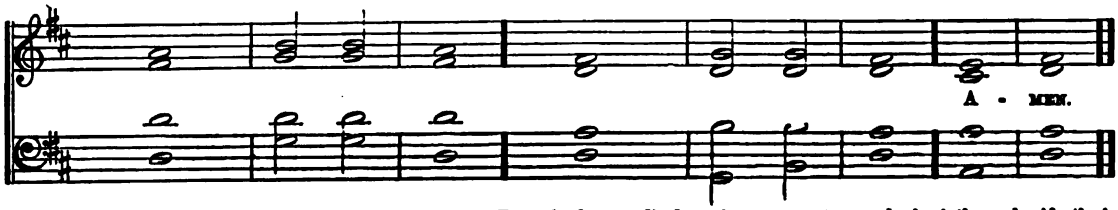
Fr. H. Himmel. *poco accelerando.* **Theodore Körner.**

Adagio, con solennita.

1. Fa - ther, on Thee I call! Dark - ly the clouds of the bat - tle sur-
2. Fa - ther, oh, hear my cry! Lead me to death, or to vic - to - ry
3. Fa - ther, be Thou my guide! Tho' dire the sum - mons that gives to death
1. Va - ter, ich ru - fe dich! Brül - lend um - wölkt mich der Dampf der Ge-
round me; Fierce - ly the sword of the foe flash - es 'round me,
lead me, Wher - e'er the cause of my coun - try may need me,
greet - ing, Thou giv - est aid when..... life is fast fleet - ing.
schü - tze, Sprüh - end um - zuck - en mich ras - seln - de Bli - tze;
p piu lento.
a tempo.
Heed Thou the bat - tle, be ev - er nigh! Fa - ther, oh, hear my cry!
Safe in Thy keep - ing, what - e'er be - tide Fa - ther, be Thou my guide!
Oh! for that mo - ment my soul pre - pare! Fa - ther, oh, grant my prayer!
Lenk - er der Schlach-ten, ich ru - fe dich! Va - ter, du füh - re mich!

2. Vater, du führe mich!
Führ mich zum Siege, führ mich zum Tode,
Herr, ich erkenne deine Gebote,
Herr, wie du willst, so führe mich;
Gott, dir ergeb ich mich.

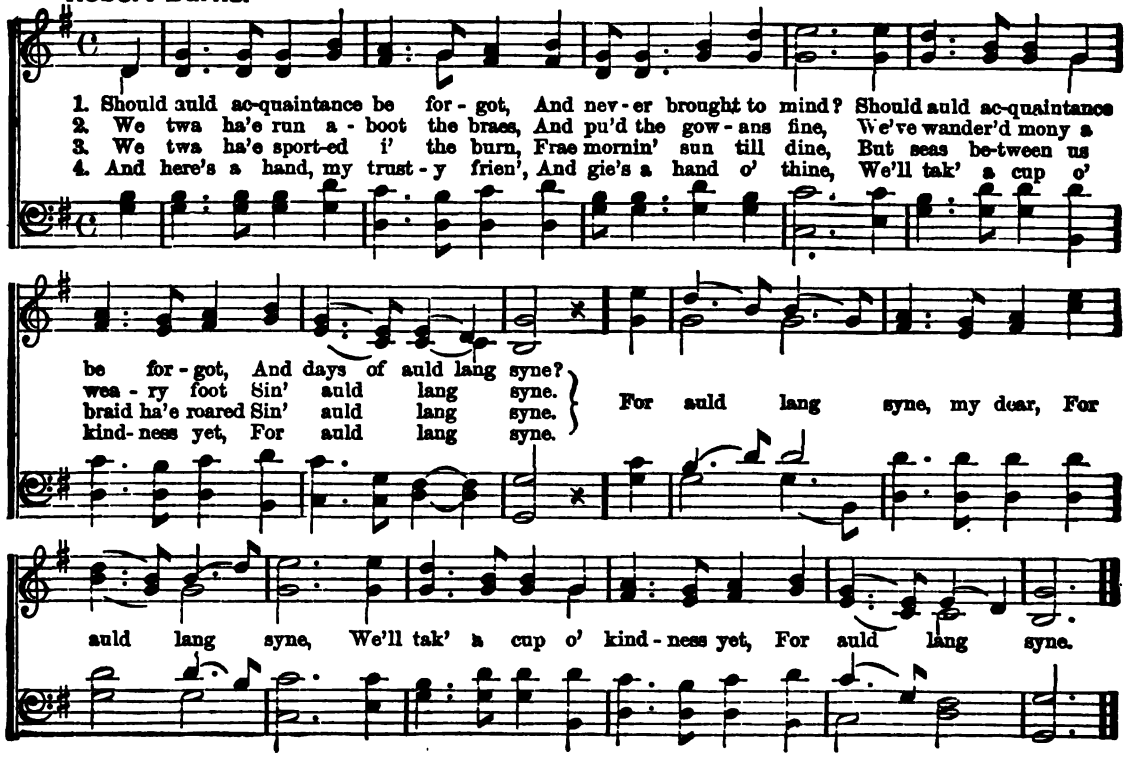
3. Gott, dir ergeb ich mich!
Wenn mich die Donner des Todes begrüssen,
Wenn meine Adern geöffnet fliessen;
Dir, o mein Gott, dir ergeb ich mich!
Vater, ich rufe dich.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant.

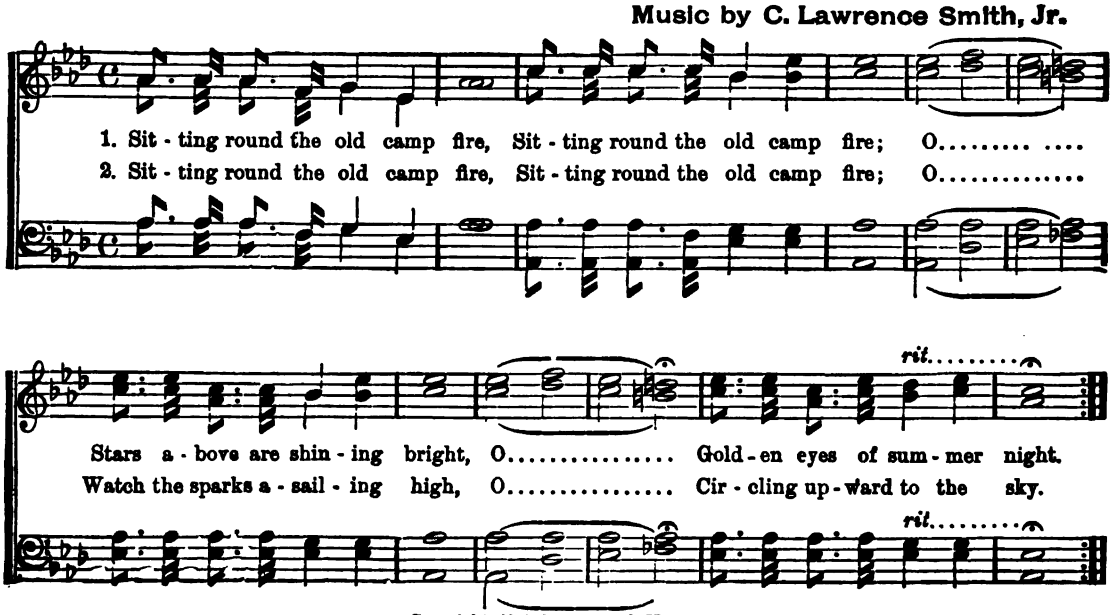


1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still — | waters. ‖
2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they — | comfort me. ‖
3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup · runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord, for- | ever. ‖ A- | men. ‖

AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns.

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

ROUND THE OLD CAMP FIRE.

Music by C. Lawrence Smith, Jr.

1. Sit-ting round the old camp fire, Sit-ting round the old camp fire; O..... ....
2. Sit-ting round the old camp fire, Sit-ting round the old camp fire; O.....
rit.....
Stars a-bove are shin-ing bright, O..... Gold-en eyes of sum-mer night.
Watch the sparks a-sail-ing high, O..... Cir-cling up-ward to the sky.
rit.....

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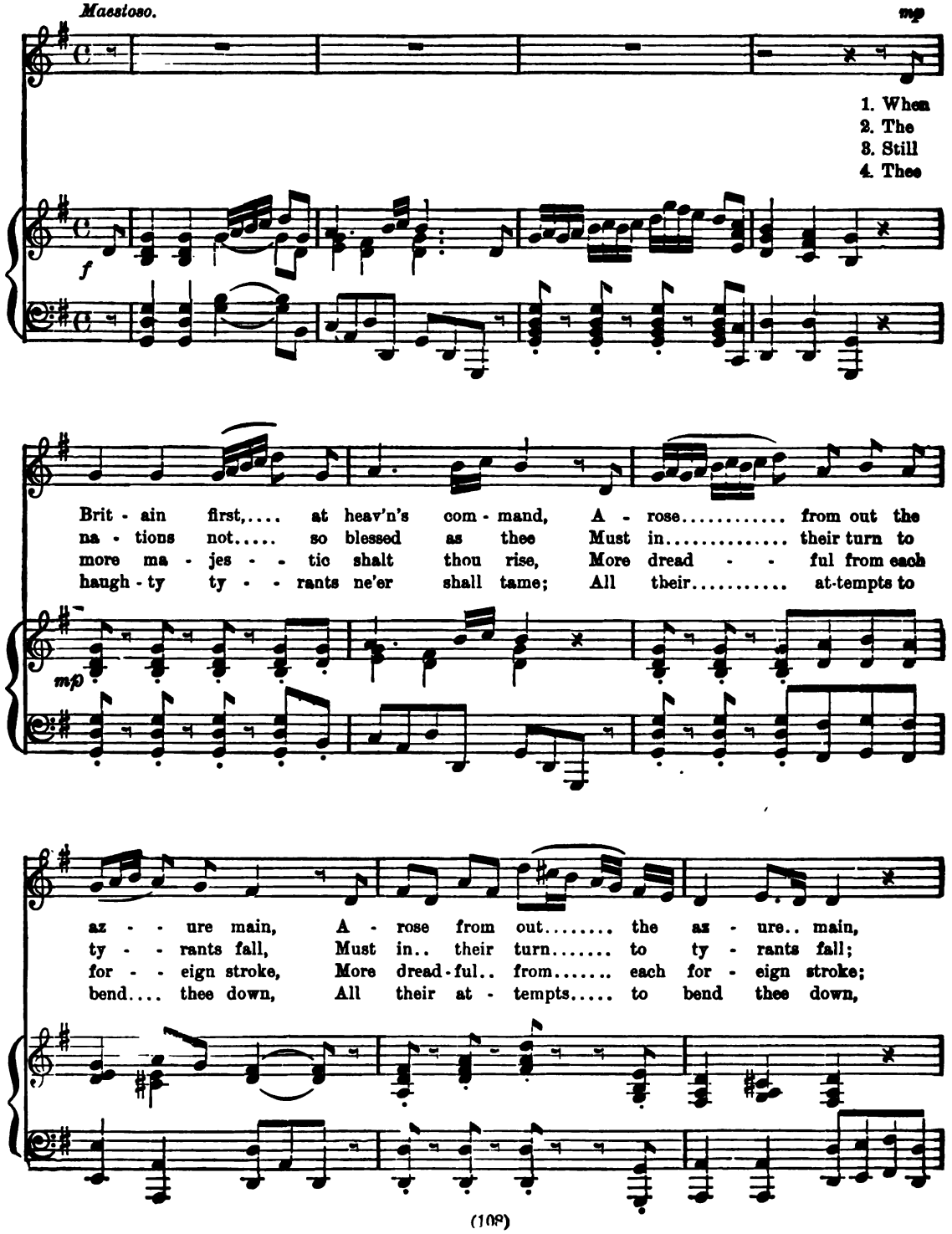
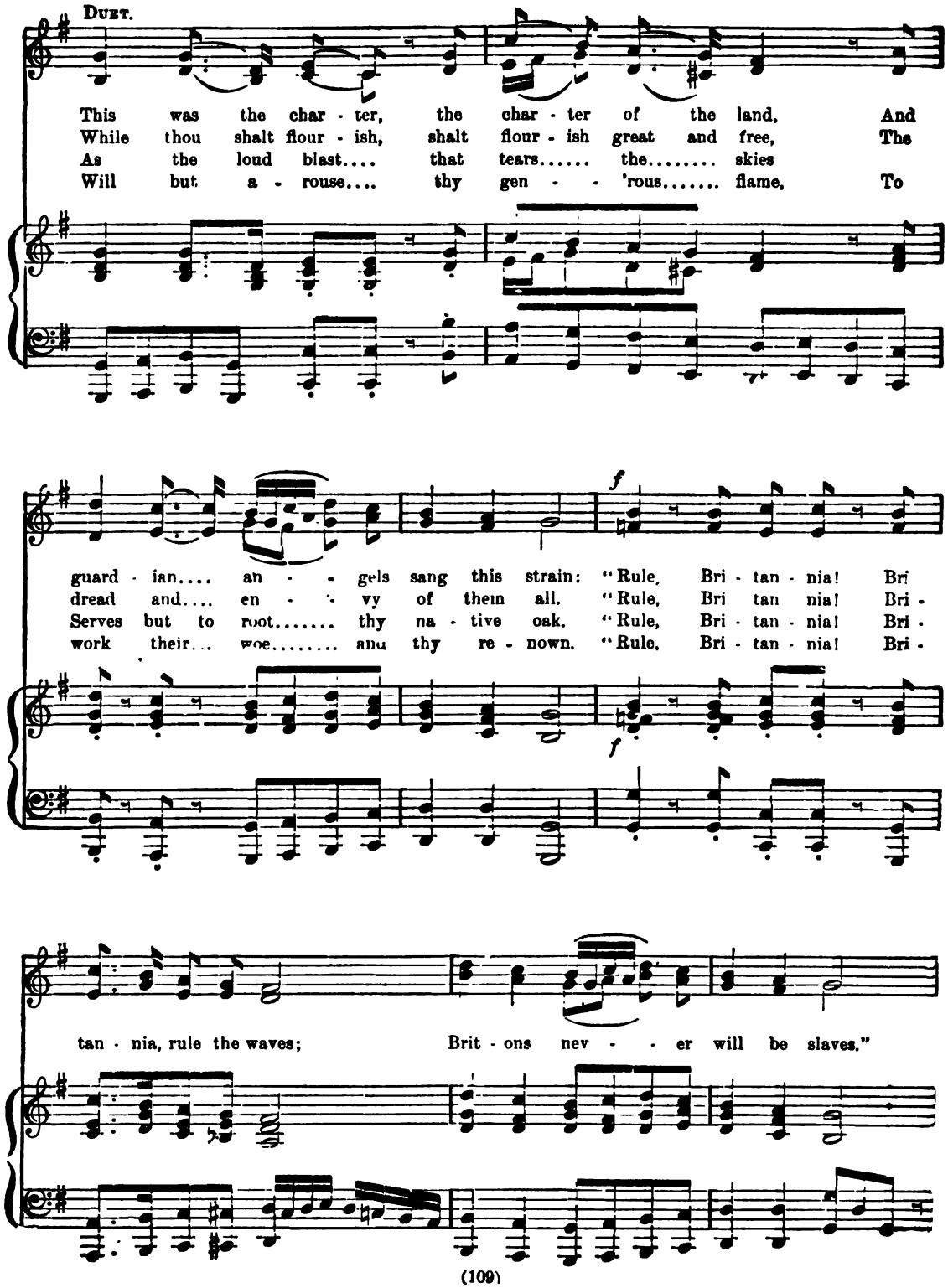
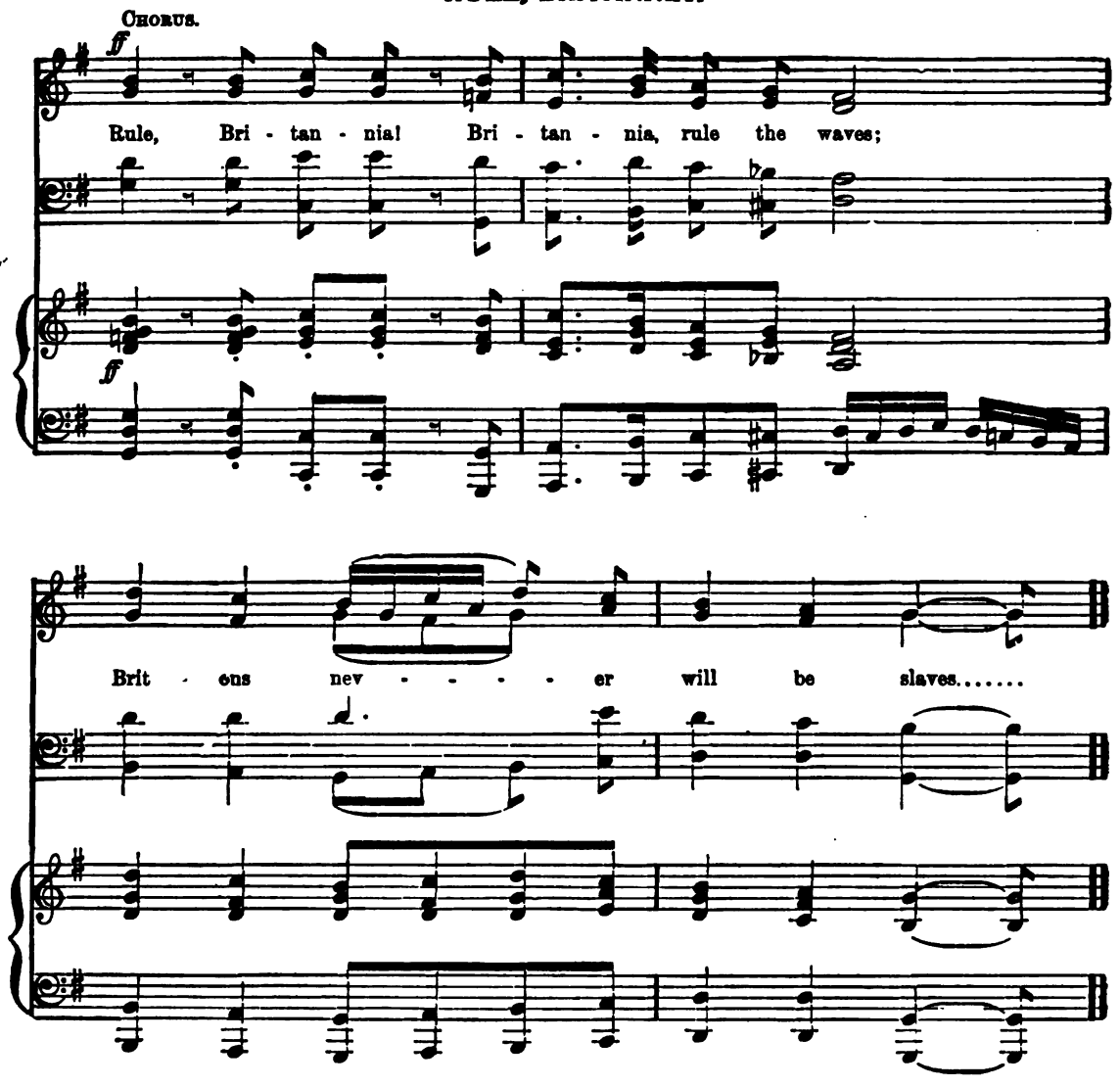
Songs of Other Nations

RULE, BRITANNIA!

Words by James Thomson. **Music by Dr. Thomas A. Arne.**

Maestoso.
mp
1. When
2. The
3. Still
4. Thee
f
Brit - ain first,.... at heav'n's com - mand, A - rose..... from out the
na - tions not..... so blessed as thee Must in..... their turn to
more ma - jes - - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
haugh - ty ty - - rants ne'er shall tame; All their..... at-tempts to
mp
az - - ure main, A - rose from out..... the az - ure.. main,
ty - - rants fall, Must in.. their turn..... to ty - rants fall;
for - - eign stroke, More dread - ful.. from..... each for - eign stroke;
bend.... thee down, All their at - tempts..... to bend thee down,

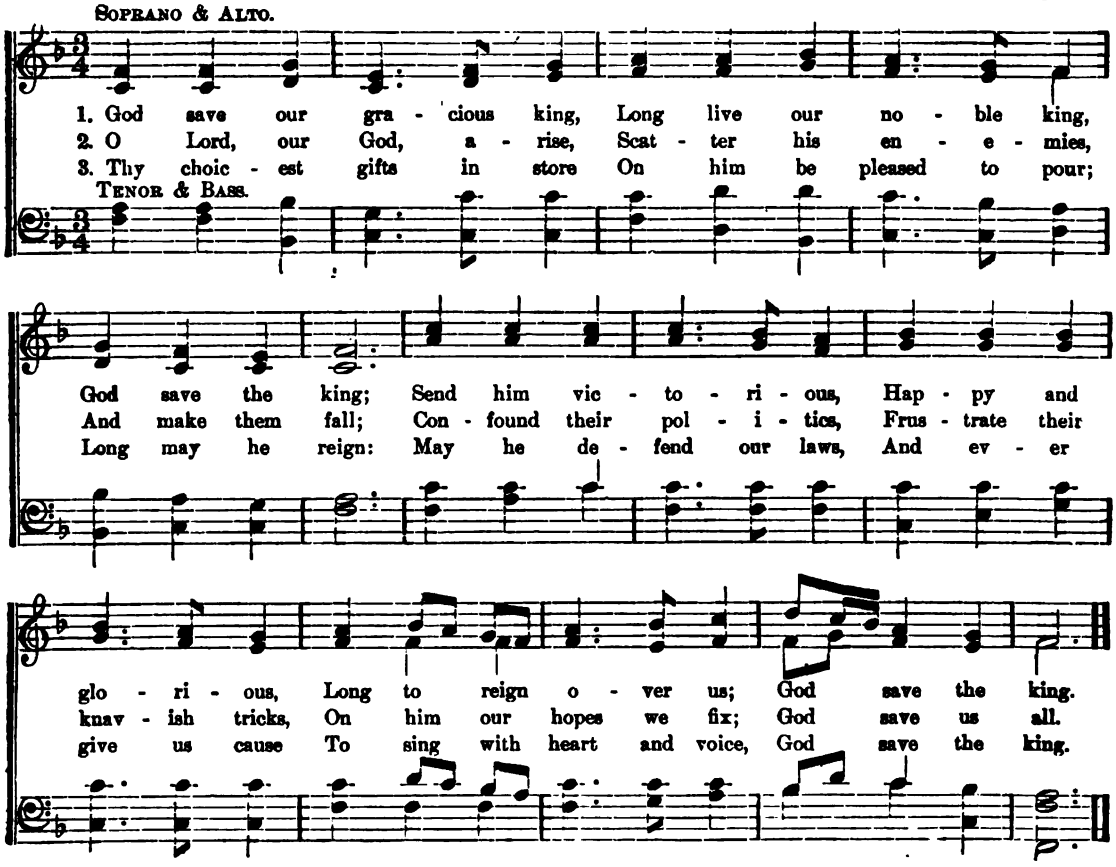
RULE, BRITANNIA!

DUET.
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
As the loud blast.... that tears..... the..... skies
Will but a - rouse.... thy gen - - 'rous..... flame, To
guard - ian.... an - - gels sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri
dread and.... en - - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri tan nia! Bri -
Serves but to root..... thy na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
work their... woe..... and thy re - nown. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
f
f
tan - nia, rule the waves; Brit - ons nev - - er will be slaves."

RULE, BRITANNIA!

5 To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

6 The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blessed Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Henry Carey, 1745. **Henry Carey.**


Soprano & Alto.
1. God save our gra - cious king, Long live our no - ble king,
2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour;
Tenor & Bass.
God save the king; Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall; Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their
Long may he reign: May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er
glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us; God save the king.
knav - ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

Our patriotic song, "America," is also sung to the above air. The new melody used for the following words exclusively will be found on page 5.

"AMERICA"

Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

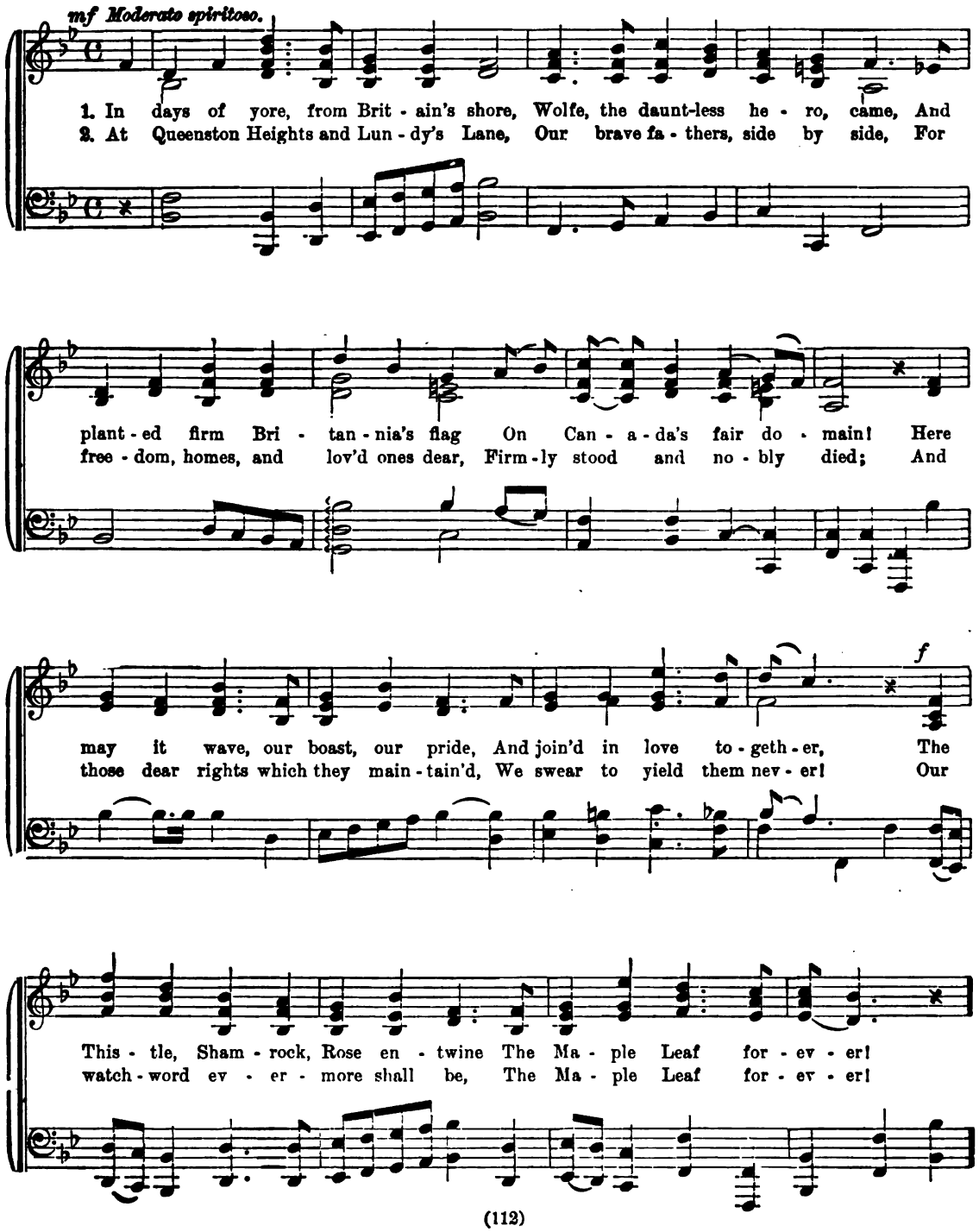
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

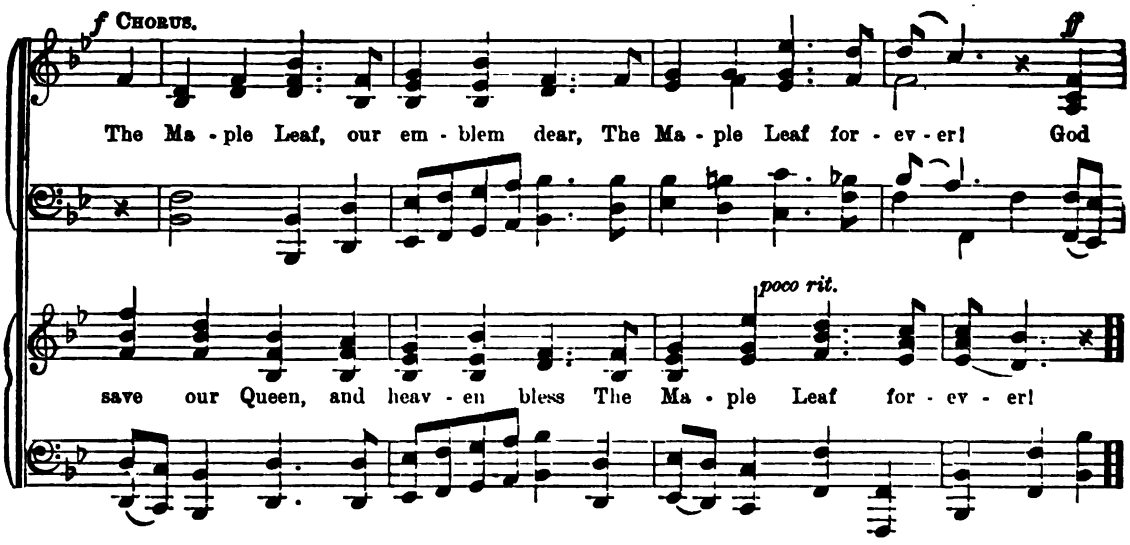
Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

(NATIONAL SONG OF CANADA.)

Words and music by Alexander Muir.


mf Moderato spiritoso.
1. In days of yore, from Brit - ain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he - ro, came, And
2. At Queenston Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers, side by side, For
plant - ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag On Can - a - da's fair do - main! Here
free - dom, homes, and lov'd ones dear, Firm - ly stood and no - bly died; And
f
may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join'd in love to - geth - er, The
those dear rights which they main - tain'd, We swear to yield them nev - er! Our
This - tle, Sham - rock, Rose en - twine The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
watch - word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

f Chorus.
The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God
poco rit.
save our Queen, and heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

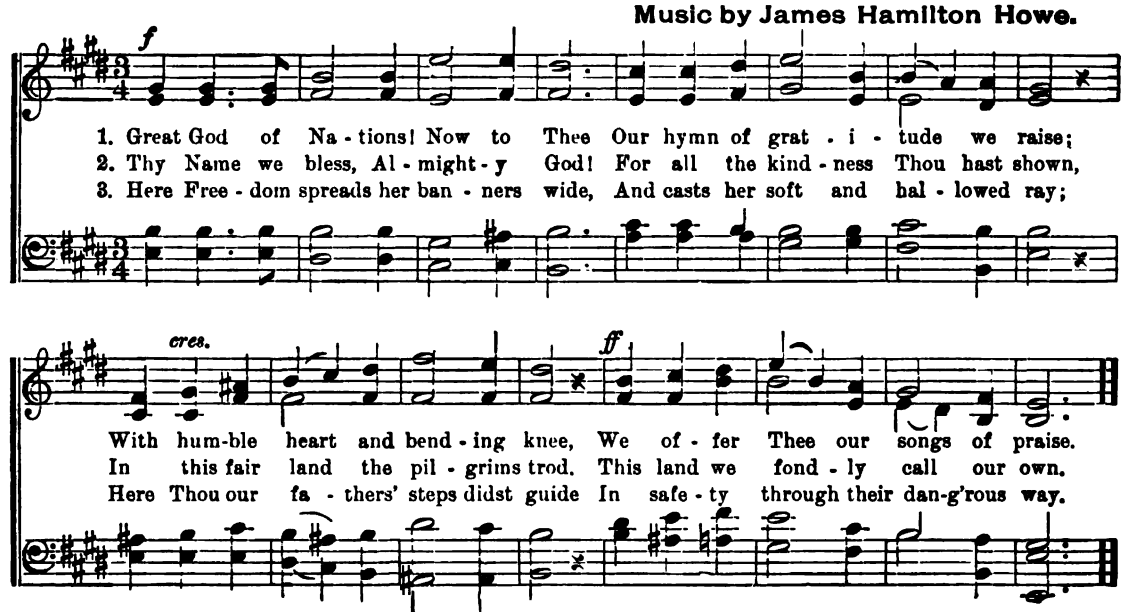
3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!—Cho

4 On merry England's far-famed land
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!—Cho.

GREAT GOD OF NATIONS!

(FOR THANKSGIVING.)

Music by James Hamilton Howe.


f
1. Great God of Na - tions! Now to Thee Our hymn of grat - i - tude we raise;
2. Thy Name we bless, Al - might - y God! For all the kind - ness Thou hast shown,
3. Here Free - dom spreads her ban - ners wide, And casts her soft and hal - lowed ray;
cres.
ff
With hum-ble heart and bend - ing knee, We of - fer Thee our songs of praise.
In this fair land the pil - grims trod. This land we fond - ly call our own.
Here Thou our fa - thers' steps didst guide In safe - ty through their dan-g'rous way.

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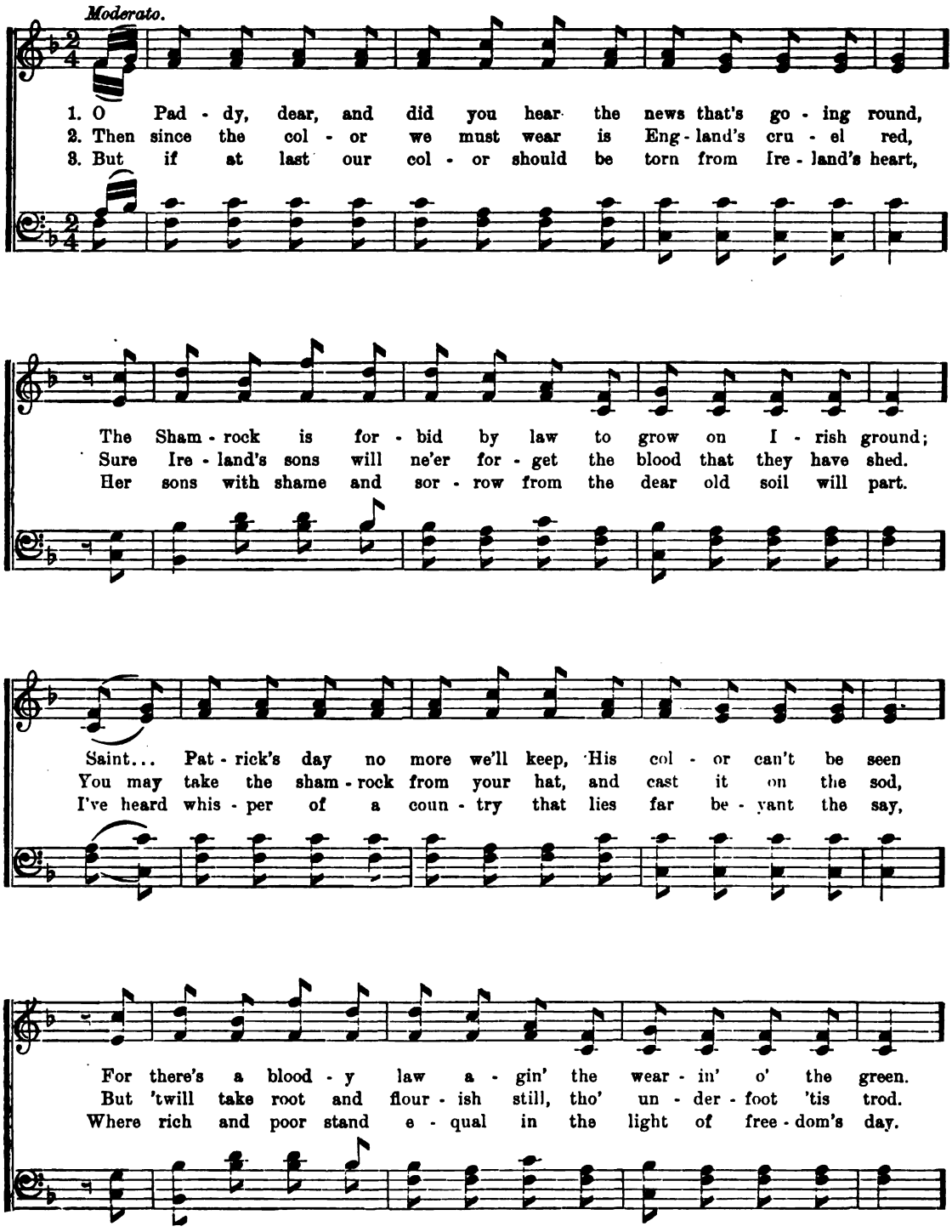
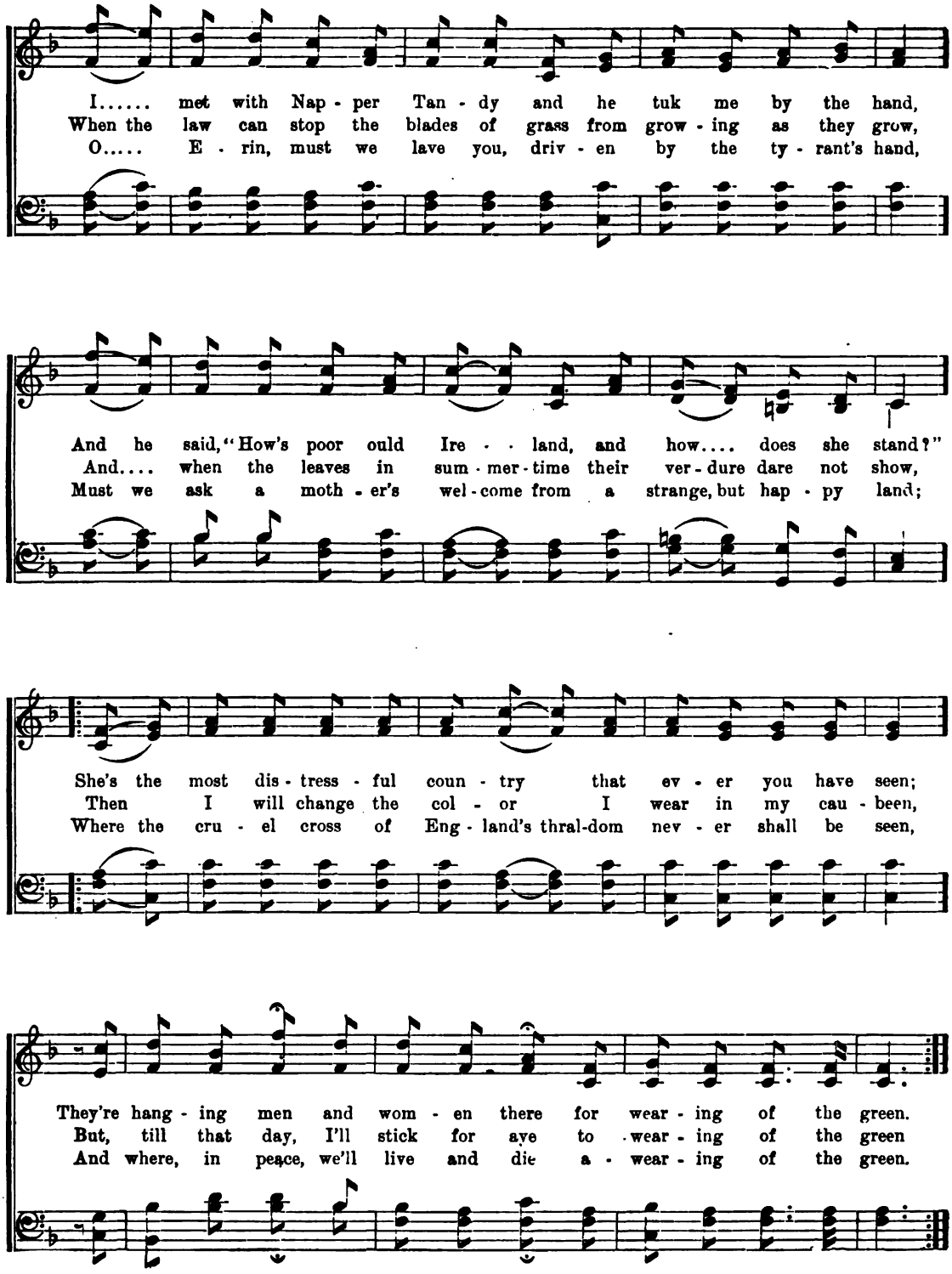
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(IRISH NATIONAL SONG)

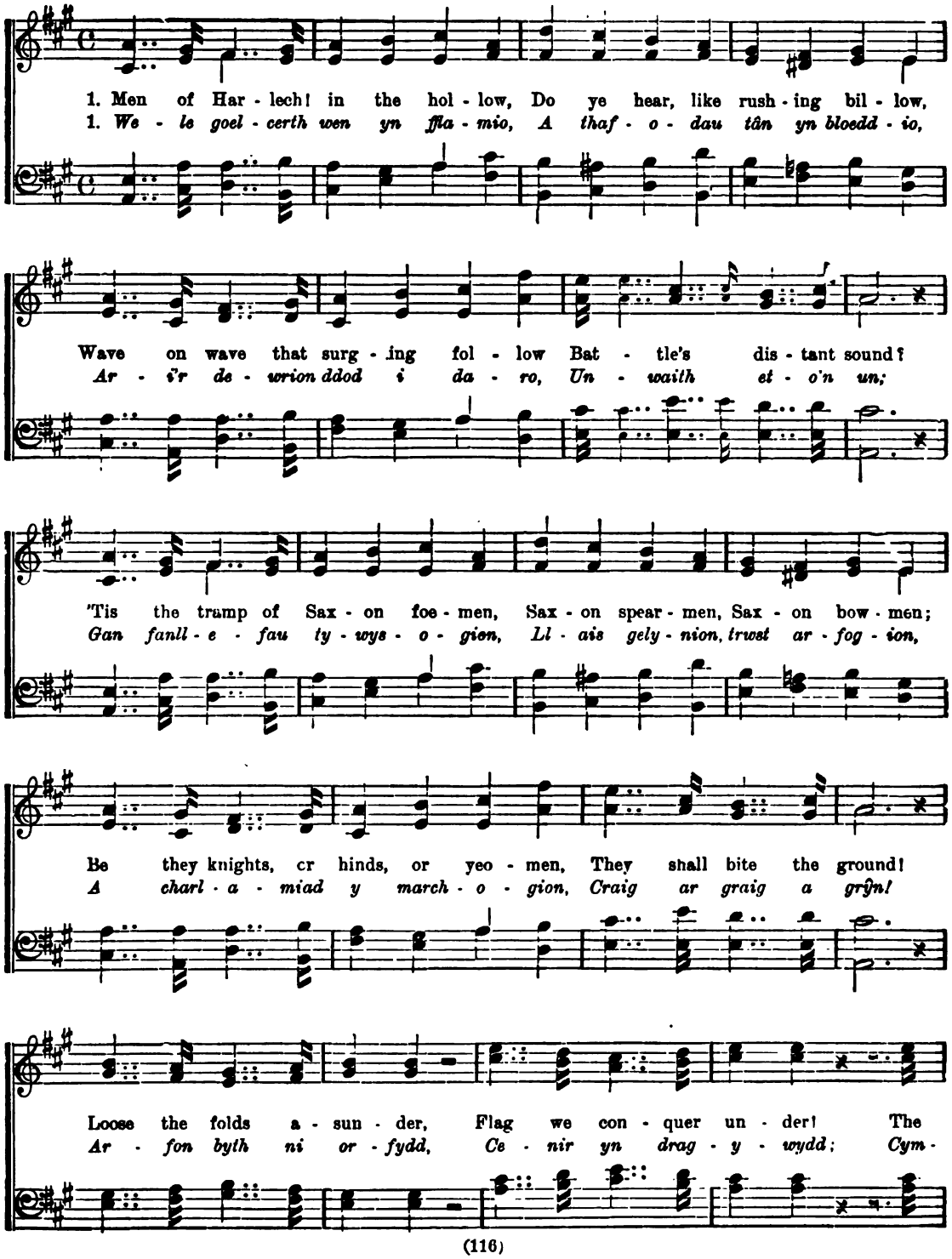
Words by Dion Boucicault.

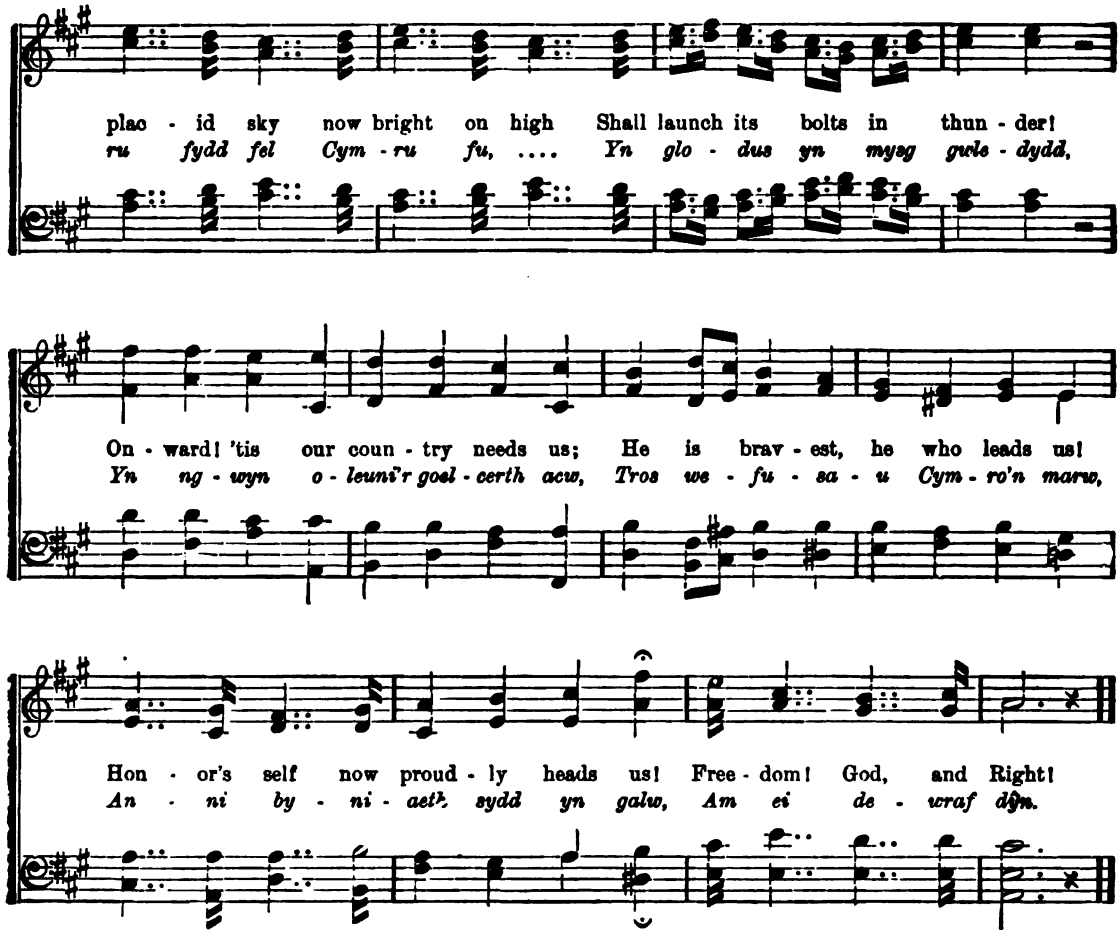
Moderato.

1. O Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round,
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red,
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,
The Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground;
Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
Her sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part.
Saint... Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen
You may take the sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
I've heard whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say,
For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod.
Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's day.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

I..... met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
O..... E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ire - - land, and how.... does she stand?"
And.... when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange, but hap - py land;
She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen;
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been,
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen,
They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green
And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

(NATIONAL SONG OF WALES.)

Harmonized by Joseph Barnby.

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
1. We - le goel - certh wen yn ffla - mio, A thaf - o - dau tân yn bloedd - io,
Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound?
Ar - v'r de - wrion ddod i da - ro, Un - waith et - o'n un;
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on bow - men;
Gan fanll - e - fau ty - wys - o - gion, Ll - ais gely - nion, trwst ar - fog - ion,
Be they knights, cr hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
A charl - a - miad y march - o - gion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Ar - fon byth ni or - fydd, Ce - nir yn drag - y - wydd; Cym -

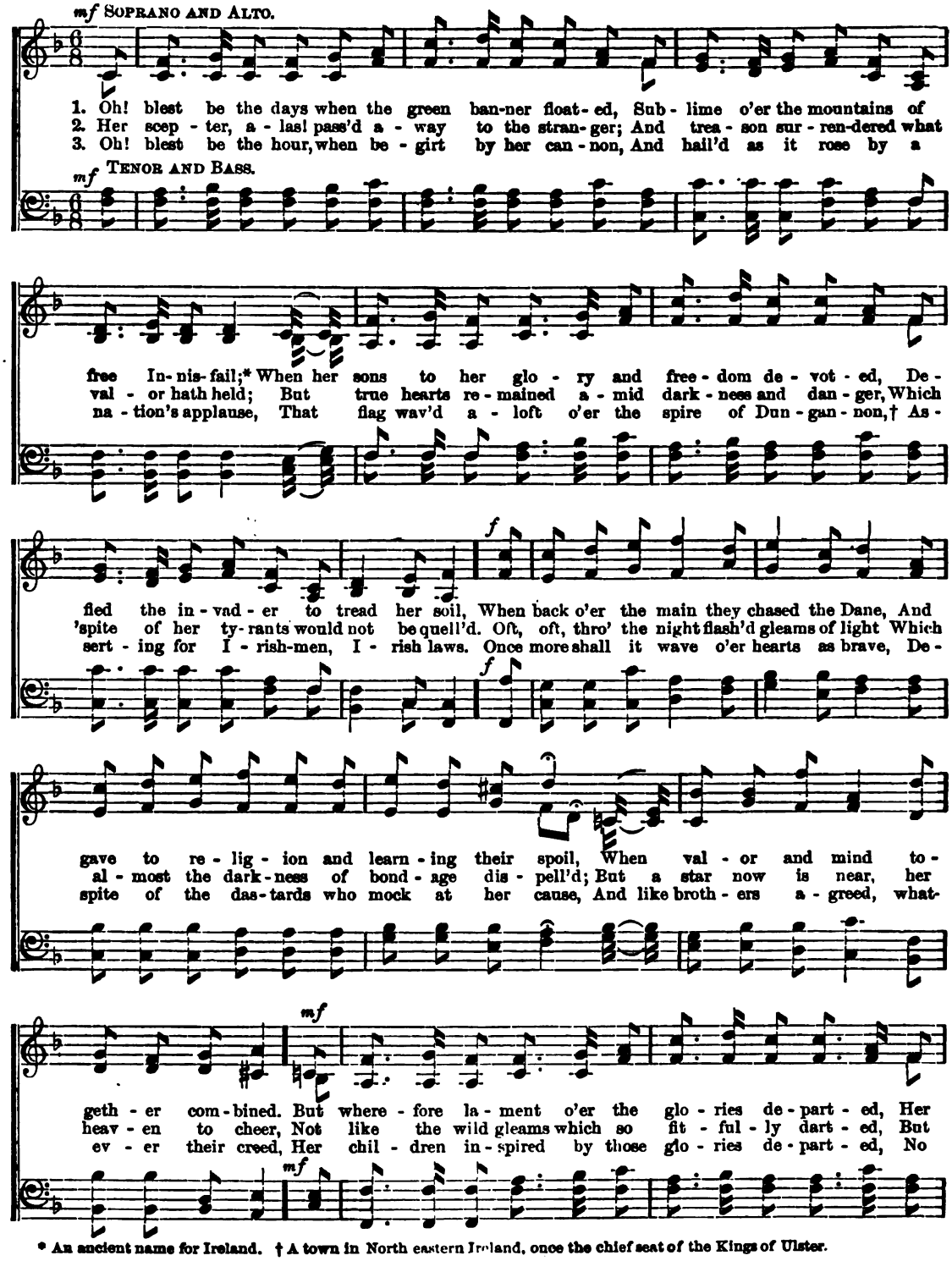
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, ... Yn glo - dus yn mysg gwle - dydd,
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Yn ng - wyn o - leuni'r goel - certh acw, Tros we - fu - sa - u Cym - ro'n marw,
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
An - ni by - ni - aeth sydd yn galw, Am ei de - wraf dŷn.

2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow
Who would think of death or sorrow
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

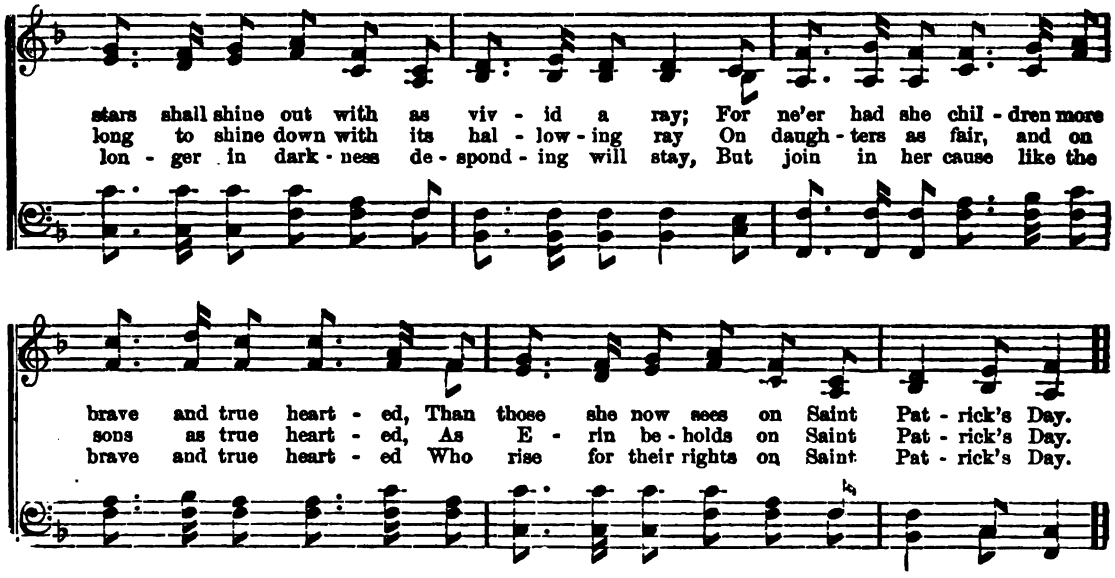
2 *Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid,*
Harlech! Harlech! cŵyd iw herlid;
Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,
Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd,
Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddbedd!
Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd
Llamant fel y lli!
Llwyddianti'n lluyddon!
Rwystro bûr yr estron!
Cwybod yn ei galon gaiff,
Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;
Y clêdd yn erbyn clêdd a chwery,
Dur yn erbyn dur a dery
Wele fâner Gwalia'i fyny
Rhyddid aiff a hi?

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

M. J. Barry. **Irish Folksong.**

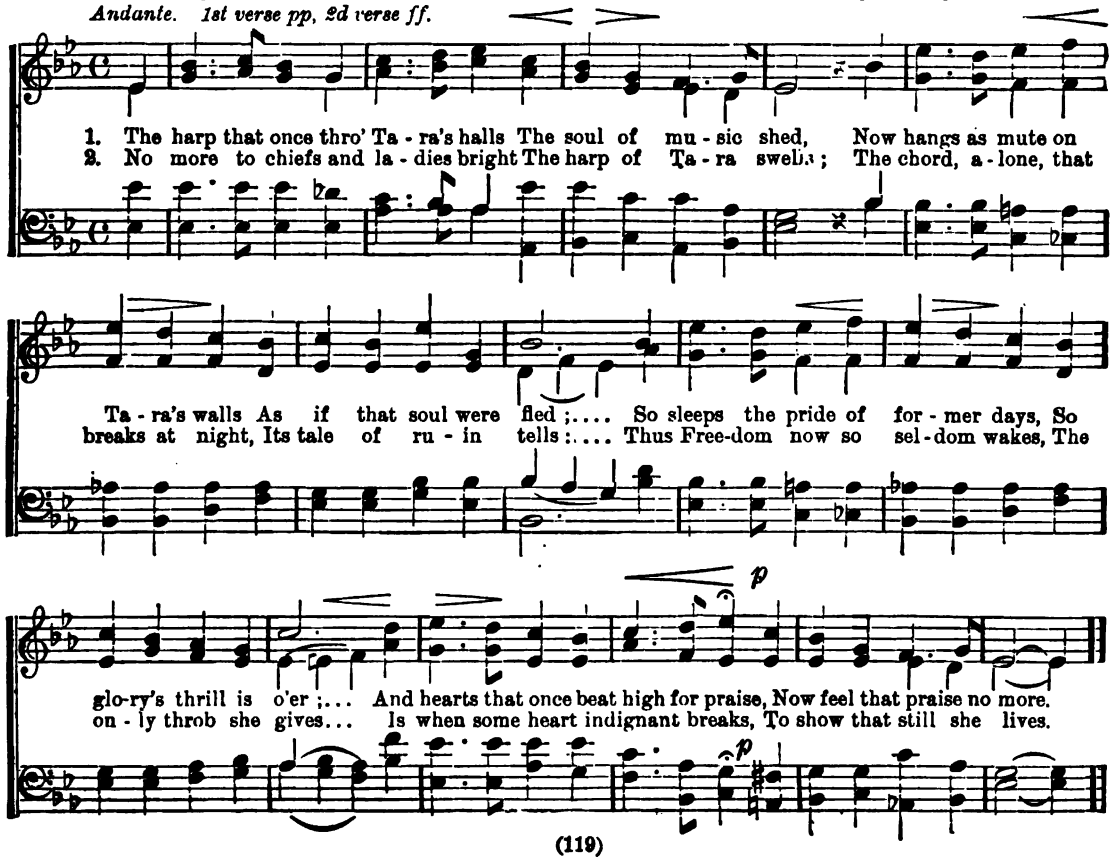

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban-ner float-ed, Sub-lime o'er the mountains of
2. Her scep-ter, a-las! pass'd a-way to the stran-ger; And trea-son sur-ren-dered what
3. Oh! blest be the hour, when be-girt by her can-non, And hail'd as it rose by a
mf TENOR AND BASS.
free In-nis-fail;* When her sons to her glo-ry and free-dom de-vot-ed, De-
val-or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid dark-ness and dan-ger, Which
na-tion's applause, That flag wav'd a-loft o'er the spire of Dun-gan-non,† As-
f
fied the in-vad-er to tread her soil, When back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And
'spite of her ty-rants would not be quell'd. Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light Which
sert-ing for I-rish-men, I-rish laws. Once more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave, De-
f
gave to re-lig-ion and learn-ing their spoil, When val-or and mind to-
al-most the dark-ness of bond-age dis-pell'd; But a star now is near, her
spite of the das-tards who mock at her cause, And like broth-ers a-greed, what-
mf
geth-er com-bined. But where-fore la-ment o'er the glo-ries de-part-ed, Her
heav-en to cheer, Not like the wild gleams which so fit-ful-ly dart-ed, But
ev-er their creed, Her chil-dren in-spired by those glo-ries de-part-ed, No
mf

* An ancient name for Ireland. † A town in North eastern Ireland, once the chief seat of the Kings of Ulster.

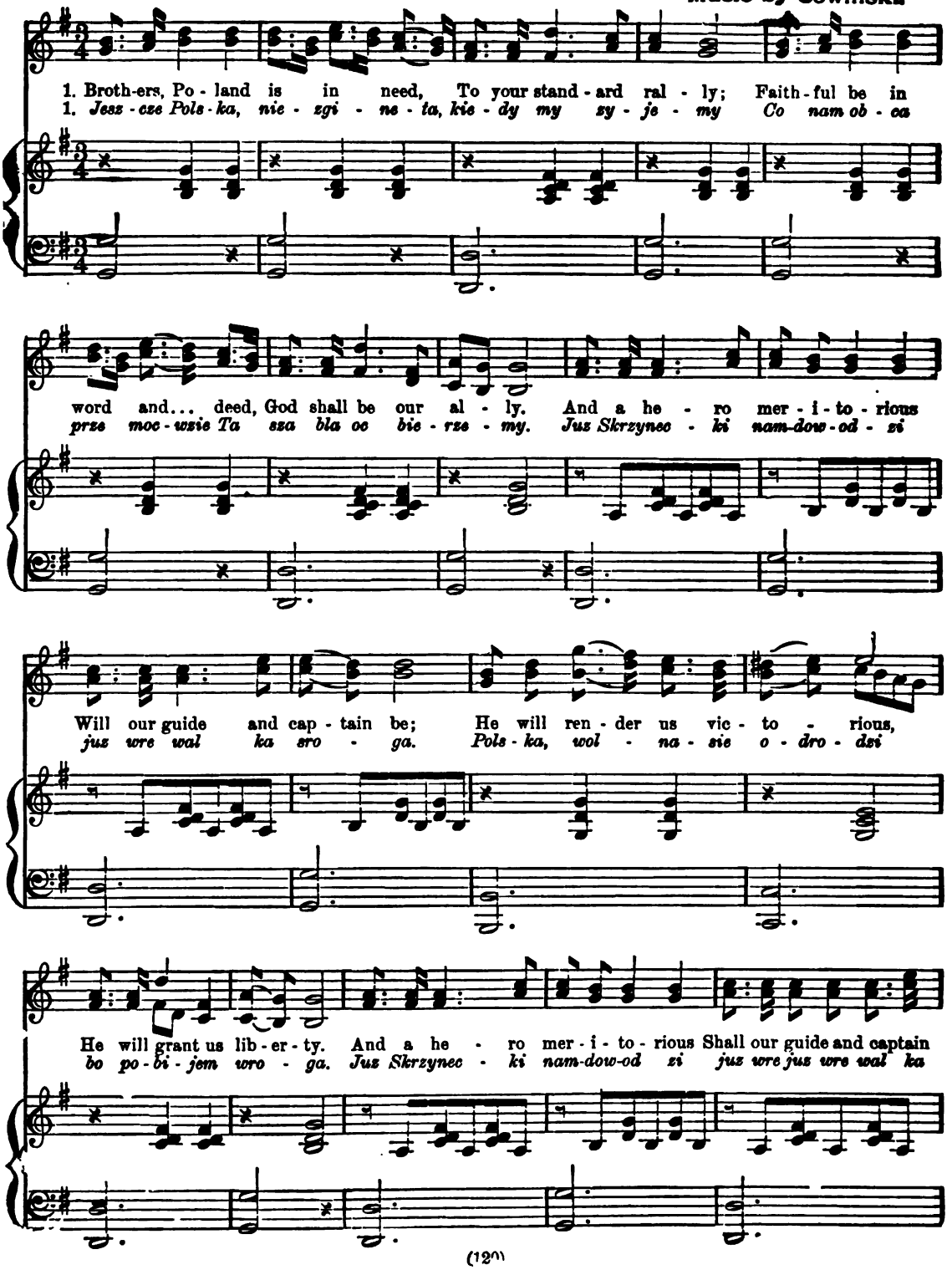

stars shall shine out with as viv - id a ray; For ne'er had she chil - dren more
long to shine down with its hal - low - ing ray On daugh - ters as fair, and on
lon - ger in dark - ness de - spond - ing will stay, But join in her cause like the
brave and true heart - ed, Than those she now sees on Saint Pat - rick's Day.
sons as true heart - ed, As E - rin be - holds on Saint Pat - rick's Day.
brave and true heart - ed Who rise for their rights on Saint Pat - rick's Day.

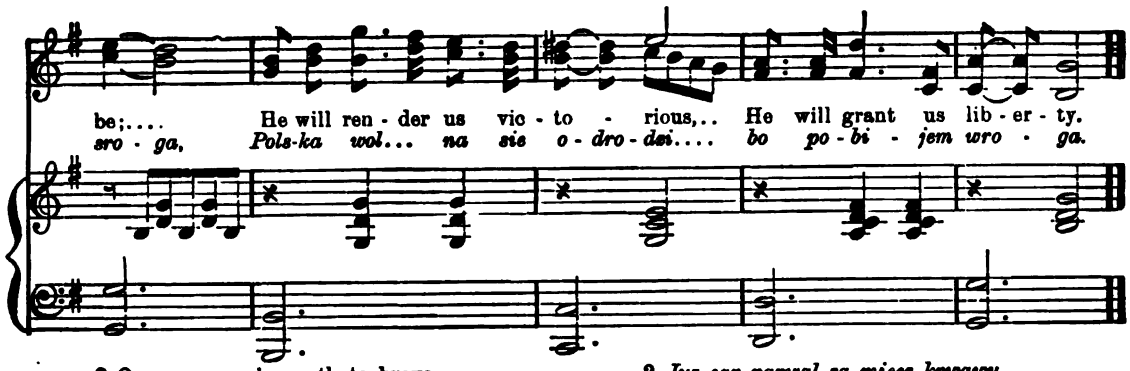
THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Words by Thomas Moore. **Music by Molly Astore.**

Andante. 1st verse pp, 2d verse ff.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled;.... So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells:.... Thus Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The
p
glo-ry's thrill is o'er;... And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
on - ly throb she gives... Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.
p

POLISH HYMN.

Music by Sowinski.

1. Broth-ers, Po - land is in need, To your stand - ard ral - ly; Faith - ful be in
1. Jesz - cze Pols - ka, nie - zgi - ne - ta, kie - dy my sy - je - my Co nam ob - ca
word and... deed, God shall be our al - ly. And a he - ro mer - i - to - rious
prze moc - wzie Ta sza bla oc bie - rze - my. Juz Skrzynec - ki nam-dow - od - zi
Will our guide and cap - tain be; He will ren - der us vic - to - rious,
juz wre wal ka sro - ga. Pols - ka, wol - na - sie o - dro - dzi
He will grant us lib - er - ty. And a he - ro mer - i - to - rious Shall our guide and captain
bo po - bi - jem wro - ga. Juz Skrzynec - ki nam-dow-od zi juz wre juz wre wal ka

POLISH HYMN.

2 Our oppressor's wrath to brave,
We will fight or perish;
From his cruel grasp to save
The dear land we cherish.
For a hero, etc.

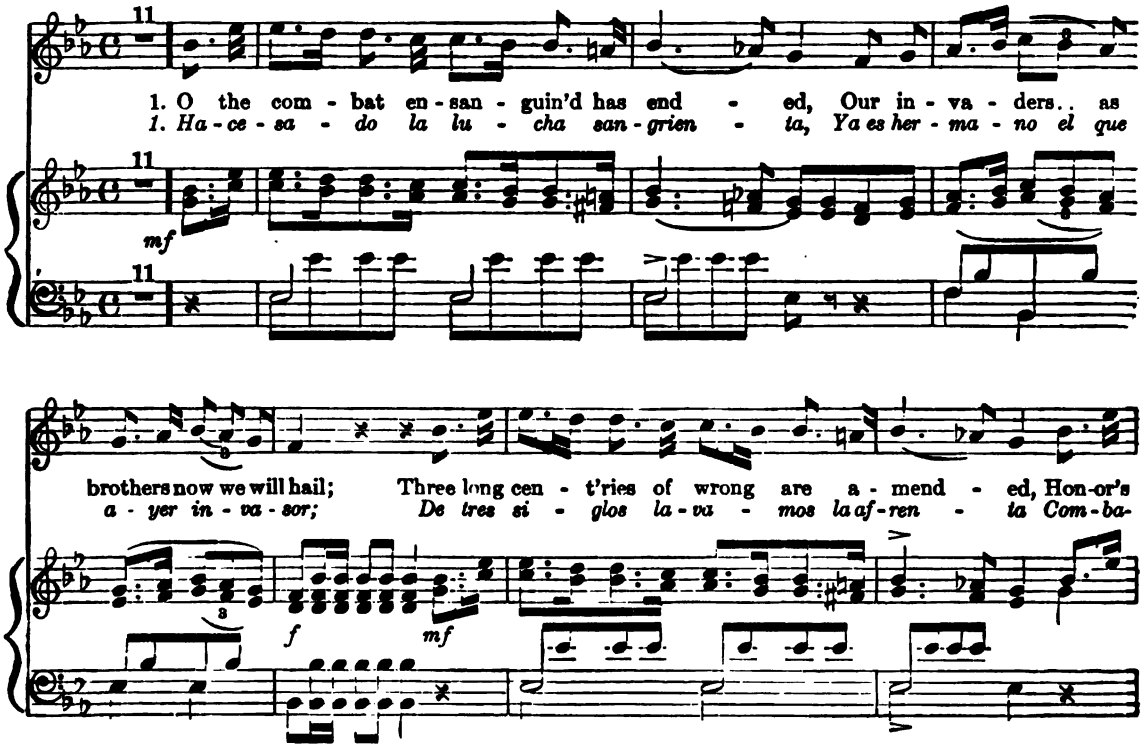
3 The white eagle's glorious flight
Shows us the direction,
He will grant us in the fight,
Victory and protection.
And a hero, etc.

2 *Jus car parwal za miecz krwawy,*
Jus krew polska plynie;
Lecz lud wolnej broniac sprawy
Zwyciezy lub zginie.
Gdy Skrzynecki, etc.

3 *Wzniés sie wiec w dawnej swietnosci*
Drogi orle bialy,
A wnet w szczesciu i wolnosci,
Ujrzys narodcaly.
Jus Skrzynecki, etc

CHILEAN NATIONAL HYMN.

(CAUSION NACIONAL CHILENA.)

English Version by Frederick H. Martens.

1. O the com - bat en - san - guin'd has end - ed, Our in - va - ders.. as
1. Ha - ce - sa - do la lu - cha san - grien - ta, Ya es her - ma - no el que
mf
brothers now we will hail; Three long cen - t'ries of wrong are a - mend - ed, Hon-or's
a - yer in - va - sor; De tres si - glos la - va - mos la af - ren - ta Com - ba -
f
mf

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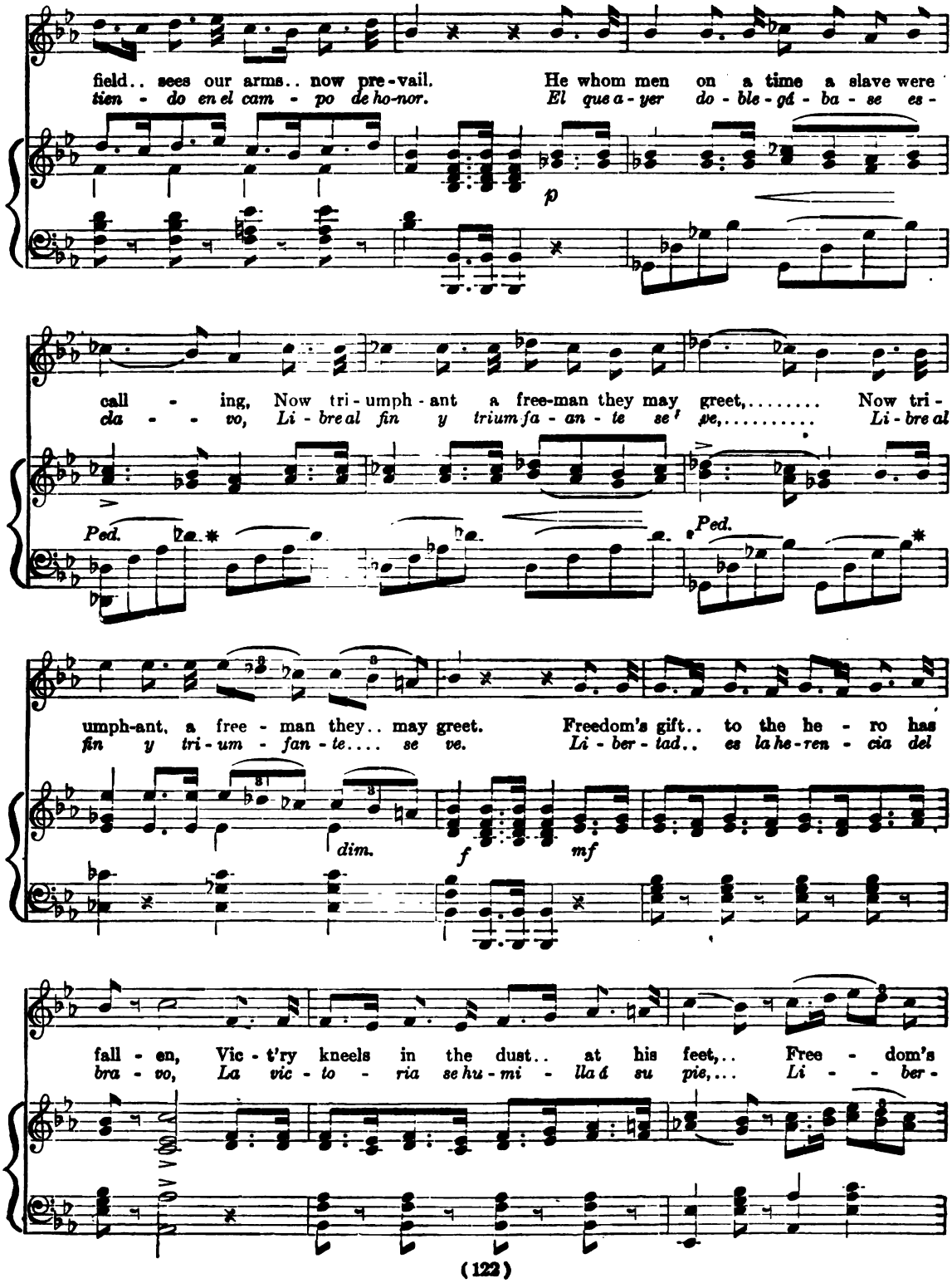
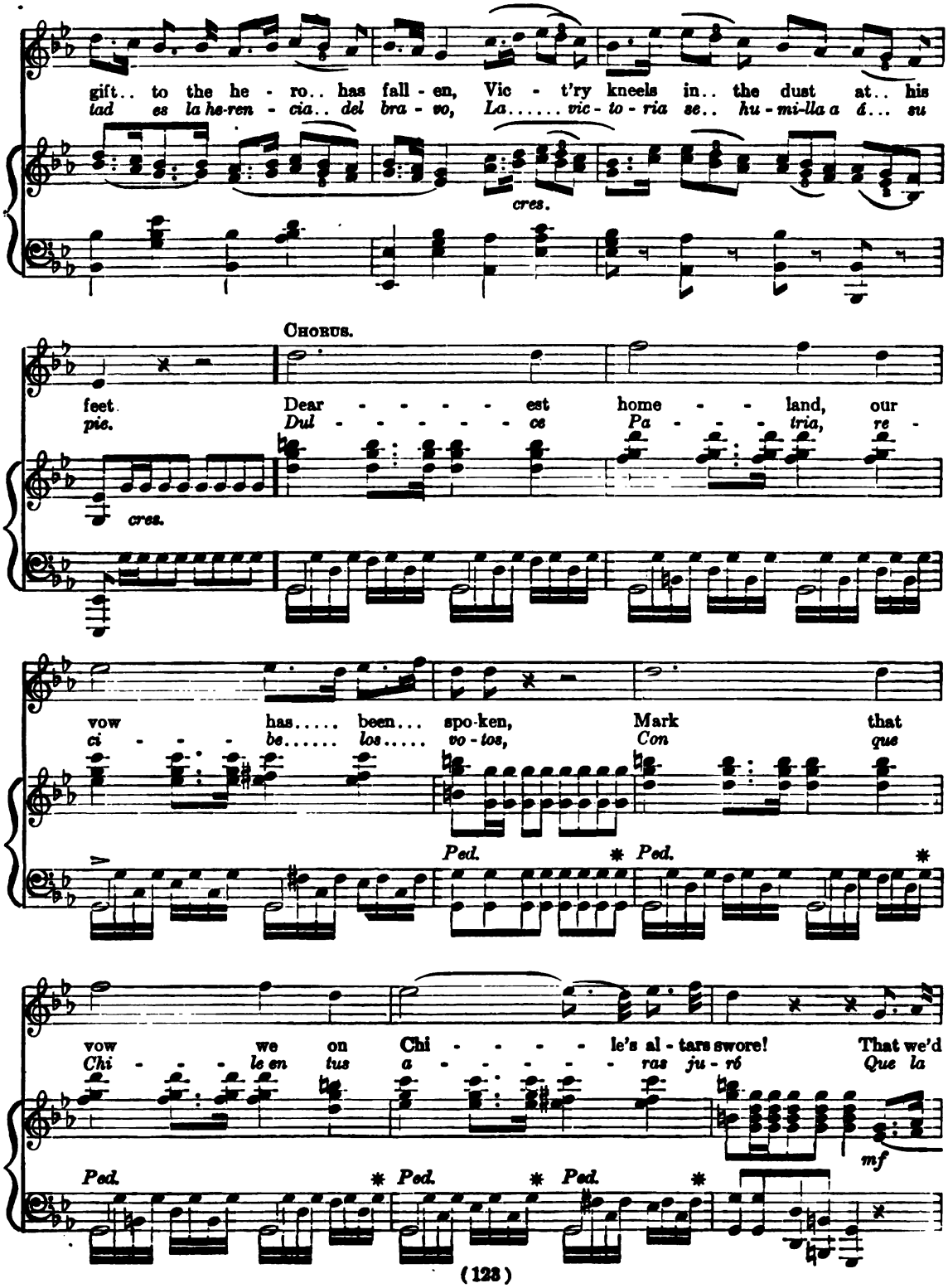
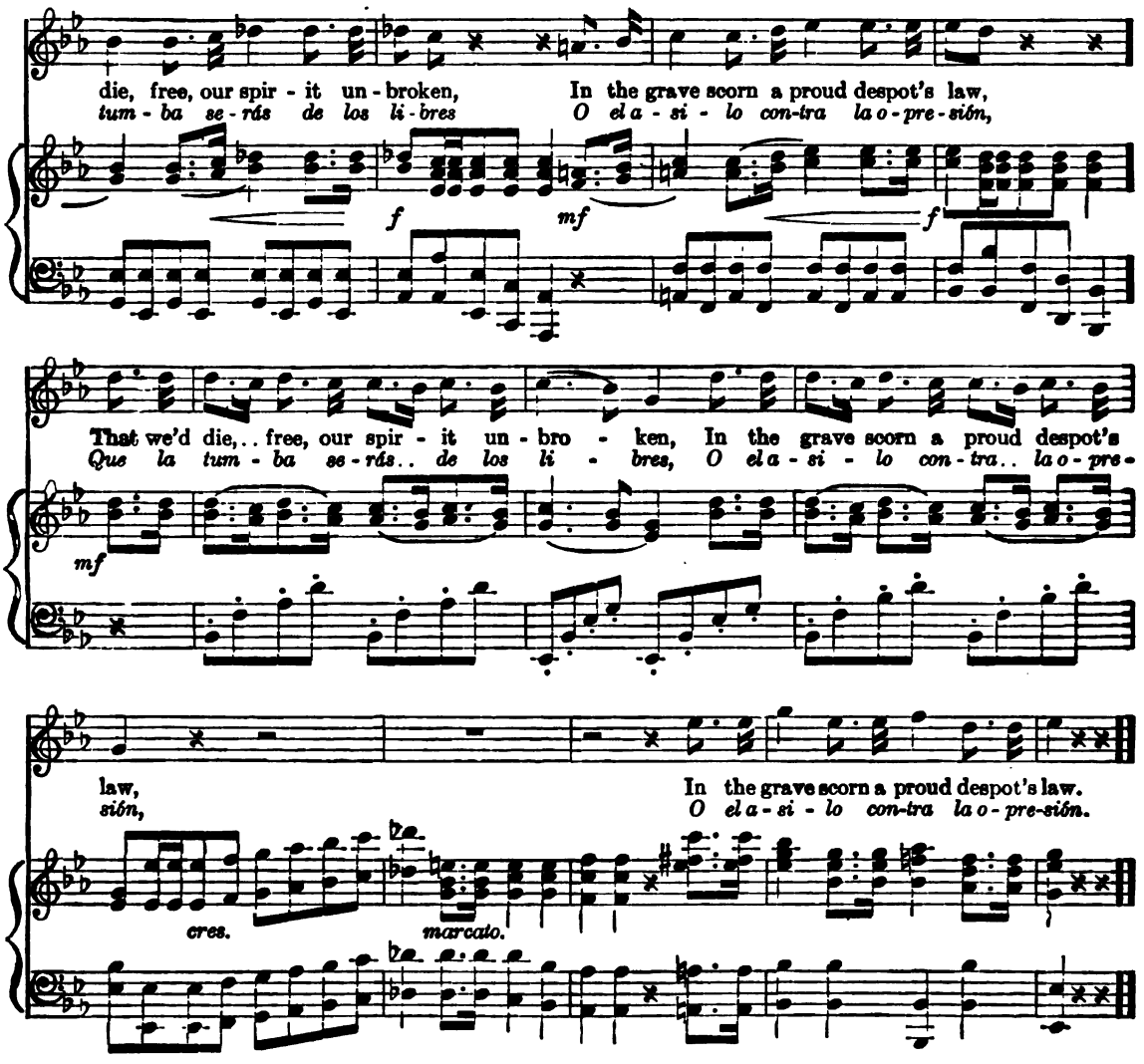

field.. sees our arms.. now pre-vail. He whom men on a time a slave were
tien - do en el cam - po de ho-nor. El que a-yer do - ble - gá - ba - se es -
p
call - ing, Now tri-umph-ant a free-man they may greet,..... Now tri -
cla - - vo, Li - bre al fin y triun fa - an - te se ve,..... Li - bre al
Ped. * Ped. *
umph-ant, a free - man they.. may greet. Freedom's gift.. to the he - ro has
fin y tri-um - fan - te.... se ve. Li - ber - tad.. es la he-roi - cia del
dim. f mf
fall - en, Vic - t'ry kneels in the dust.. at his feet,.. Free - dom's
bra - vo, La vic - to - ria se hu - mi - lla á su pie,... Li - - ber -

gift.. to the he - ro.. has fall - en, Vic - t'ry kneels in.. the dust at.. his
tad es la he-ren - cia.. del bra - vo, La..... vic - to - ria se.. hu - mi-lla a é... su
cres.
Chorus.
feet Dear - - - - - est home - - land, our
pie. Dul - - - - - ce Pa - - - tria, re -
cres.
vow has..... been... spo-ken, Mark that
ci - - - be..... los..... vo - tos, Con que
Ped. * Ped. *
vow we on Chi - - - - - le's al - tars swore! That we'd
Chi - - - le en tus a - - - - - ras ju - ró Que la
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

die, free, our spir - it un - broken, In the grave scorn a proud despot's law,
tum - ba se - rás de los li - bres O el a - si - lo con-tra la o - pre - sión,
That we'd die,.. free, our spir - it un - bro - ken, In the grave scorn a proud despot's
Que la tum - ba se - rás.. de los li - bres, O el a - si - lo con - tra.. la o - pre -
law, In the grave scorn a proud despot's law.
sión, O el a - si - lo con-tra la o - pre-sión.
cres.
marcato.

2 Raise thy head, Chile, thy right prevailing,
Great the fame thou in battle didst obtain;
Ever brave, though with valor unavailing,
Sons of Spain strove against thee in vain.
May thy freemen, now other laurels prizing,
Peaceful crowns gain in industry and art,
Peaceful crowns gain in industry and art,
‖: May their glad songs of triumph arising
Fill with terror an each tyrant heart.:‖
CHO:—Dearest homeland, etc.

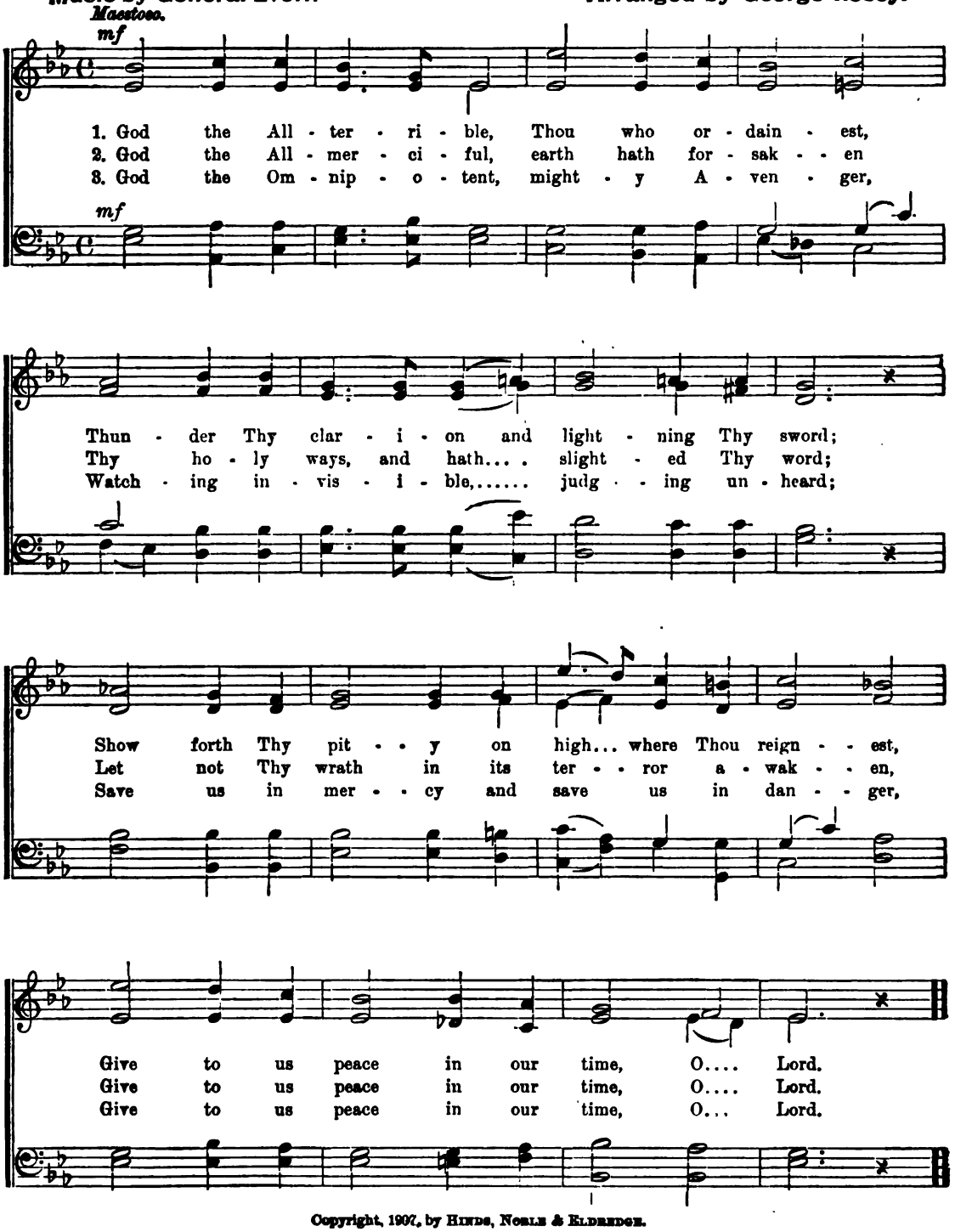
3 O the names of those soldiers so daring,
Who for Chile's sake each danger knew to spurn,
In our hearts e'er enshrined them we're bearing,
As our children will do in their turn.
Let those names be our cry of battle ringing,
That we raise as we march into the fray,
That we raise as we march into the fray,
‖: While the strong voice of heroes them singing
Ever makes tyrants quake with dismay.:‖
CHO:—Dearest homeland, etc.

2 *Alza, Chile, sin mancha la frente,*
Conquistaste tu nombre en la lid:
Siempre noble, constante y valiente
Te encontraron los hijos del Cid.
Que tus libres, tranquilos coronen
A las artes, la industria y la paz,
A las artes, la industria y la paz,
‖: *Y de triunfo cantares entonen*
Que amedrenten al déspota audaz.:‖
CHO:—*Dulce Patria, etc.*

3 *Vuestros nombres valientes soldados*
Que habéis sido de Chile el sostén,
Nuestros pechos lo llevan grabados
Los sabrán nuestros hijos tambien.
Sean ellos el grito de muerte
Que lancemos marchando á lidiar,
Que lancemos marchando á lidiar,
‖: *Y sonando en la boca del fuerte,*
Hagan siempre al tirano temblar.:‖
CHO:—*Dulce Patria, etc.*

RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Music by General Lvoff. Arranged by George Rosey.


Maestoso.
mf
1. God the All - ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est,
2. God the All - mer - ci - ful, earth hath for - sak - - en
3. God the Om - nip - o - tent, might - y A - ven - ger,
mf
Thun - der Thy clar - i - on and light - ning Thy sword;
Thy ho - ly ways, and hath.... slight - ed Thy word;
Watch - ing in - vis - i - ble,..... judg - - ing un - heard;
Show forth Thy pit - - y on high... where Thou reign - - est,
Let not Thy wrath in its ter - - ror a - wak - - en,
Save us in mer - - cy and save us in dan - - ger,
Give to us peace in our time, O.... Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O.... Lord.
Give to us peace in our time, O... Lord.

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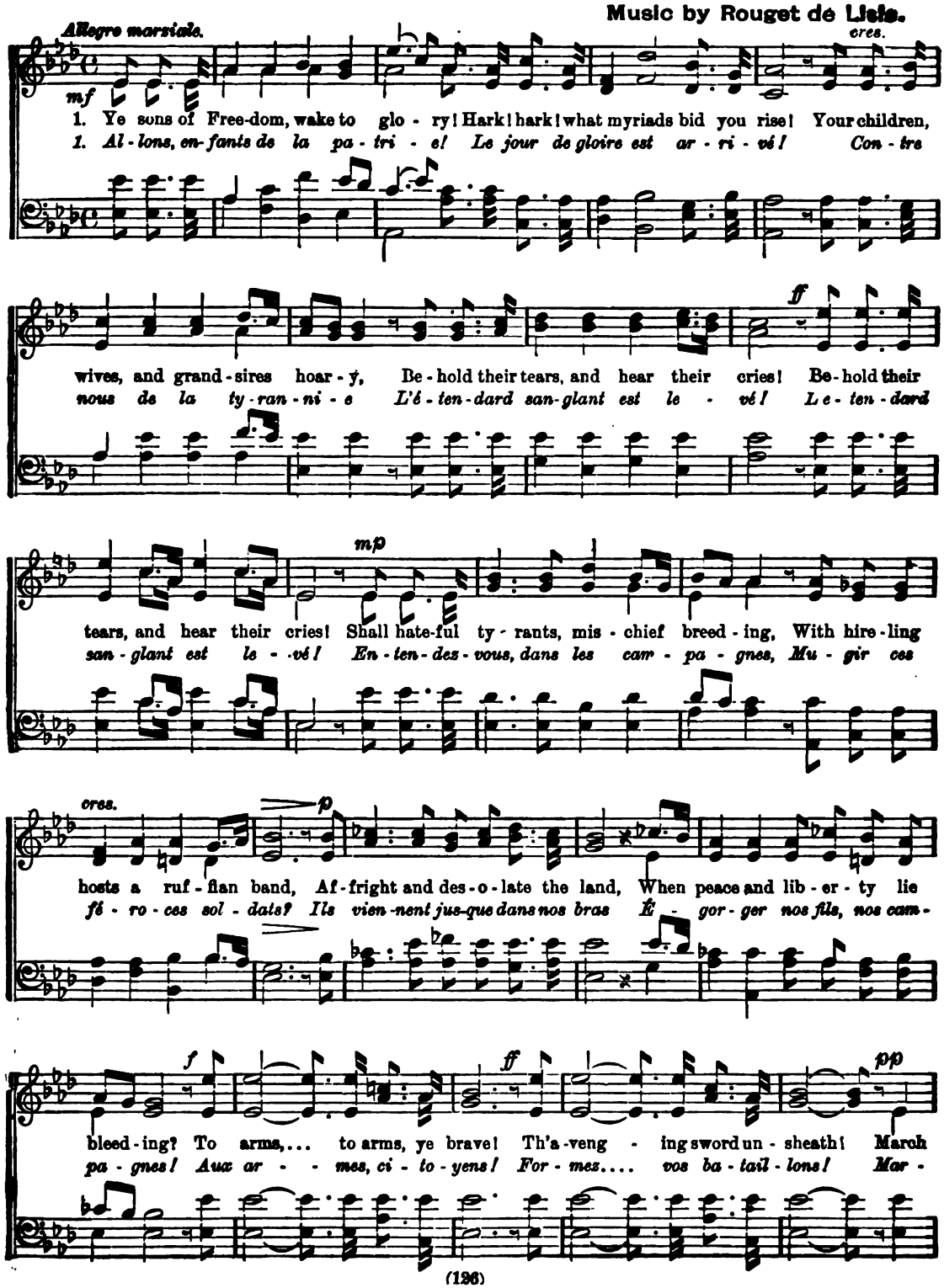
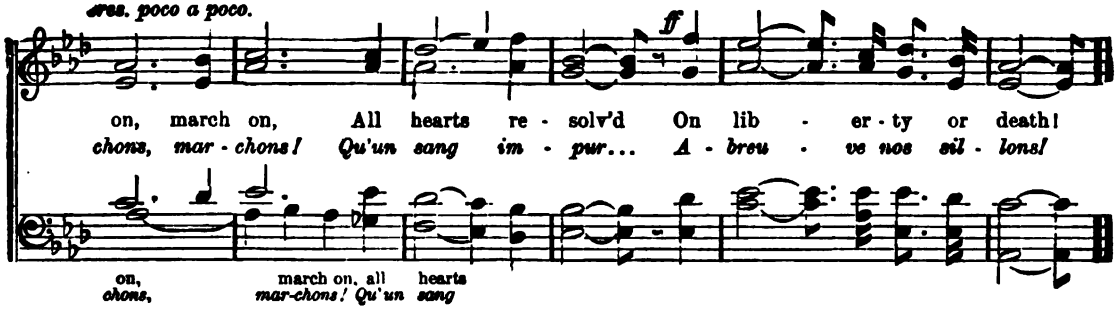
THE MARSEILLAISE.

(NATIONAL SONG OF FRANCE.)

Music by Rouget de Lisle.


Allegro marziale.
mf
cres.
1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children,
1. Al - lons, en-fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé! Con - tre
ff
wives, and grand-sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be - hold their
nous de la ty - ran - ni - e L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le - vé! L'e - ten - dard
mp
tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling
san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - dez - vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces
cres.
p
hosts a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie
fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus-que dans nos bras É - gor - ger nos fils, nos cam -
f
ff
pp
bleed - ing? To arms,... to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un - sheath! March
pa - gnes! Aux ar - - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez.... vos ba - tail - lons! Mar -

THE MARSEILLAISE.

cres. poco a poco.
ff
on, march on, All hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death!
chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang im - pur... A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!
on, march on, all hearts
chons, mar-chons! Qu'un sang

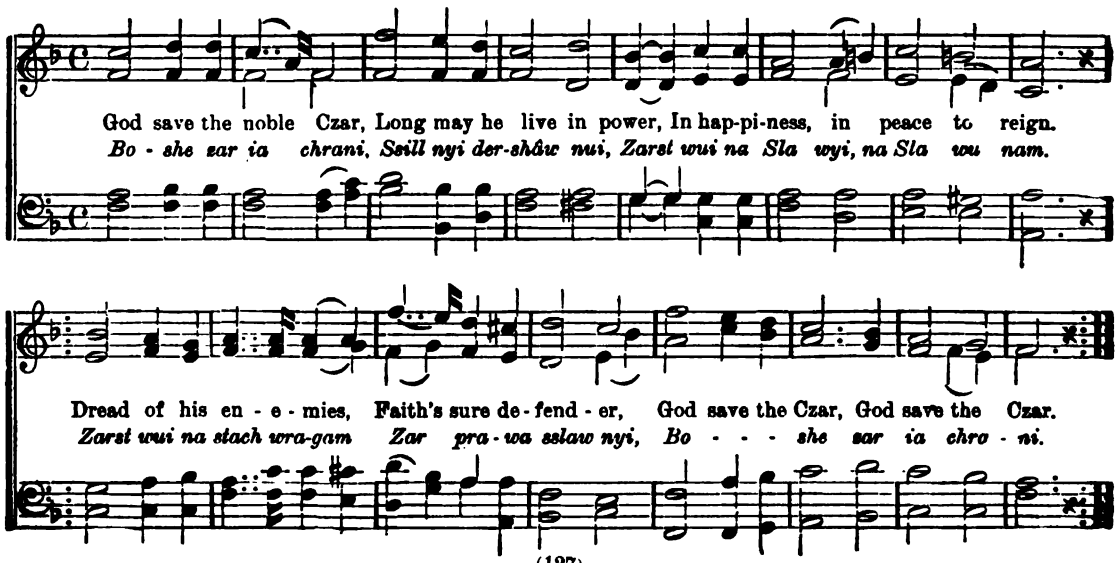
2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air!
To mete and vend the light and air!
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

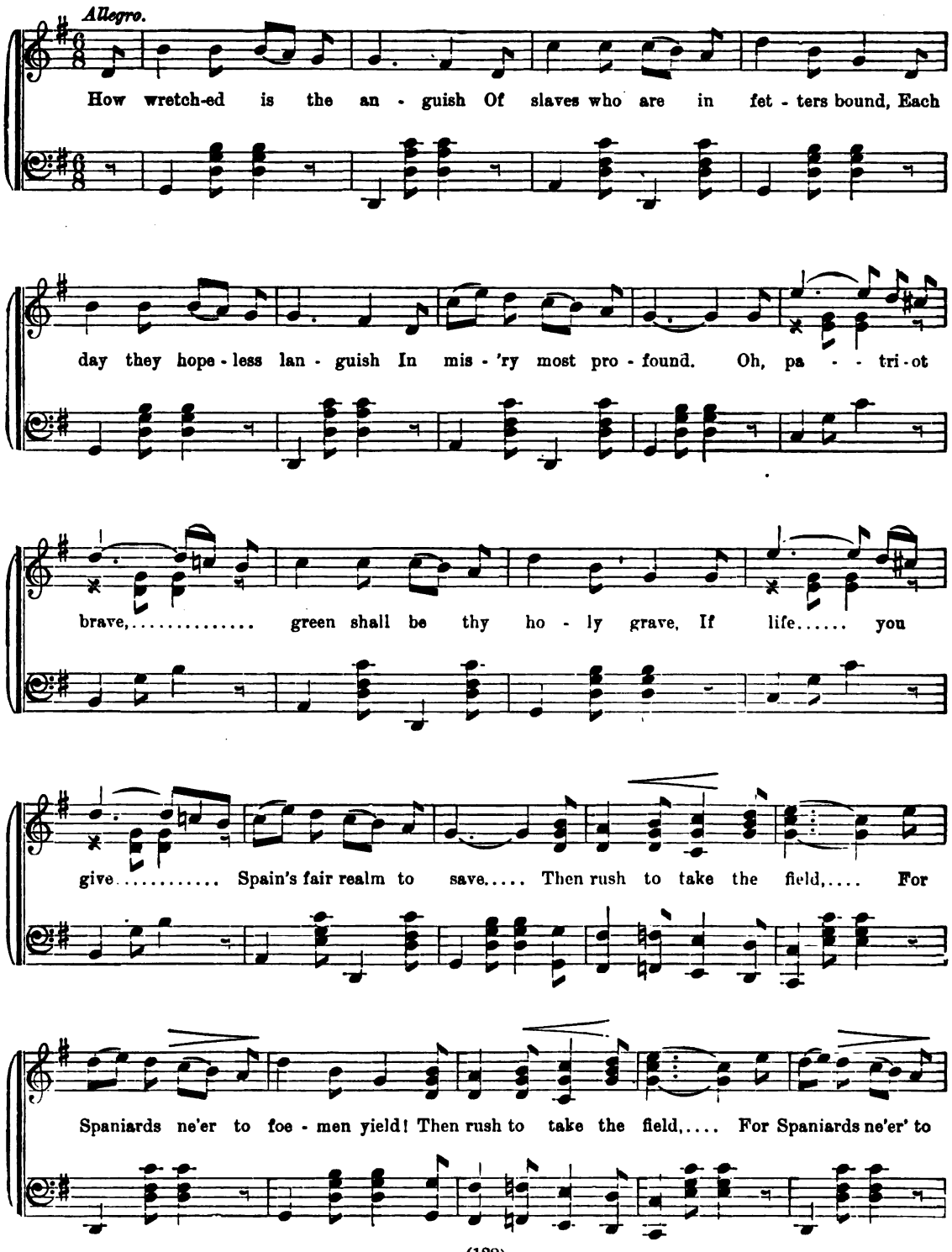
3 O Liberty! can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
The blood-stained sword our conqu'rors wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

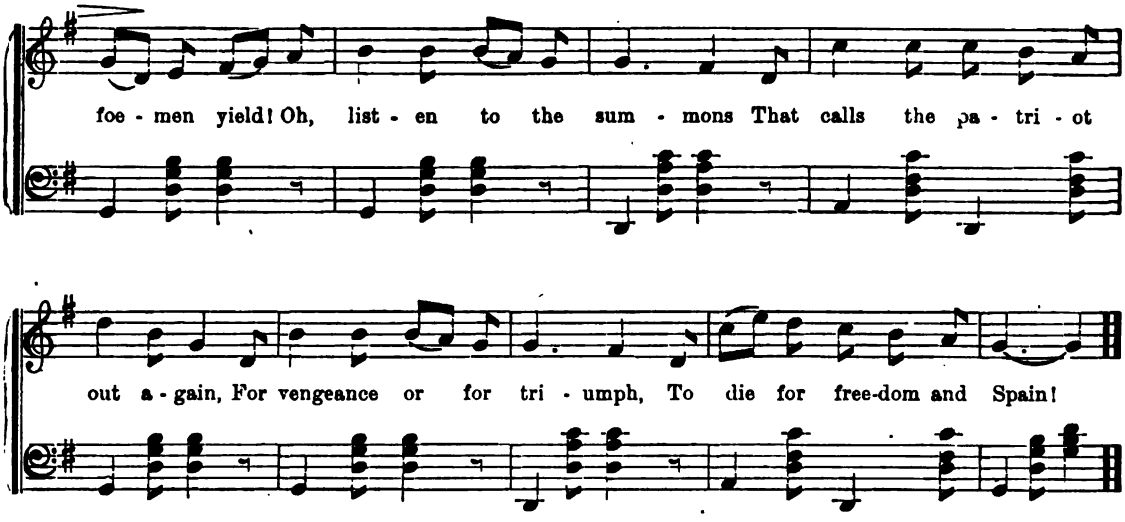
2 *Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,*
L'opprobre de tous les partis,
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre,
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

3 *Nous entrerons dans la carrière*
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Et la trace de leurs vertus,
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

RUSSIAN HYMN.

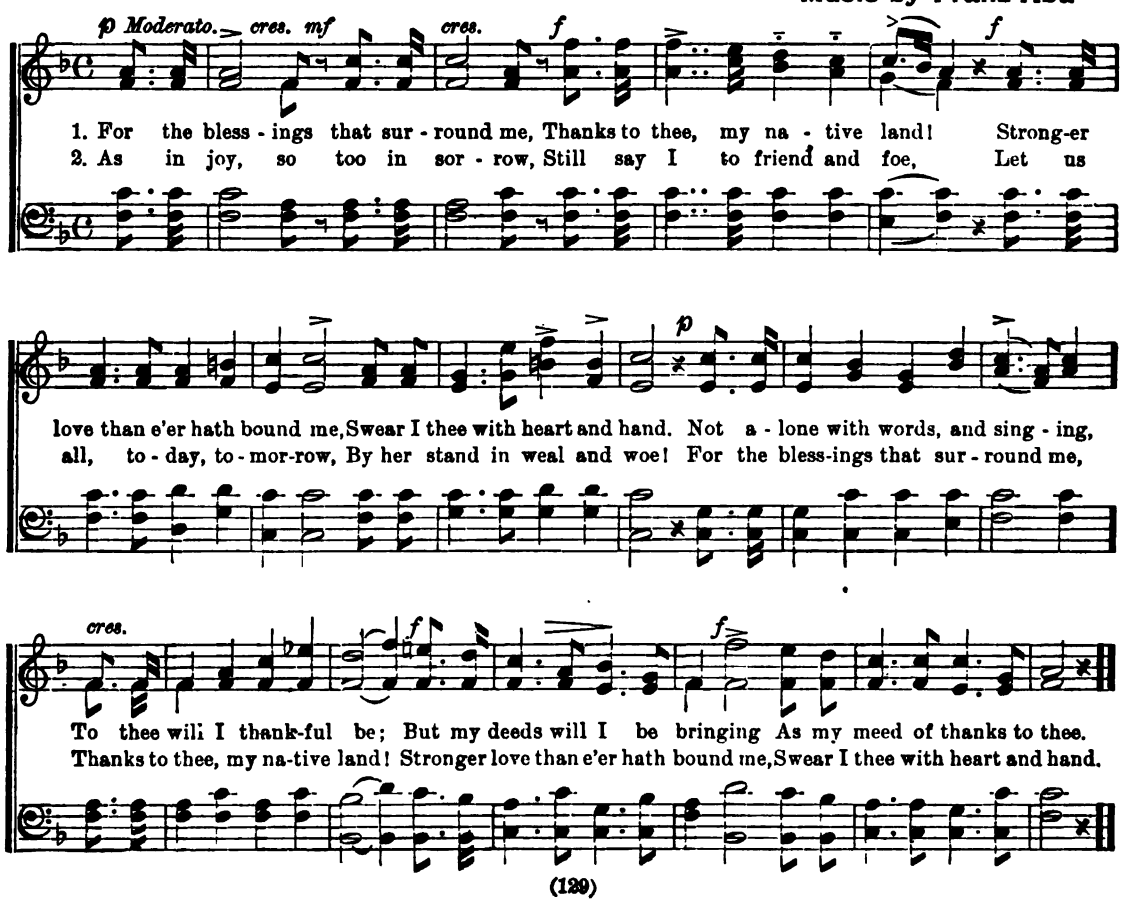

God save the noble Czar, Long may he live in power, In hap-pi-ness, in peace to reign.
Bo - she zar ia chrani, Still nyi der-shâw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wyi, na Sla wu nam.
Dread of his en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.
Zarst wui na stach wra-gam Zar pra - wa sslaw nyi, Bo - - - she zar ia chro - ni.

SPANISH NATIONAL SONG.

Allegro.
How wretch-ed is the an - guish Of slaves who are in fet - ters bound, Each
day they hope - less lan - guish In mis - 'ry most pro - found. Oh, pa - - tri - ot
brave,..... green shall be thy ho - ly grave, If life..... you
give..... Spain's fair realm to save..... Then rush to take the field,..... For
Spaniards ne'er to foe - men yield! Then rush to take the field,..... For Spaniards ne'er' to

SPANISH NATIONAL SONG.

foe - men yield! Oh, list - en to the sum - mons That calls the pa - tri - ot
out a - gain, For vengeance or for tri - umph, To die for free-dom and Spain!

MY NATIVE LAND.

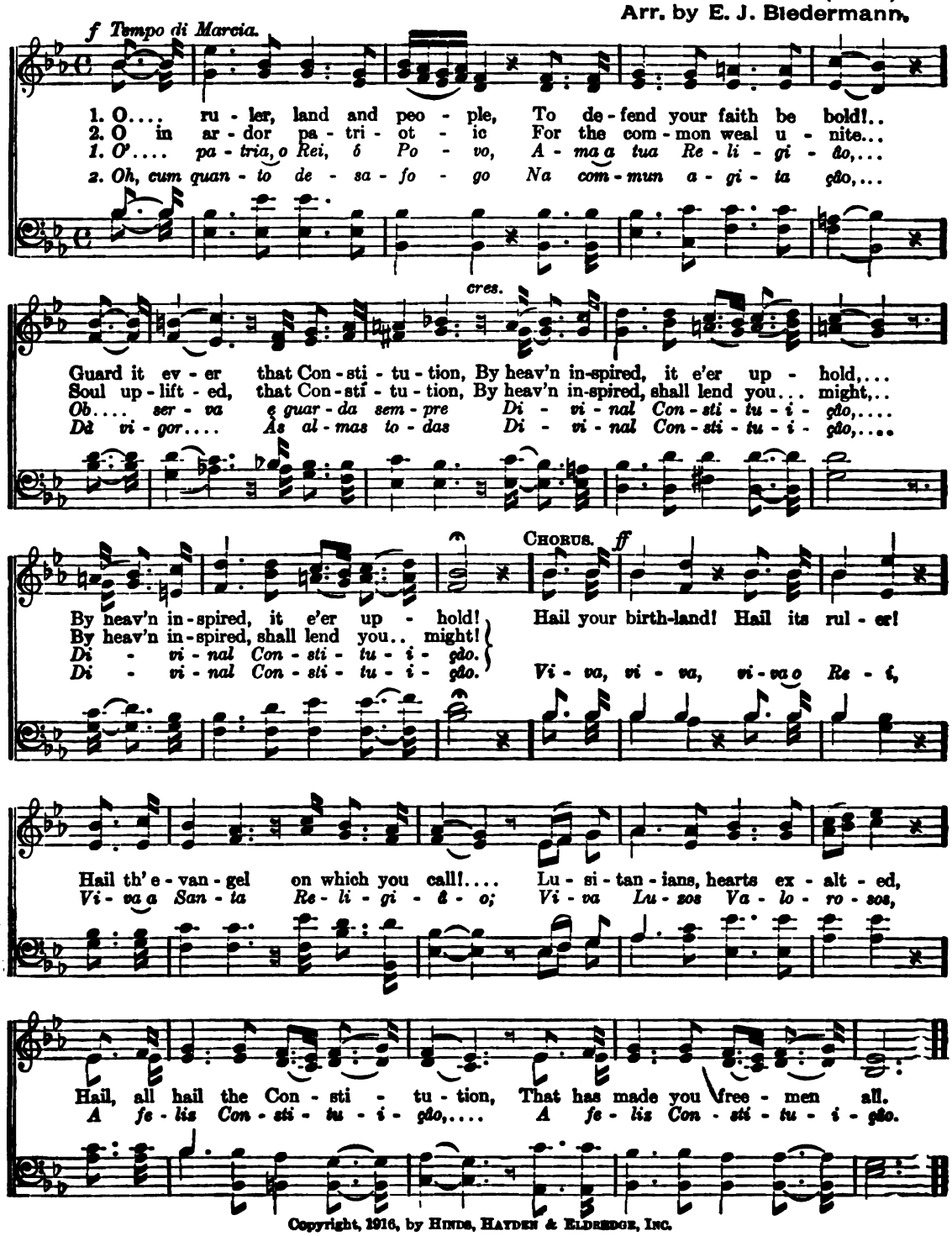
Music by Franz Abt.


p Moderato.
cres. mf
cres.
f
1. For the bless - ings that sur - round me, Thanks to thee, my na - tive land! Strong-er
2. As in joy, so too in sor - row, Still say I to friend and foe, Let us
love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand. Not a - lone with words, and sing - ing,
all, to - day, to - mor-row, By her stand in weal and woe! For the bless-ings that sur - round me,
cres.
To thee will I thank-ful be; But my deeds will I be bringing As my meed of thanks to thee.
Thanks to thee, my na-tive land! Stronger love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee with heart and hand.

NATIONAL HYMN.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

PORTUGAL.

Words and music by
Dom Pedro IV. (1822)
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

f Tempo di Marcia.
1. O.... ru - ler, land and peo - ple, To de - fend your faith be bold!..
2. O in ar - dor pa - tri - ot - ic For the com - mon weal u - nite...
1. O'.... pa - tria, o Rei, ó Po - vo, A - ma a tua Re - li - gi - ão,...
2. Oh, cum quan - to de - sa - fo - go Na com - mun a - gi - ta ção,...
cres.
Guard it ev - er that Con - sti - tu - tion, By heav'n in-spired, it e'er up - hold,...
Soul up - lift - ed, that Con - stí - tu - tion, By heav'n in-spired, shall lend you... might,..
Ob.... ser - va e guar - da sem - pre Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção,....
Dá vi - gor.... As al - mas to - das Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção,....
By heav'n in - spired, it e'er up - hold!
By heav'n in - spired, shall lend you.. might!
Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção.
Di - vi - nal Con - sti - tu - i - ção.
Chorus. ff
Hail your birth-land! Hail its rul - er!
Vi - va, vi - va, vi - va o Re - i,
Hail th' e - van - gel on which you call!....
Vi - va a San - ta Re - li - gi - ã - o;
Lu - si - tan - ians, hearts ex - alt - ed,
Vi - va Lu - sos Va - lo - ro - sos,
Hail, all hail the Con - sti - tu - tion, That has made you free - men all.
A fe - liz Con - sti - tu - i - ção,.... A fe - liz Con - sti - tu - i - ção.

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3. Glorious futures rise before us
If in union we aspire,
Guide us onward, O Constitution,
By heav'n inspired, a beacon-fire!
By heav'n inspired, a beacon-fire!
CHO.—Hail your birthland! Hail its ruler! etc.

4. Let the truth then shine effulgent,
Let your ruler's name be known.
Ever cherish that Constitution
That made you Freedom's very own!
That made you Freedom's very own!
CHO.—Hail your birthland! Hail its ruler! etc.

3. Venturosos n'os seremos
Em perfeita união,
Tendo sempre em vista todos
Divinal Constituição.
Divinal Constituição.
CHO.—*Viva, viva, viva o Rei, etc.*

4. A verdade não se offusca,
O Rei nao s'engana, não:
Proclamemos, portuguezes,
Divinal Constituição.
Divinal Constituição.
CHO.—*Viva, viva, viva o Rei. etc.*

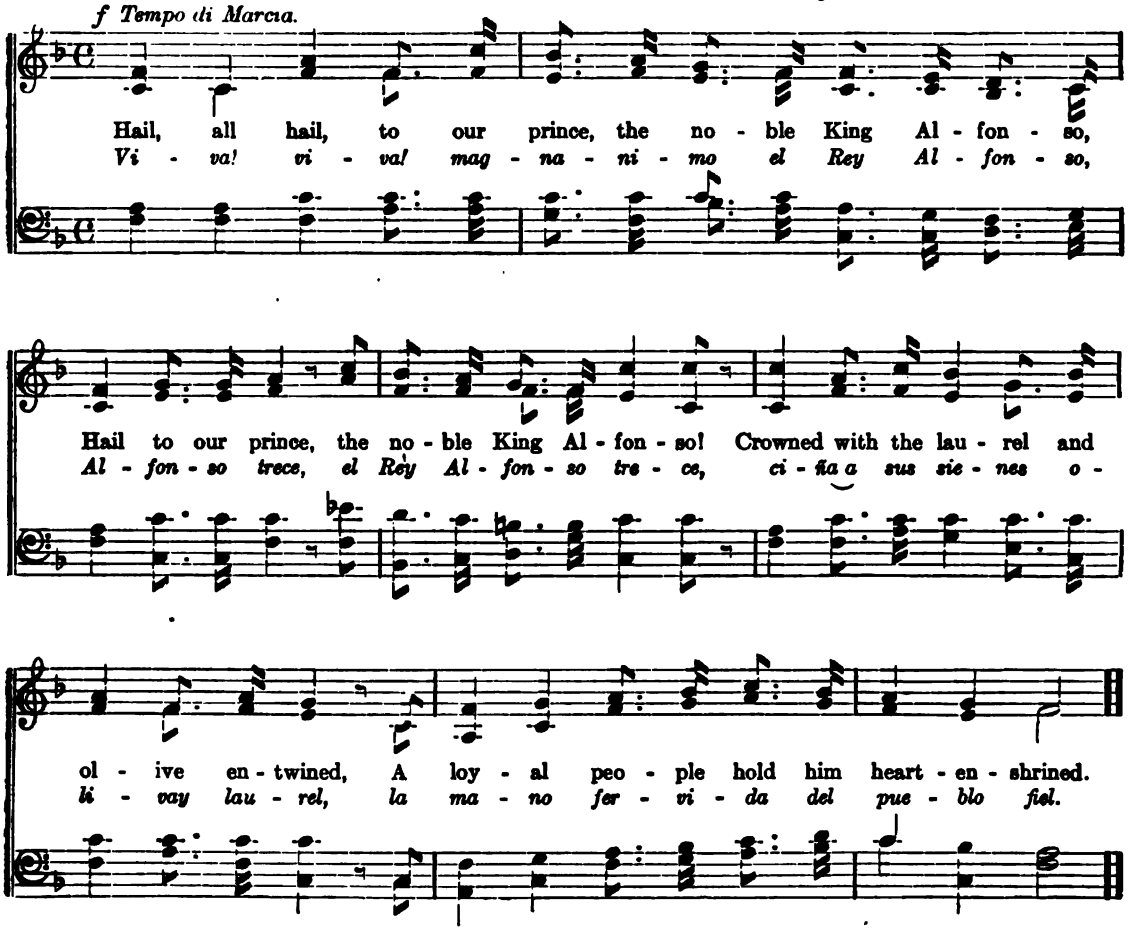
ROYAL MARCH.

SPAIN.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

Traditional March.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

f Tempo di Marcia.


Hail, all hail, to our prince, the no - ble King Al - fon - so,
Vi - va! vi - va! mag - na - ni - mo el Rey Al - fon - so,
Hail to our prince, the no - ble King Al - fon - so! Crowned with the lau - rel and
Al - fon - so trece, el Rey Al - fon - so tre - ce, ci - ña a sus sie - nes o -
ol - ive en - twined, A loy - al peo - ple hold him heart - en - shrined.
li - vay lau - rel, la ma - no fer - vi - da del pue - blo fiel.

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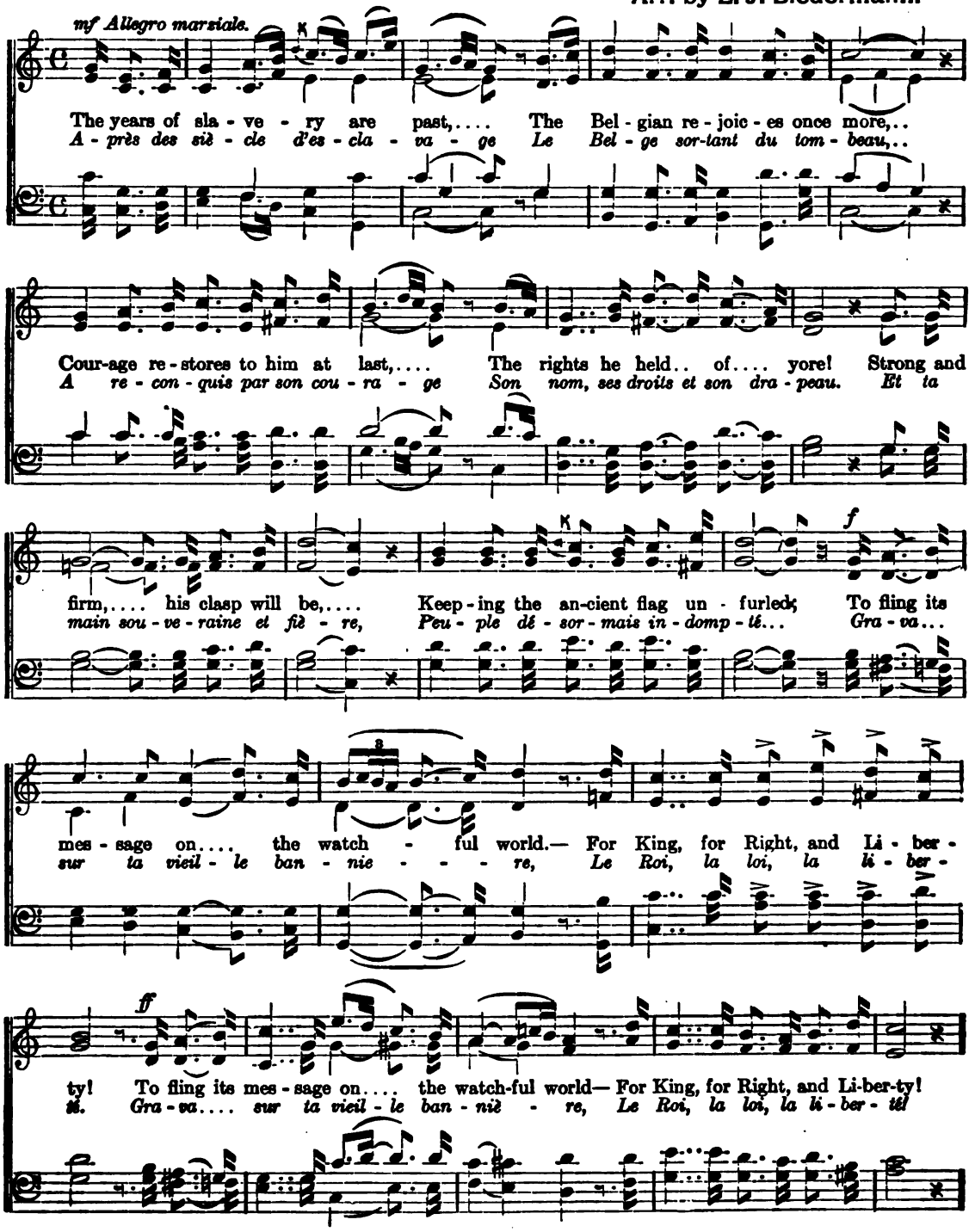
BRABANÇONNE.

BELGIUM.

Francois van Campenhout.
Arr. by E. J. Bledermann.

mf Allegro marziale.
The years of sla - ve - ry are past,.... The Bel - gian re - joic - es once more,..
A - près des siè - cle d'es - cla - va - ge Le Bel - ge sor-tant du tom - beau,..
Cour-age re - stores to him at last,.... The rights he held.. of.... yore! Strong and
A re - con - quis par son cou - ra - ge Son nom, ses droits et son dra - peau. Et ta
f
firm,.... his clasp will be,.... Keep - ing the an-cient flag un - furled; To fling its
main sou - ve - raine et fiè - re, Peu - ple dé - sor - mais in - domp - té... Gra - va...
mes - sage on.... the watch - ful world.— For King, for Right, and Li - ber -
sur ta vieil - le ban - nie - - - re, Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber -
ff
ty! To fling its mes - sage on.... the watch-ful world— For King, for Right, and Li-ber-ty!
té. Gra - va.... sur ta vieil - le ban - niè - re, Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té!

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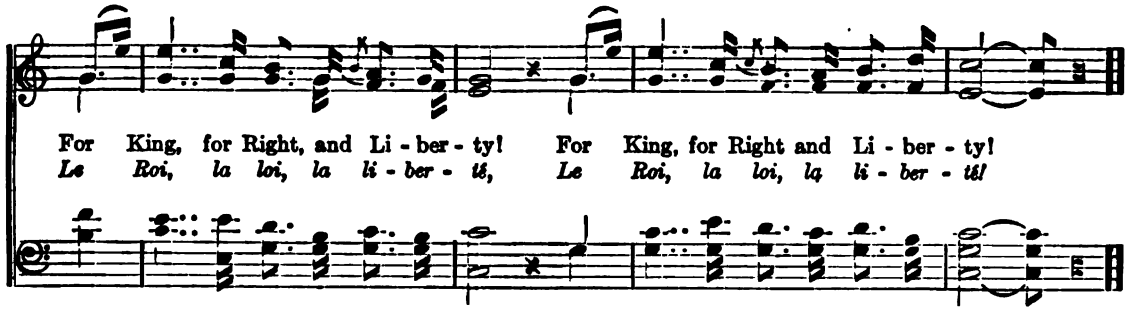
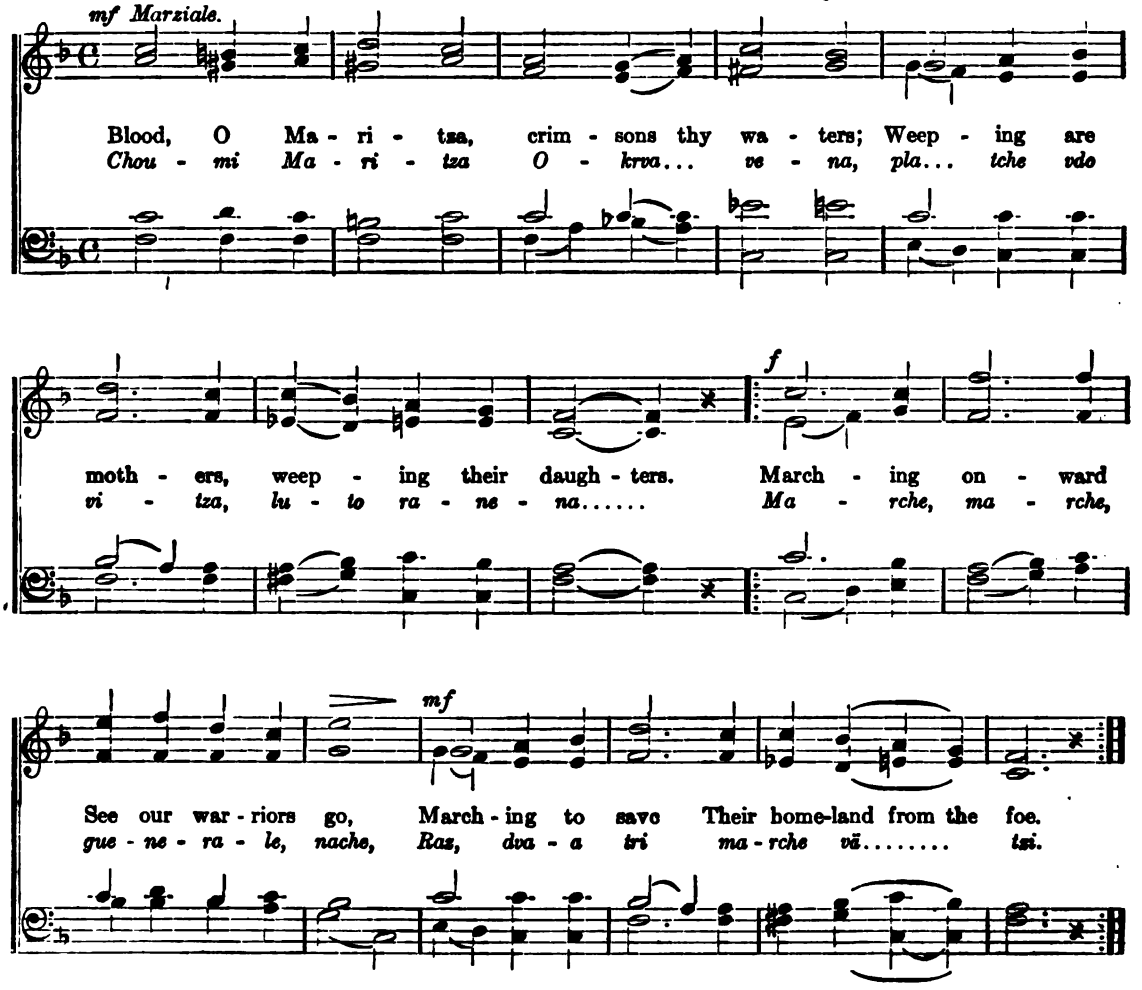
BRABANÇONNE.

BLOOD, O MARITZA.

BULGARIA.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

Old Air.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

mf Marziale.
Blood, O Ma - ri - tza, crim - sons thy wa - ters; Weep - ing are
Chou - mi Ma - ri - tza O - krva... ve - na, pla... tche vdo
f
moth - ers, weep - ing their daugh - ters. March - ing on - ward
vi - tza, lu - to ra - ne - na..... Ma - rche, ma - rche,
mf
See our war - riors go, March - ing to save Their home-land from the foe.
gue - ne - ra - le, nache, Raz, dva - a tri ma - rche vē..... tzi.

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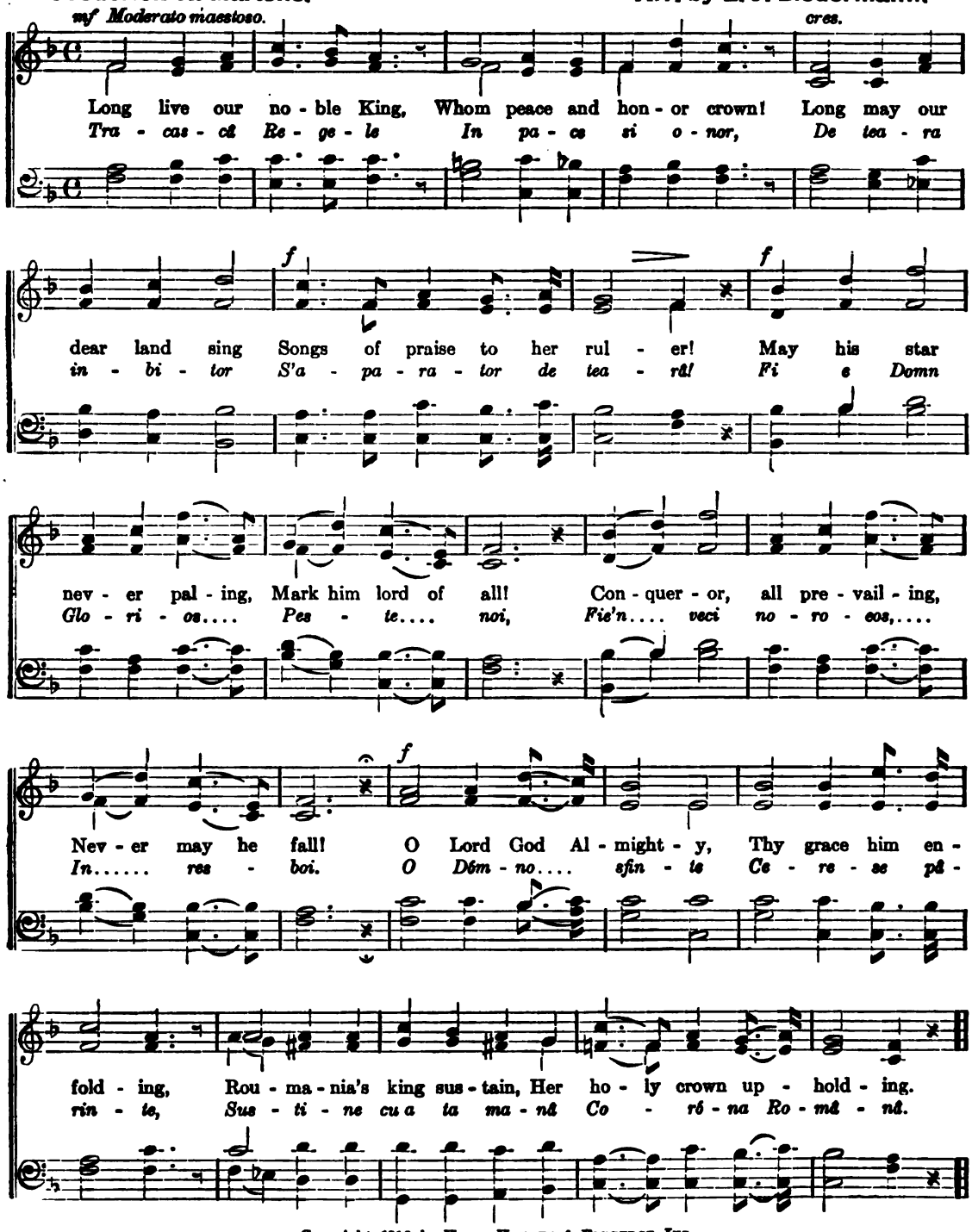
LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE KING.

ROUMANIA.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

A. Hübsch.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

mf Moderato maestoso.
cres.
Long live our no - ble King, Whom peace and hon - or crown! Long may our
Tra - cas - că Re - ge - le In pa - ce si o - nor, De tea - ra
f
f
dear land sing Songs of praise to her rul - er! May his star
in - bi - tor S'a - pa - ra - tor de tea - ră! Fi e Domn
nev - er pal - ing, Mark him lord of all! Con - quer - or, all pre - vail - ing,
Glo - ri - os.... Pes - te.... noi, Fie'n.... veci no - ro - eos,....
f
Nev - er may he fall! O Lord God Al - might - y, Thy grace him en -
In..... res - boi. O Dóm - no.... sfin - te Ce - re - se pă -
fold - ing, Rou - ma - nia's king sus - tain, Her ho - ly crown up - hold - ing.
rin - te, Sus - ti - ne cu a ta ma - nă Co - ró - na Ro - mâ - nă.

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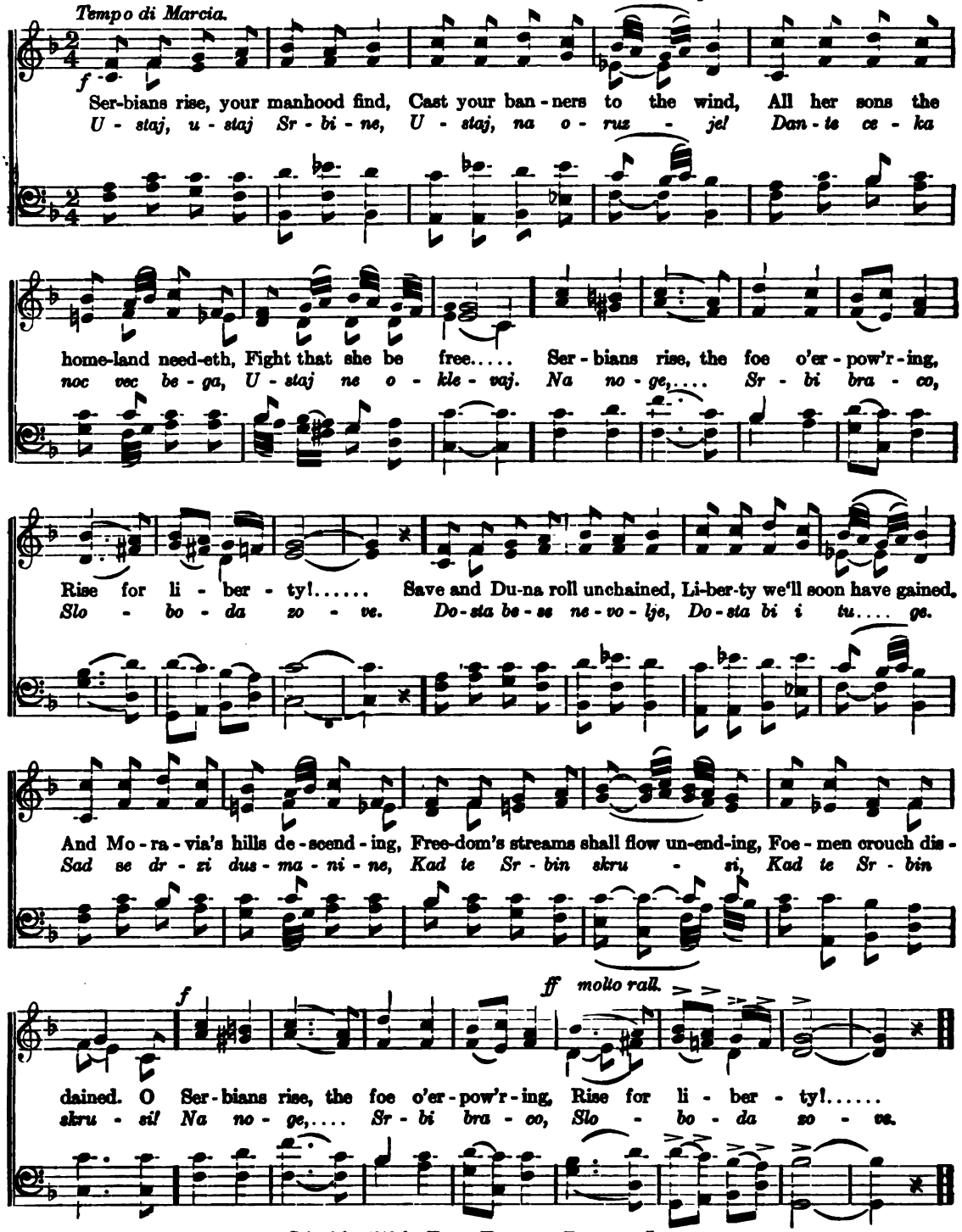
O SERBIANS RISE.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

SERBIA.

Old Melody.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Tempo di Marcia.

f
Ser-bians rise, your manhood find, Cast your ban-ners to the wind, All her sons the
U - staj, u - staj Sr - bi - ne, U - staj, na o - ruz - jel Dan - te ce - ka
home-land need-eth, Fight that she be free..... Ser - bians rise, the foe o'er - pow'r - ing,
noc vec be - ga, U - staj ne o - kle - vaj. Na no - ge,.... Sr - bi bra - co,
Rise for li - ber - ty!..... Save and Du-na roll unchained, Li-ber-ty we'll soon have gained.
Slo - bo - da zo - ve. Do - sta be - se ne - vo - lje, Do - sta bi i tu.... ge.
And Mo - ra - via's hills de - scend - ing, Free-dom's streams shall flow un-end-ing, Foe - men crouch dis -
Sad se dr - zi dus - ma - ni - ne, Kad te Sr - bin skru - si, Kad te Sr - bin
f
ff molto rall.
dained. O Ser - bians rise, the foe o'er - pow'r - ing, Rise for li - ber - ty!.....
skru - si! Na no - ge,.... Sr - bi bra - co, Slo - bo - da zo - ve.

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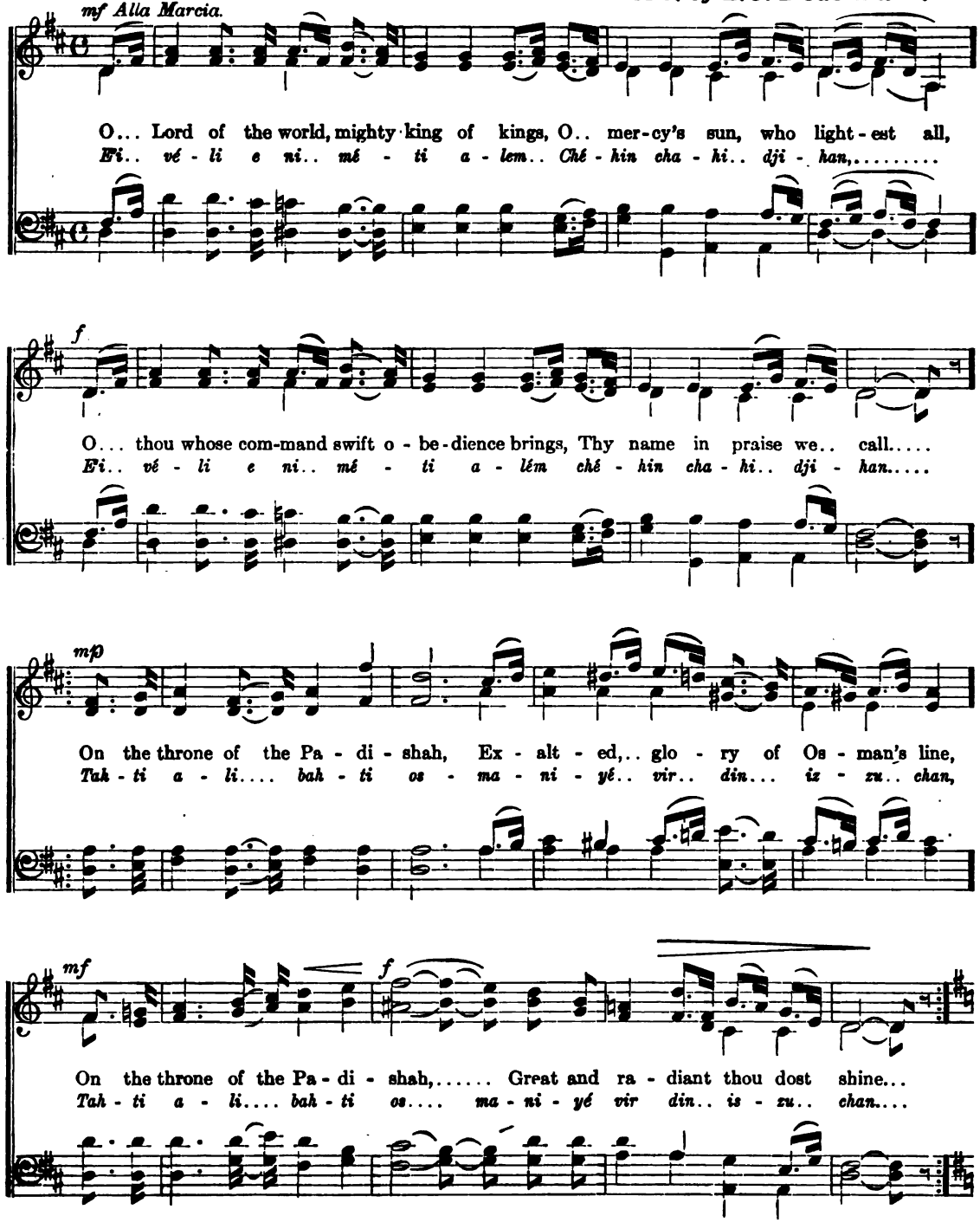
SONG OF THE SULTAN.

TURKEY.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

Ascribed to Nedjib Pasha.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

mf Alla Marcia.
O... Lord of the world, mighty king of kings, O.. mer-cy's sun, who light-est all,
Efi.. vé-li e ni.. mé-ti a-lem.. Ché-hin cha-hi.. dji-han,.....
f
O... thou whose com-mand swift o-be-dience brings, Thy name in praise we.. call.....
Efi.. vé-li e ni.. mé-ti a-lém ché-hin cha-hi.. dji-han.....
mf
On the throne of the Pa-di-shah, Ex-alt-ed,.. glo-ry of Os-man's line,
Tak-ti a-li.... bah-ti os-ma-ni-yé.. vir.. din... iz-zu.. chan,
mf
f
On the throne of the Pa-di-shah,..... Great and ra-diant thou dost shine...
Tah-ti a-li.... bah-ti os.... ma-ni-yé vir din.. is-zu.. chan....

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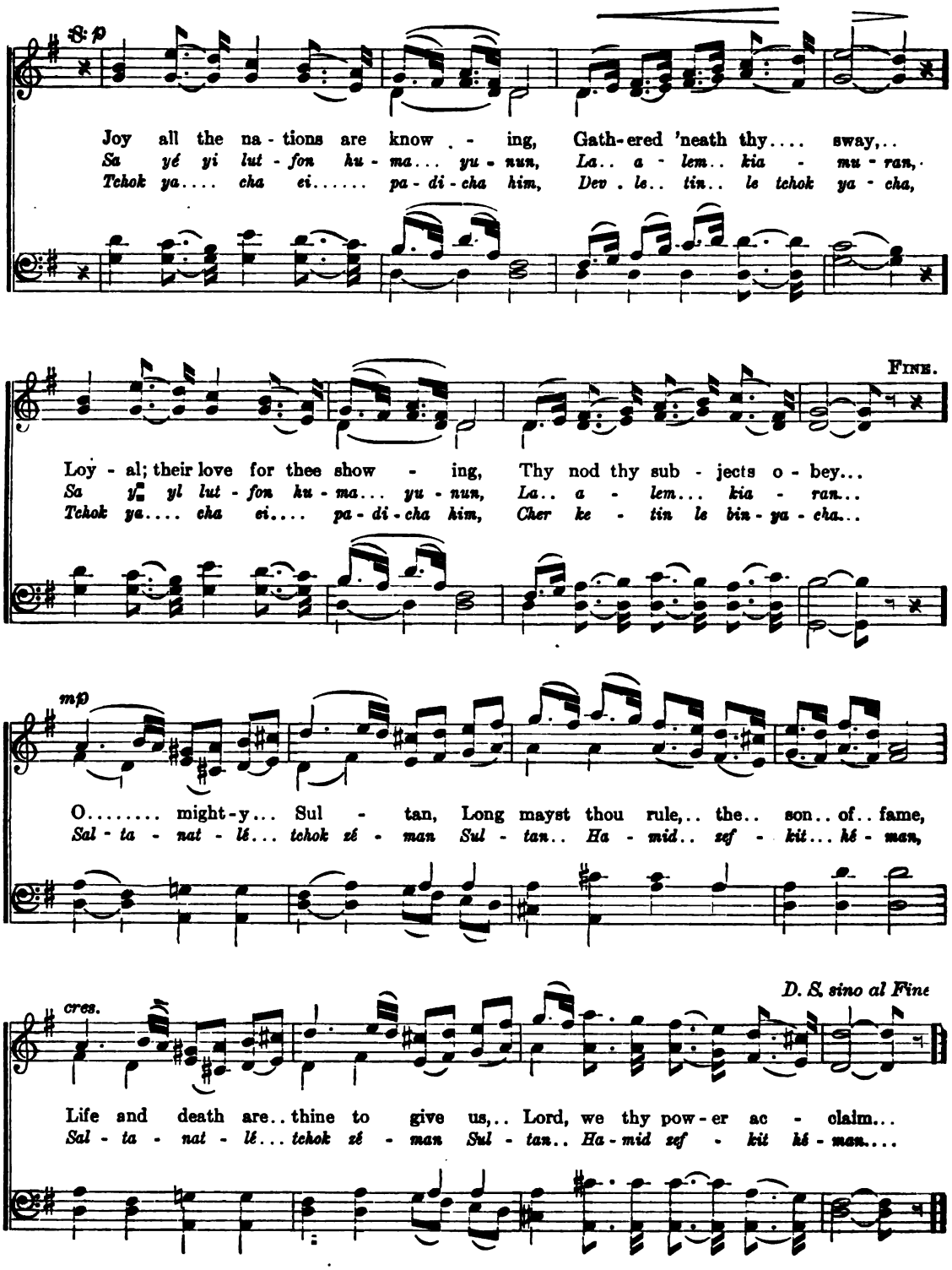
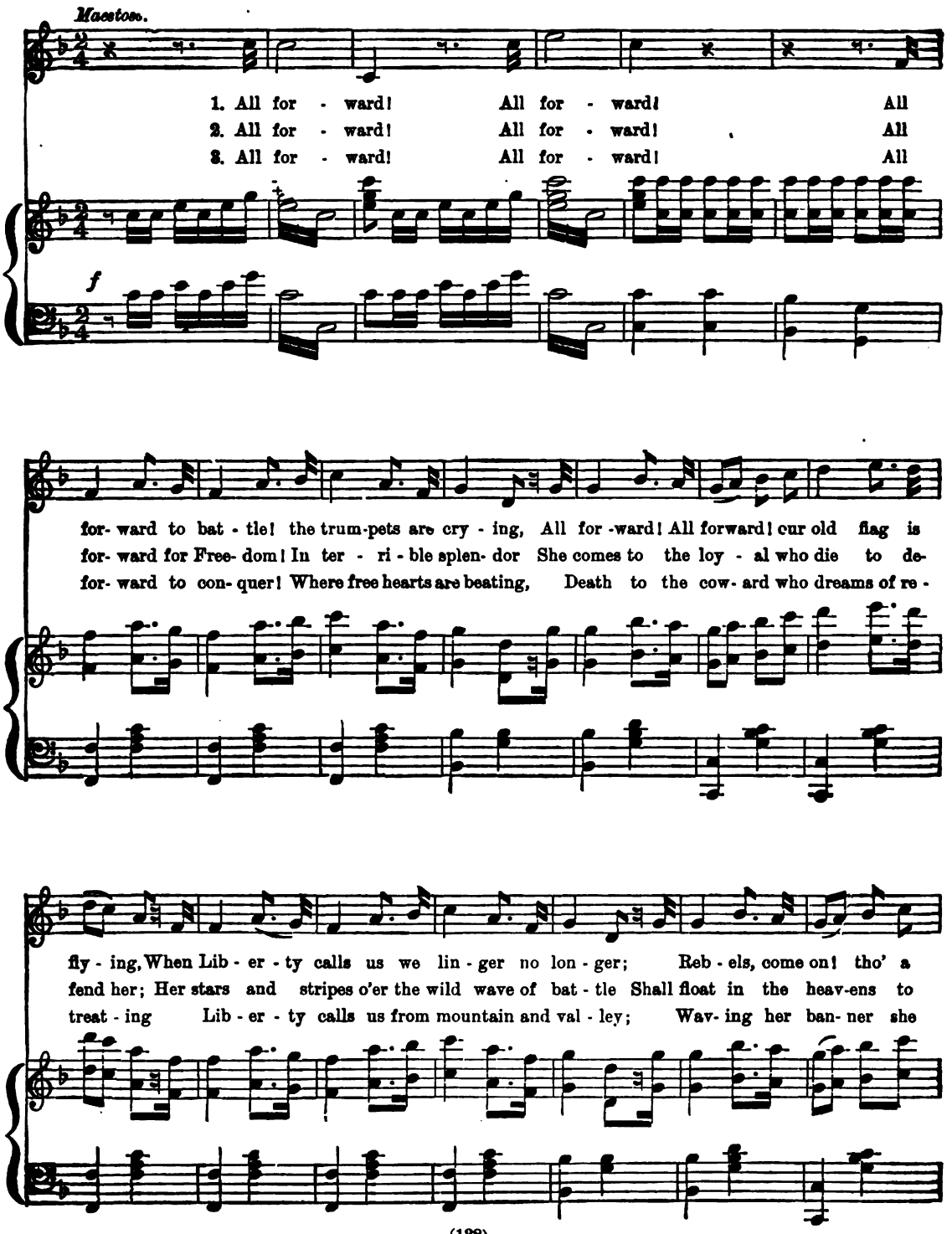
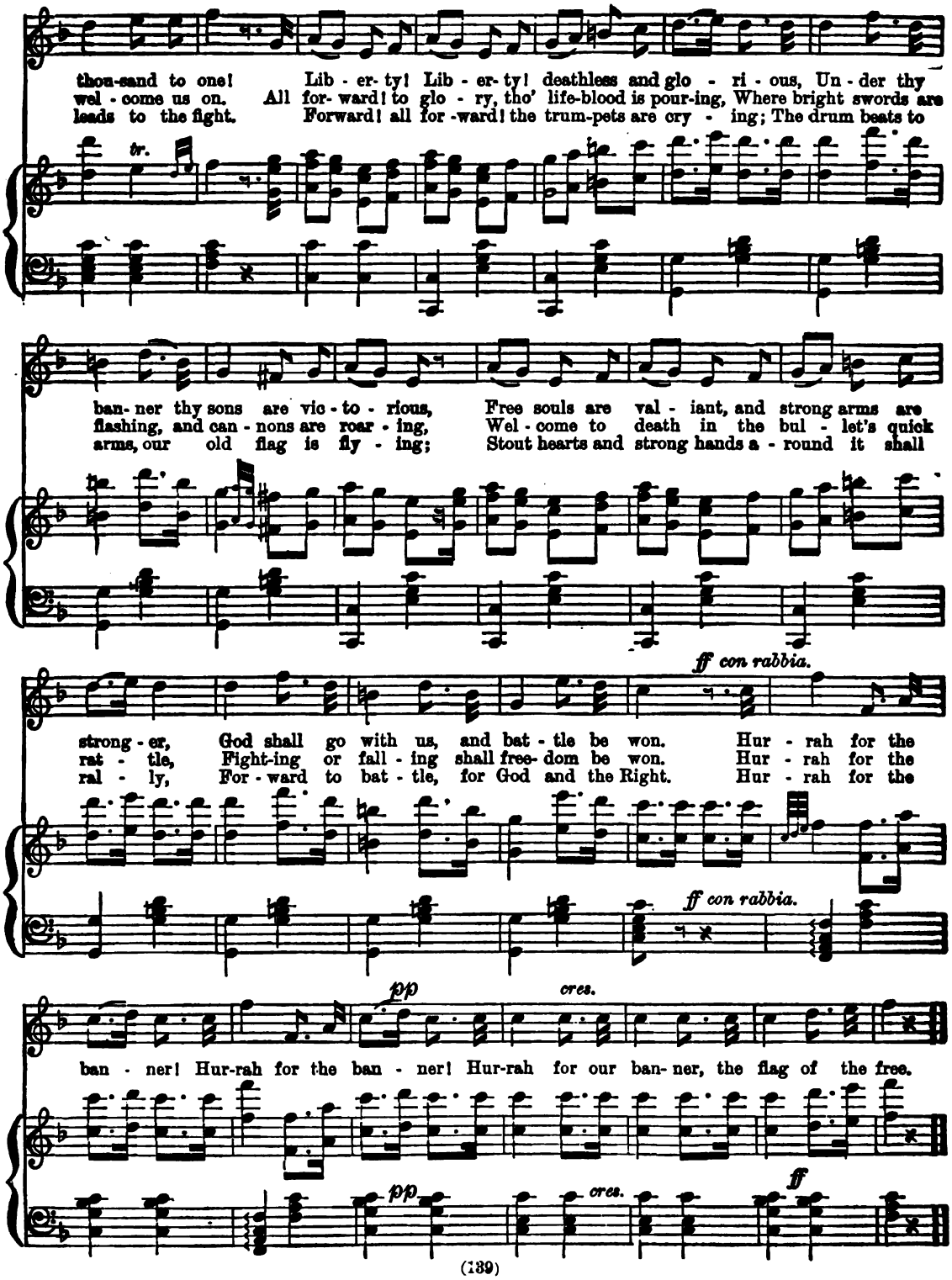
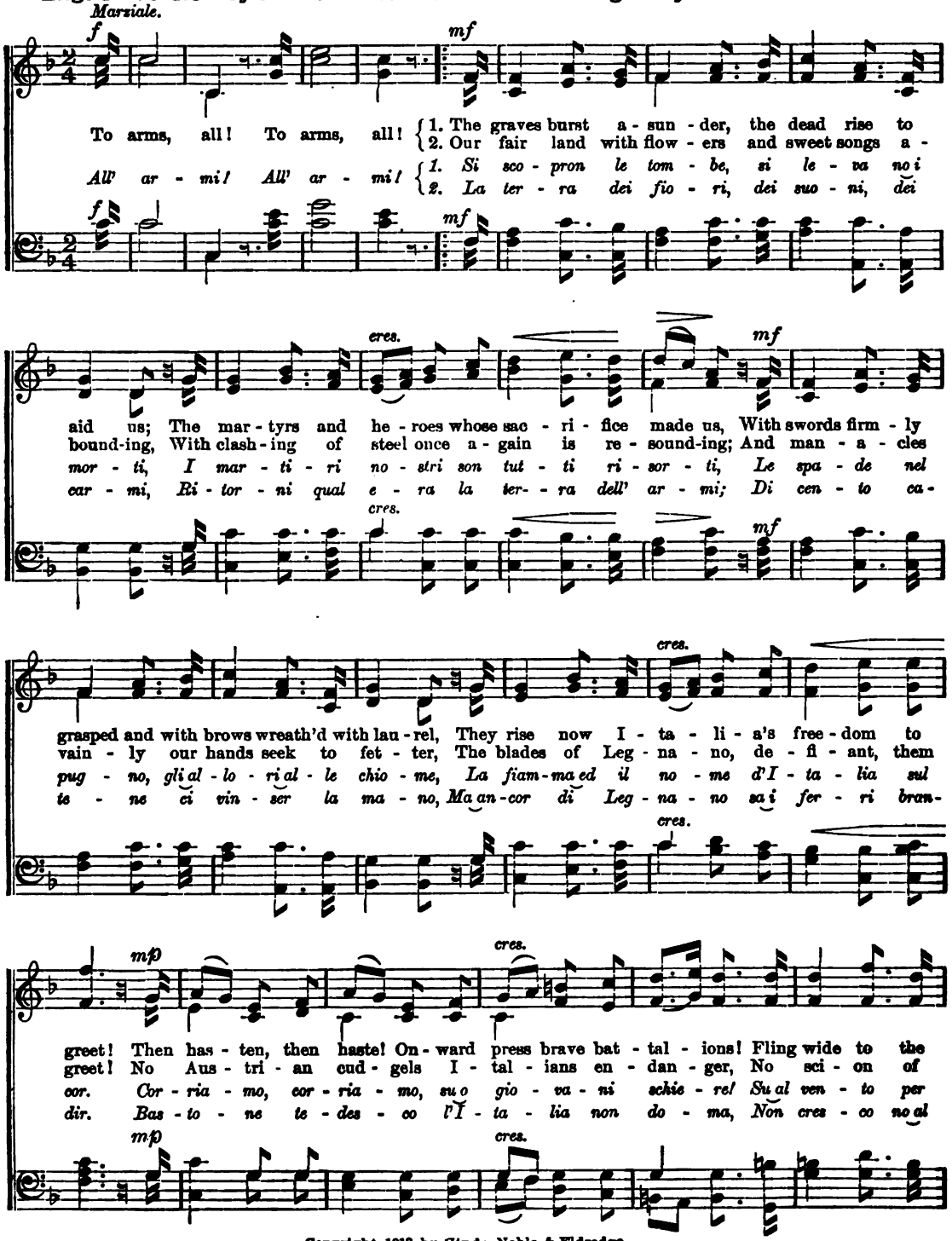
SONG OF THE SULTAN.

Joy all the na - tions are know . - ing, Gath-ered 'neath thy.... sway,..
Sa yé yi lut - fon ku - ma... yu - nun, La.. a - lem.. kia - mu - ran,
Tchok ya.... cha ei..... pa - di - cha him, Dev . le.. tin.. le tchok ya - cha,
Fine.
Loy - al; their love for thee show - ing, Thy nod thy sub - jects o - bey...
Sa yl yl lut - fon ku - ma... yu - nun, La.. a - lem... kia - ran...
Tchok ya.... cha ei.... pa - di - cha him, Cher ke - tin le bin - ya - cha...
mp
O..... might - y... Sul - tan, Long mayst thou rule,.. the.. son.. of.. fame,
Sal - ta - nat - lé... tchok zé - man Sul - tan.. Ha - mid.. zef - kit... hé - man,
D. S. sino al Fine
cres.
Life and death are.. thine to give us,.. Lord, we thy pow - er ac - claim...
Sal - ta - nat - lé... tchok zé - man Sul - tan.. Ha - mid zef - kit hé - man....

NATIONAL HYMN OF ITALY.

Maestoso.
1. All for - ward! All for - ward! All
2. All for - ward! All for - ward! All
3. All for - ward! All for - ward! All
f
for- ward to bat - tle! the trum-pets are cry - ing, All for -ward! All forward! our old flag is
for- ward for Free- dom! In ter - ri - ble splen- dor She comes to the loy - al who die to de-
for- ward to con- quer! Where free hearts are beating, Death to the cow- ard who dreams of re -
fly - ing, When Lib - er - ty calls us we lin - ger no lon - ger; Reb - els, come on! tho' a
fend her; Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of bat - tle Shall float in the heav-ens to
treat - ing Lib - er - ty calls us from mountain and val - ley; Wav- ing her ban- ner she

NATIONAL HYMN OF ITALY

thou-sand to one!
wel - come us on.
leads to the fight.
Lib - er- ty! Lib - er- ty! deathless and glo - ri - ous, Un - der thy
All for- ward! to glo - ry, tho' life-blood is pour-ing, Where bright swords are
Forward! all for -ward! the trum-pets are cry - ing; The drum beats to
tr.
ban- ner thy sons are vic - to - rious,
flashing, and can - nons are roar - ing,
arms, our old flag is fly - ing;
Free souls are val - iant, and strong arms are
Wel - come to death in the bul - let's quick
Stout hearts and strong hands a - round it shall
ff con rabbia.
strong - er,
rat - tle,
ral - ly,
God shall go with us, and bat - tle be won.
Fight-ing or fall - ing shall free- dom be won.
For - ward to bat - tle, for God and the Right.
Hur - rah for the
Hur - rah for the
Hur - rah for the
ff con rabbia.
pp
cres.
ban - ner! Hur-rah for the ban - ner! Hur-rah for our ban- ner, the flag of the free.
pp
cres.
ff

GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN.

Prof. Mercantini, (1859.)
English version by Frederick H. Martens.

Melody attributed to Olivieri.
Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

Marziale.
f
mf
To arms, all! To arms, all!
1. The graves burst a - sun - der, the dead rise to
2. Our fair land with flow - ers and sweet songs a -
All' ar - mi! All' ar - mi!
1. Si sco - pron le tom - be, si le - va noi
2. La ter - ra dei fio - ri, dei suo - ni, dei
cres.
aid us; The mar - tyrs and he - roes whose sac - ri - fice made us, With swords firm - ly
bound-ing, With clash - ing of steel once a - gain is re - sound-ing; And man - a - cles
mor - ti, I mar - ti - ri no - stri son tut - ti ri - sor - ti, Le spa - de nel
car - mi, Ri - tor - ni qual e - ra la ter - ra dell' ar - mi; Di cen - to ca -
grasped and with brows wreath'd with lau - rel, They rise now I - ta - li - a's free - dom to
vain - ly our hands seek to fet - ter, The blades of Leg - na - no, de - fi - ant, them
pug - no, gli al - lo - ri al - le chio - me, La fiam - ma ed il no - me d'I - ta - lia sul
te - ne ci vin - ser la ma - no, Ma an - cor di Leg - na - no sai fer - ri bran -
mp
greet! Then has - ten, then haste! On - ward press brave bat - tal - ions! Fling wide to the
greet! No Aus - tri - an cud - gels I - tal - ians en - dan - ger, No sci - on of
cor. Cor - ria - mo, cor - ria - mo, suo gio - va - ni schie - rel Su al ven - to per
dir. Bas - to - ne te - des - co l'I - ta - lia non do - ma, Non cres - co no al

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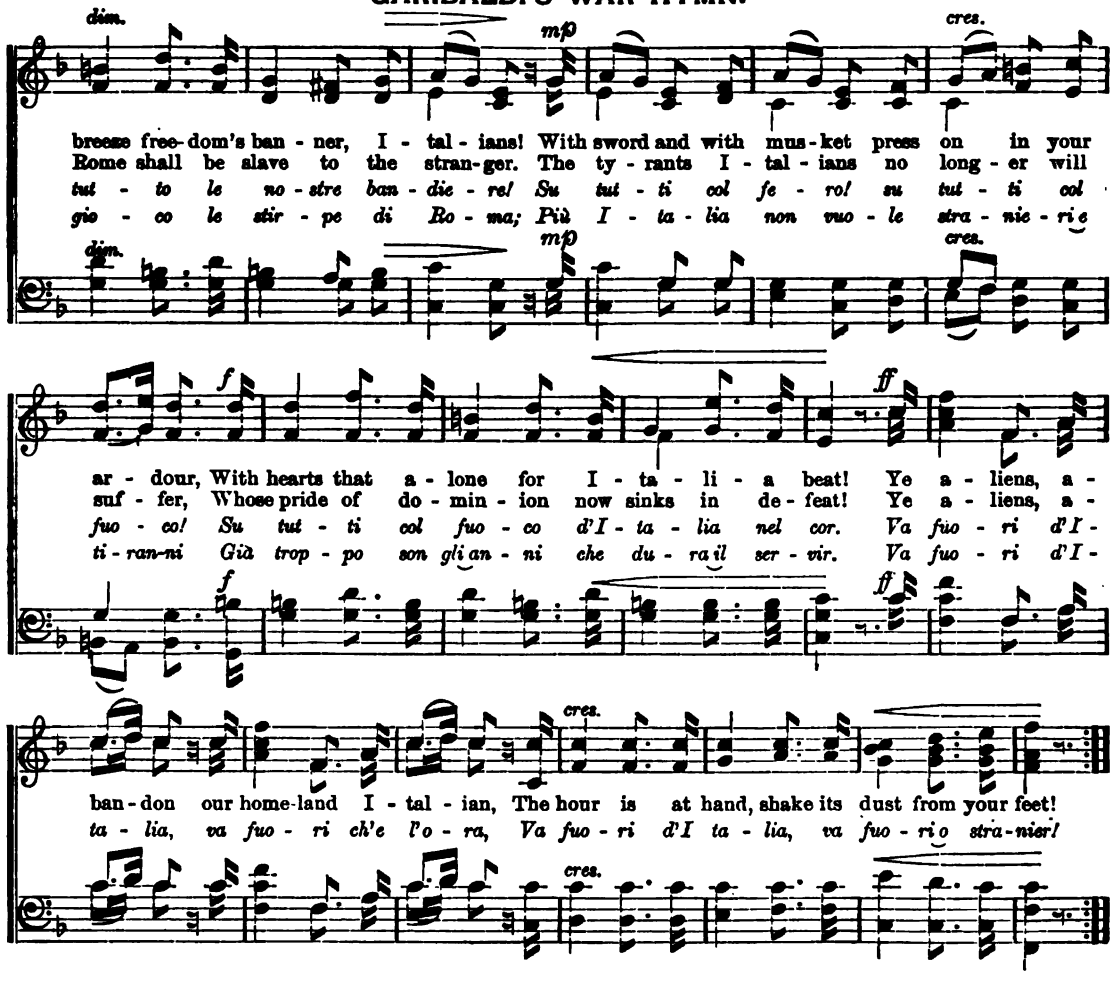
GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN.

dim.
mp
cres.
breeze free-dom's ban - ner, I - tal - ians! With sword and with mus-ket press on in your
Rome shall be slave to the stran-ger. The ty - rants I - tal - ians no long - er will
tut - to le no - stre ban - die - re! Su tut - ti col fe - ro! su tut - ti col
gio - co le stir - pe di Ro - ma; Più I - ta - lia non vuo - le stra - nie - ri e
dim.
mp
cres.
f
ff
ar - dour, With hearts that a - lone for I - ta - li - a beat! Ye a - liens, a -
suf - fer, Whose pride of do - min - ion now sinks in de - feat! Ye a - liens, a -
fuo - co! Su tut - ti col fuo - co d'I - ta - lia nel cor. Va fuo - ri d'I -
ti - ran-ni Già trop - po son gli an - ni che du - ra il ser - vir. Va fuo - ri d'I -
f
ff
cres.
ban - don our home-land I - tal - ian, The hour is at hand, shake its dust from your feet!
ta - lia, va fuo - ri ch'e l'o - ra, Va fuo - ri d'I ta - lia, va fuo - ri o stra-nier!
cres.

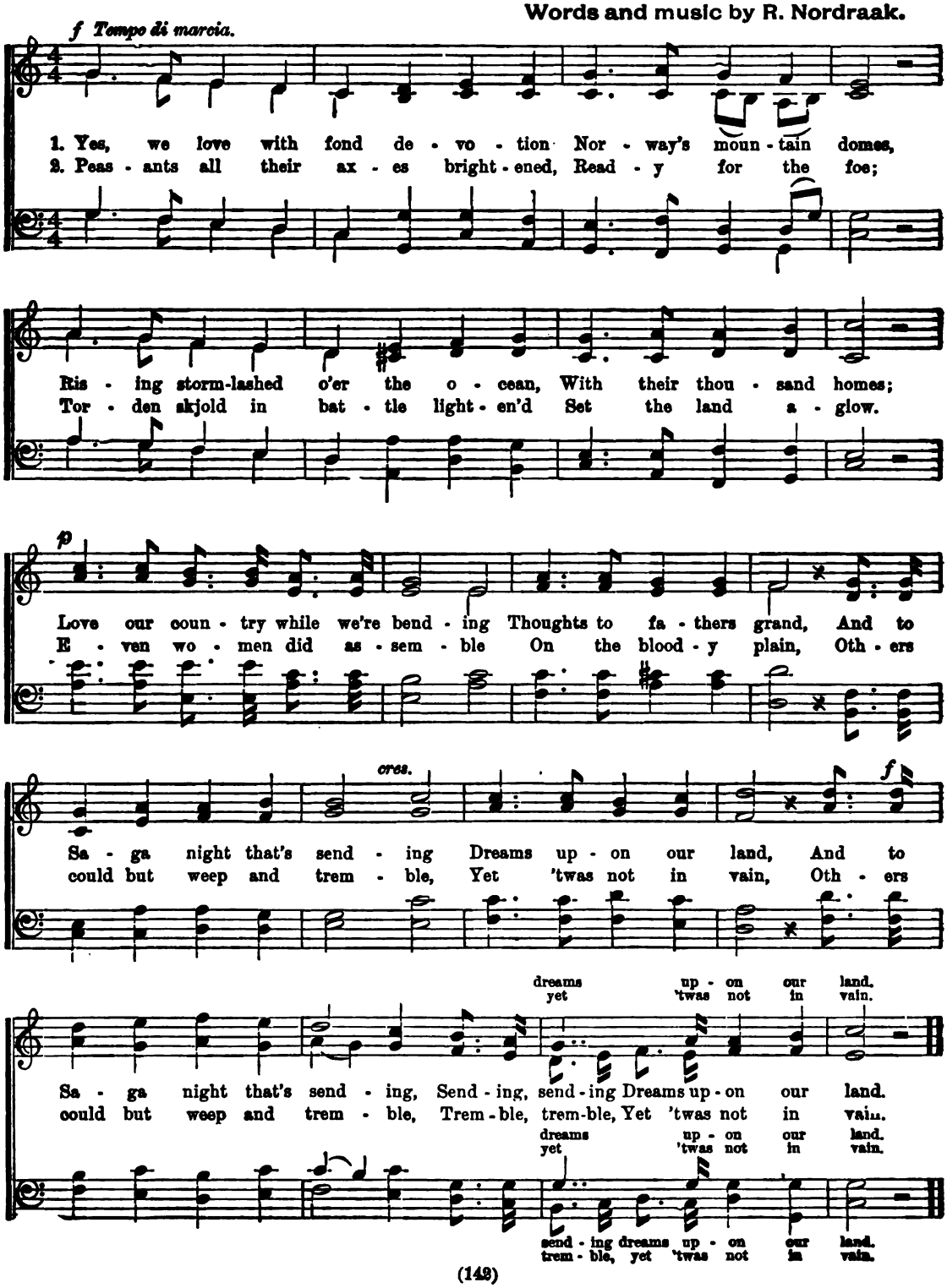
3. For us were our dwellings Italian erected!
Return to your own by the Danube protected!
You've stolen our bread, our fields you have ravag'd,
Our sons now shall fight 'neath their own country's flag!
Our border the Alps and the two seas, regaining,
With fire and with sword them we'll e'er be maintaining,
The olden frontiers shall be swept from remembrance!
And one flag our country united shall greet!
Ye aliens, abandon our home-land Italian!
The hour is at hand, shake its dust from your feet.

4. A truce then to speeches, let arms speak the louder.
And face to the foe, let us argue with powder!
The Austrian will flinch, he will turn from us fleeing,
The thought of our country aglow in our hearts!
We dream not of spoils nor of barbarous plunder;
Dissention and jealousy ne'er shall us sunder,
Italians shall all form one nation together,
Her towns fam'd and many, in union shall meet!
Ye aliens, abandon our home-land Italian!
The hour is at hand, shake its dust from your feet!

3. *Le case d'Italia son fatte per noi,*
E la sul Danubio la casa de tuoi,
Tu i campi ci guasti, tu il pane e' involi
I nostri figliuoli per noi li vogliam.
Son l'Alpi e i due mari d'Italia i confini,
Col carro di fuoco rompiam gli Appennini
Distrutto ogni sogno di vecchia frontiera,
La nostra bandiera per tutto innalziam.
Va fuori d'Italia, va fuorich'e l'ora,
Va fuori d'Italia, va fuori o stranier.

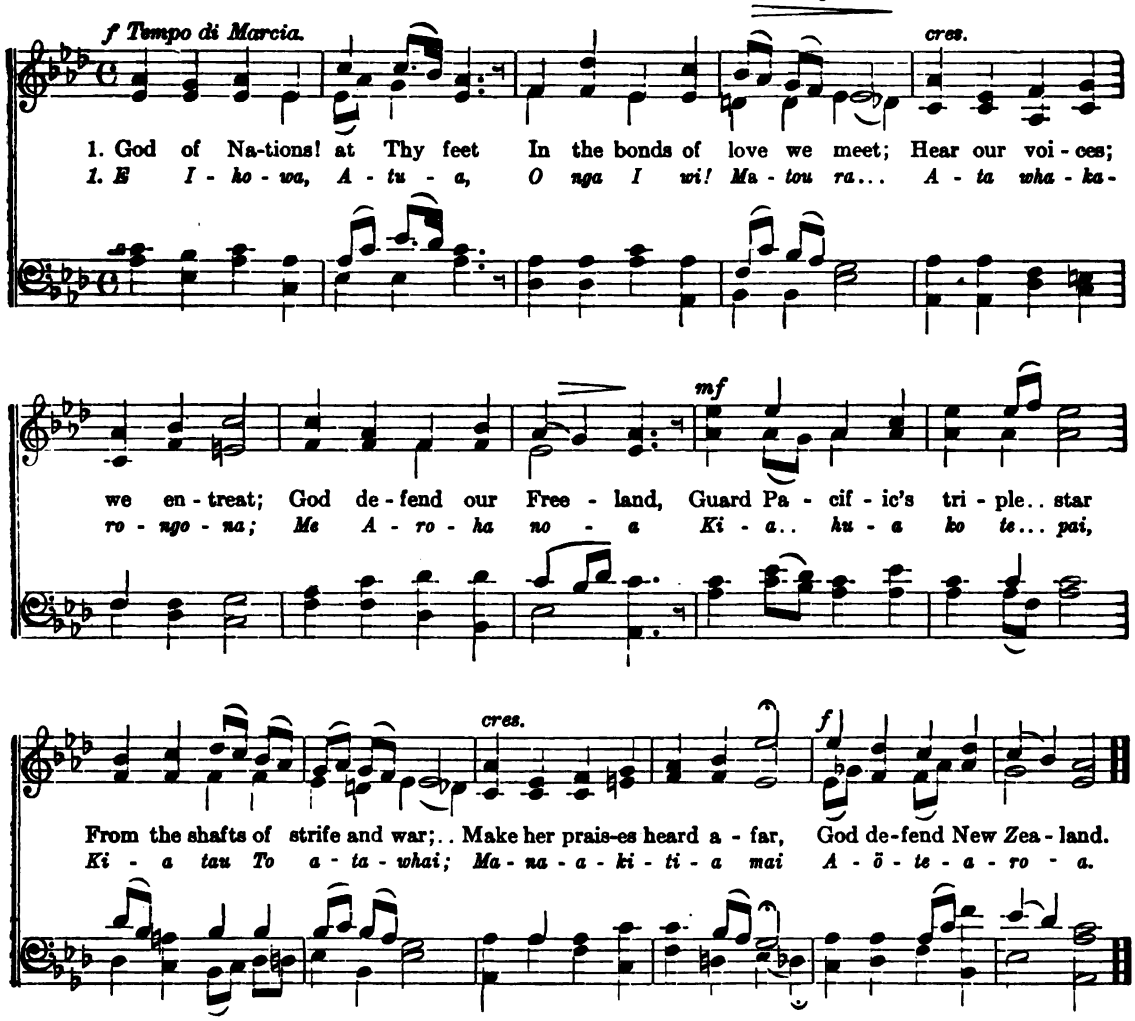
4. *Sien mute le lingue, sien pronte le bracia;*
Soltanto al nemico vogliamo la faccia,
E tosto oltre i momenti, n'andrà lo straniero
Se tutto un pensiero l'Italia sarà.
Non basta il trionfo di barbare spoglie,
Si chiudan ai ladri d'Italia le soglie
Le genti d'Italia son tutte una sola,
Son tutte una sola le cento città.
Va fuori d'Italia, va fuori ch'e l'ora.
Va fuori d'Italia, va fuori o stranier

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Words and music by R. Nordraak.

f Tempo di marcia.
1. Yes, we love with fond de - vo - tion Nor - way's moun - tain domes,
2. Peas - ants all their ax - es bright - ened, Read - y for the foe;
Ris - ing storm-lashed o'er the o - cean, With their thou - sand homes;
Tor - den skjold in bat - tle light - en'd Set the land a - glow.
p
Love our coun - try while we're bend - ing Thoughts to fa - thers grand, And to
E - ven wo - men did as - sem - ble On the blood - y plain, Oth - ers
cres.
Sa - ga night that's send - ing Dreams up - on our land, And to
could but weep and trem - ble, Yet 'twas not in vain, Oth - ers
f
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.
Sa - ga night that's send - ing, Send - ing, send - ing Dreams up - on our land.
could but weep and trem - ble, Trem - ble, trem-ble, Yet 'twas not in vain.
dreams up - on our land.
yet 'twas not in vain.
send - ing dreams up - on our land.
trem - ble, yet 'twas not in vain.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND.

John J. Woods.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

f Tempo di Marcia.
cres.
1. God of Na-tions! at Thy feet In the bonds of love we meet; Hear our voi-ces;
1. E I-ko-wa, A-tu-a, O nga I wi! Ma-tou ra... A-ta wha-ka-
mf
we en-treat; God de-fend our Free-land, Guard Pa-cif-ic's tri-ple.. star
ro-ngo-na; Me A-ro-ha no-a Ki-a.. hu-a ko te... pai,
cres.
f
From the shafts of strife and war;.. Make her prais-es heard a-far, God de-fend New Zea-land.
Ki-a tau To a-ta-whai; Ma-na-a-ki-ti-a mai A-ō-te-a-ro-a.

2. Men of ev'ry creed and race,
Gather here before Thy face,
Asking Thee to bless this place,
God defend our Freeland.
From dissension, envy, hate,
And corruption guard our state,
Make our country good and great,
God defend New Zealand.

3. Peace, not war, shall be our boast,
But should foes assail our coast,
Make us then a mighty host,
God defend our Freeland.
Lord of battles in Thy might,
Put our enimies to flight,
Let our cause be just and right,
God defend New Zealand.

2. *Ona mano tungata*
Kiri whoro, kiri ma,
Iwi Maori Pakeha.
Rupeke katoa
Nei ka tono—ko nga he
Mau e whakaahu ke,
Kia ora marire
Aōtearoa.

3. *Tona mana kia tu;*
Tona kaha kiau:
Tona rongo hei paku
Ki te ao katoa
Aua rawa nga whawhai,
Nga tutu e tata mai;
Kia tupu nui ai
Aōtearoa.

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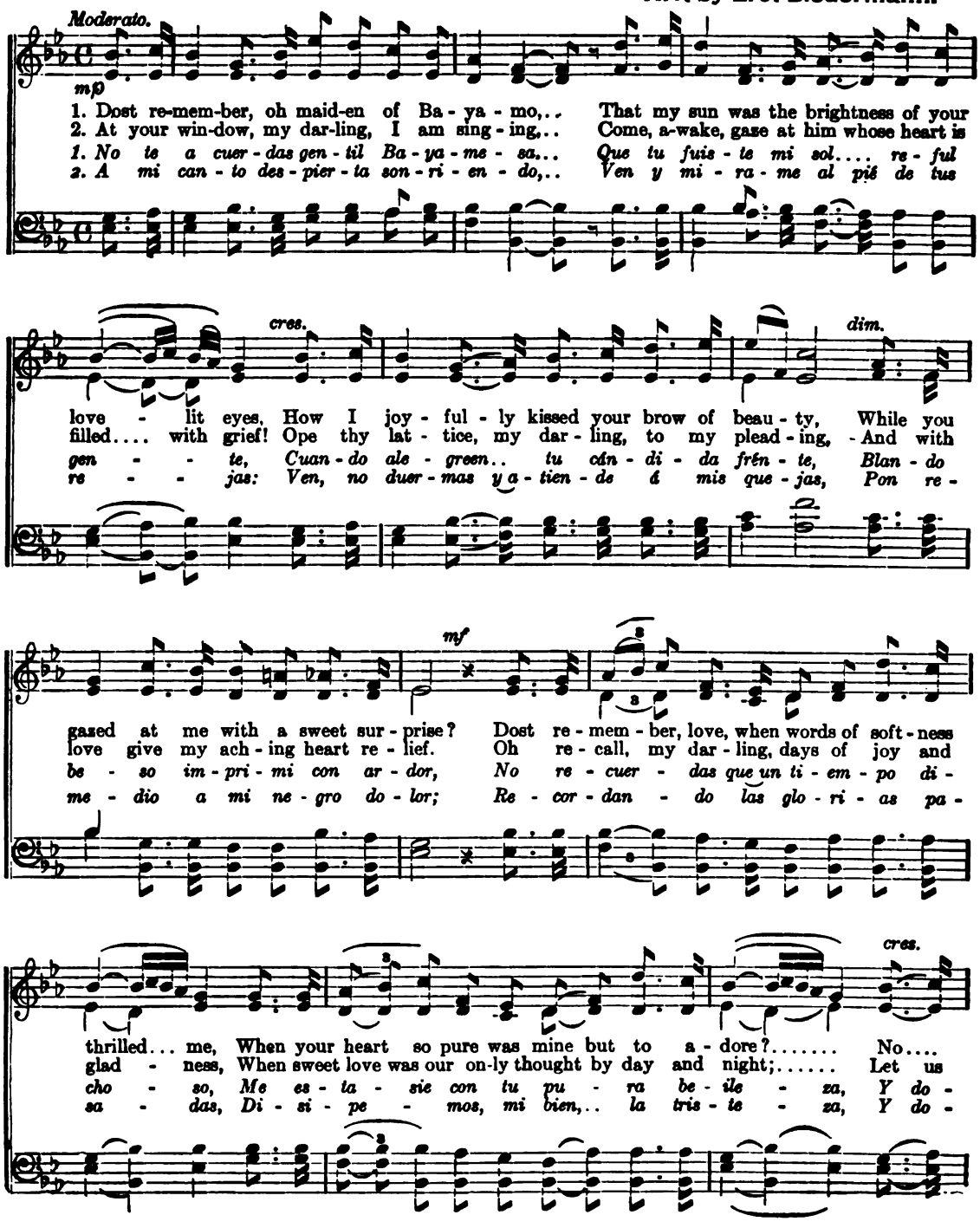
LA BAYAMESA.

CUBA.

Arr. by E. J. Bledermann.

Moderato.
mp
1. Dost re-mem-ber, oh maid-en of Ba - ya - mo,.. That my sun was the brightness of your
2. At your win-dow, my dar-ling, I am sing - ing,.. Come, a-wake, gaze at him whose heart is
1. No te a cuer - das gen - til Ba - ya - me - sa... Que tu fuis - te mi sol.... re - ful
2. A mi can - to des - pier - ta son - ri - en - do,.. Ven y mi - ra - me al pié de tus
cres.
dim.
love - lit eyes, How I joy - ful - ly kissed your brow of beau - ty, While you
filled.... with grief! Ope thy lat - tice, my dar - ling, to my plead - ing, - And with
gen - - te, Cuan - do ale - green.. tu cán - di - da frén - te, Blan - do
re - - jas: Ven, no duer - mas y a - tien - de á mis que - jas, Pon re -
mf
gazed at me with a sweet sur - prise? Dost re - mem - ber, love, when words of soft - ness
love give my ach - ing heart re - lief. Oh re - call, my dar - ling, days of joy and
be - so im - pri - mi con ar - dor, No re - cuer - das que un ti - em - po di -
me - dio a mi ne - gro do - lor; Re - cor - dan - do las glo - ri - as pa -
cres.
thrilled... me, When your heart so pure was mine but to a - dore?..... No....
glad - ness, When sweet love was our on-ly thought by day and night;..... Let us
cho - so, Me es - ta - sie con tu pu - ra be - ile - za, Y do -
sa - das, Di - si - pe - mos, mi bien,.. la tris - te - za, Y do -

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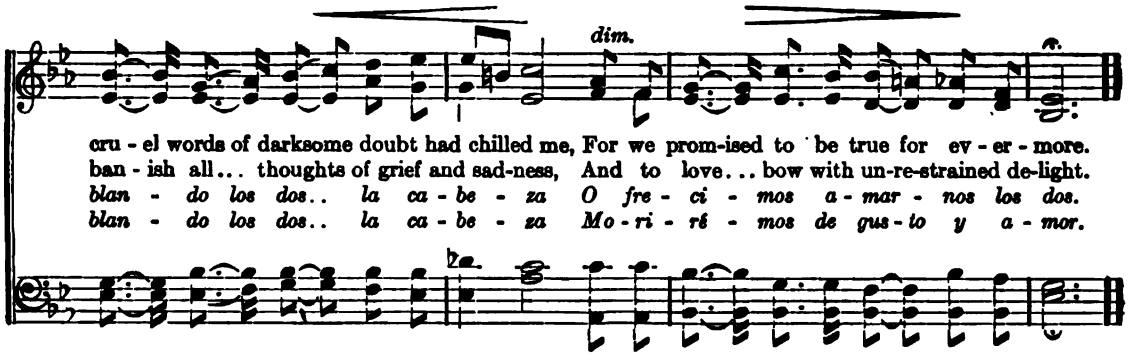
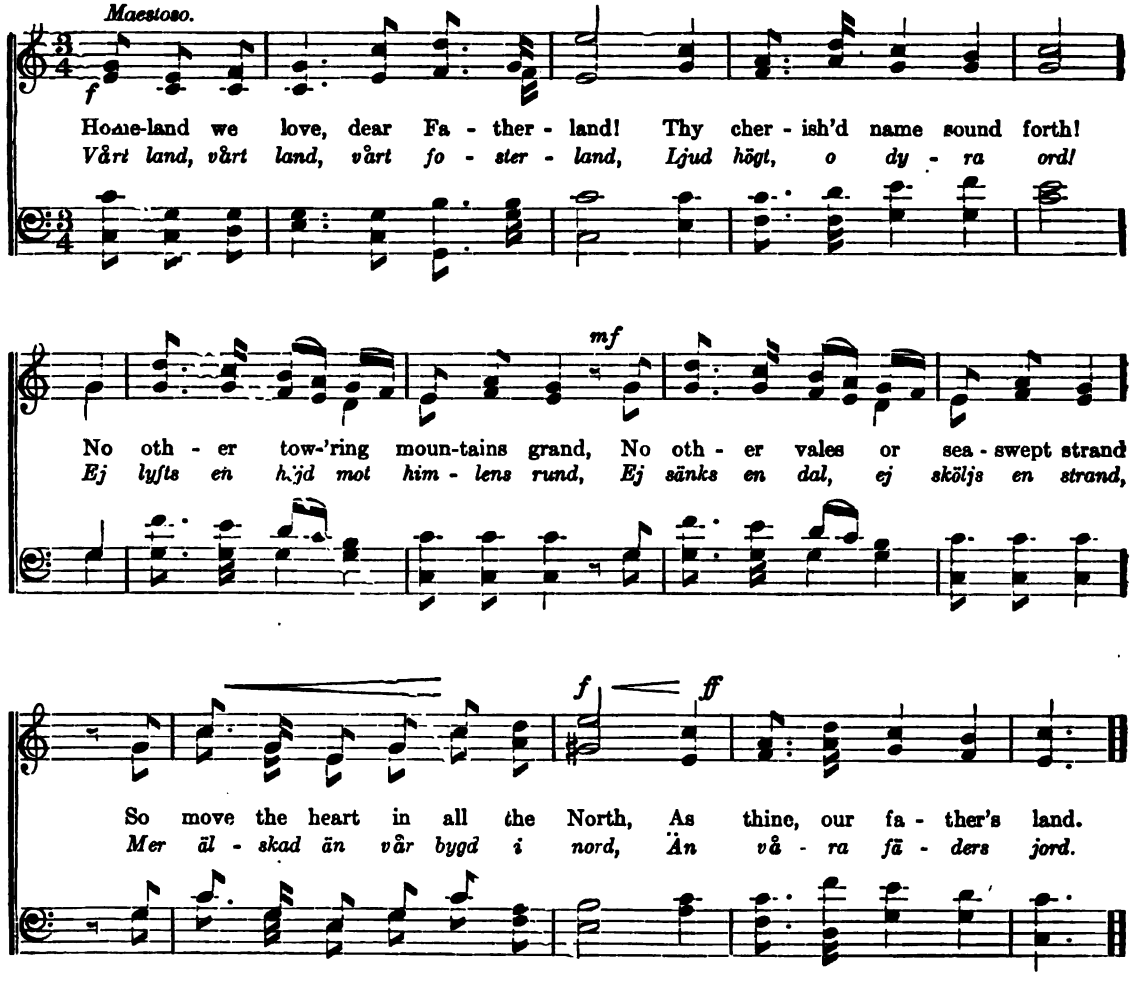
LA BAYAMESA.

dim.
cru - el words of darksome doubt had chilled me, For we prom-ised to be true for ev - er - more.
ban - ish all... thoughts of grief and sad-ness, And to love... bow with un-re-strained de-light.
blan - do los dos.. la ca - be - za O fre - ci - mos a - mar - nos los dos.
blan - do los dos.. la ca - be - za Mo - ri - ré - mos de gus - to y a - mor.

OUR LAND, OUR FATHERLAND.

English Version by Frederick H. Martens.

FINLAND.

F. Pacius. Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Maestoso.
f
Home-land we love, dear Fa - ther - land! Thy cher - ish'd name sound forth!
Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fo - ster - land, Ljud högt, o dy - ra ord!
mf
No oth - er tow-'ring moun-tains grand, No oth - er vales or sea - swept strand
Ej lyfts en höjd mot him - lens rund, Ej sänks en dal, ej sköljs en strand,
f
ff
So move the heart in all the North, As thine, our fa - ther's land.
Mer äl - skad än vår bygd i nord, Än vå - ra fä - ders jord.

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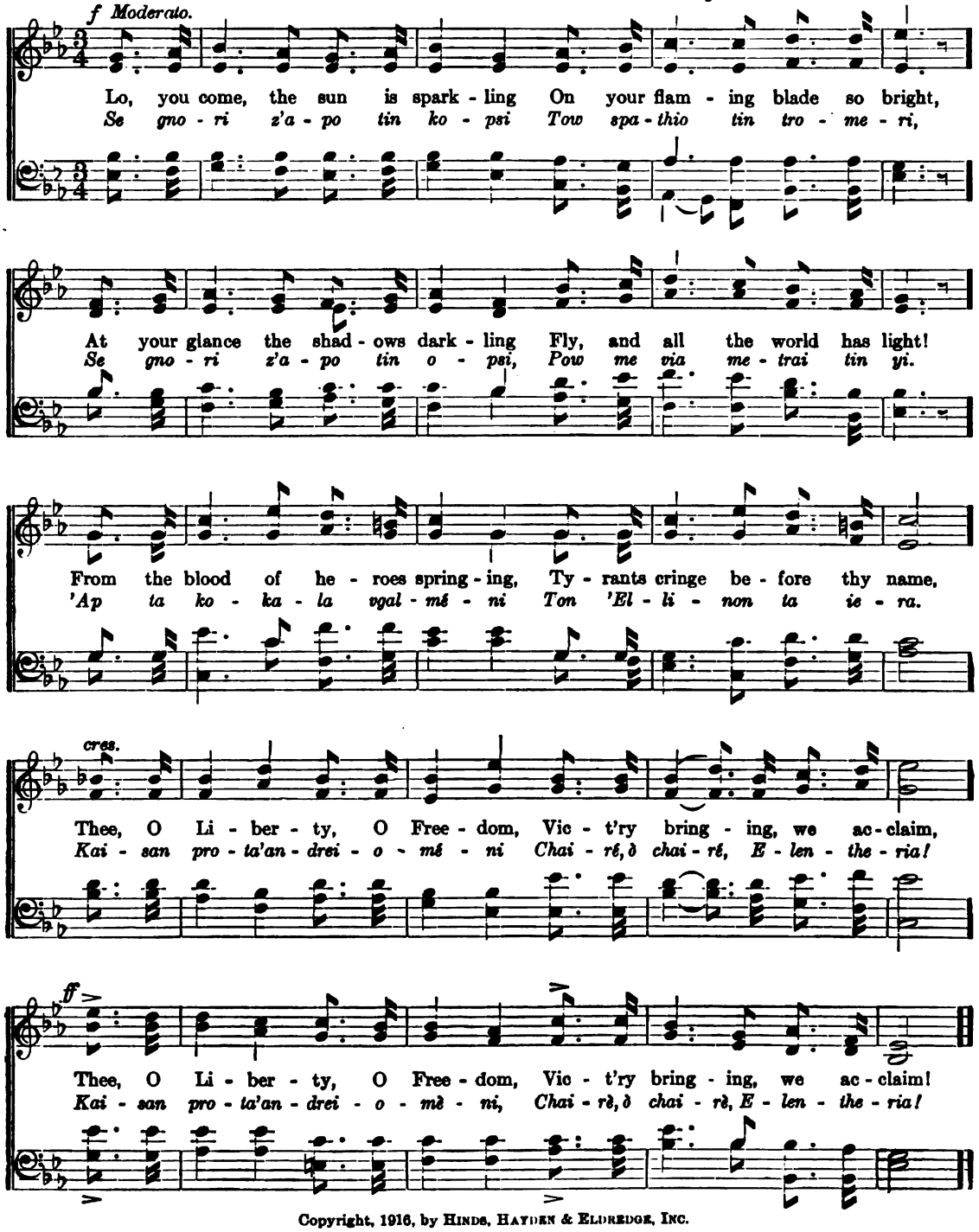
HYMN TO FREEDOM.

Salomos (1823)
English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

GREECE.

N. Manzaros.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.


f Moderato.
Lo, you come, the sun is spark - ling On your flam - ing blade so bright,
Se gno - ri z'a - po tin ko - psi Tow spa - thio tin tro - me - ri,
At your glance the shad - ows dark - ling Fly, and all the world has light!
Se gno - ri z'a - po tin o - psi, Pow me via me - trai tin yi.
From the blood of he - roes spring - ing, Ty - rants cringe be - fore thy name,
'Ap ta ko - ka - la vgal - mé - ni Ton 'El - li - non ta ie - ra.
cres.
Thee, O Li - ber - ty, O Free - dom, Vic - t'ry bring - ing, we ac - claim,
Kai - san pro - ta'an - drei - o - mé - ni Chai - ré, ð chai - ré, E - len - the - ria!
ff
Thee, O Li - ber - ty, O Free - dom, Vic - t'ry bring - ing, we ac - claim!
Kai - san pro - ta'an - drei - o - mé - ni, Chai - ré, ð chai - ré, E - len - the - ria!

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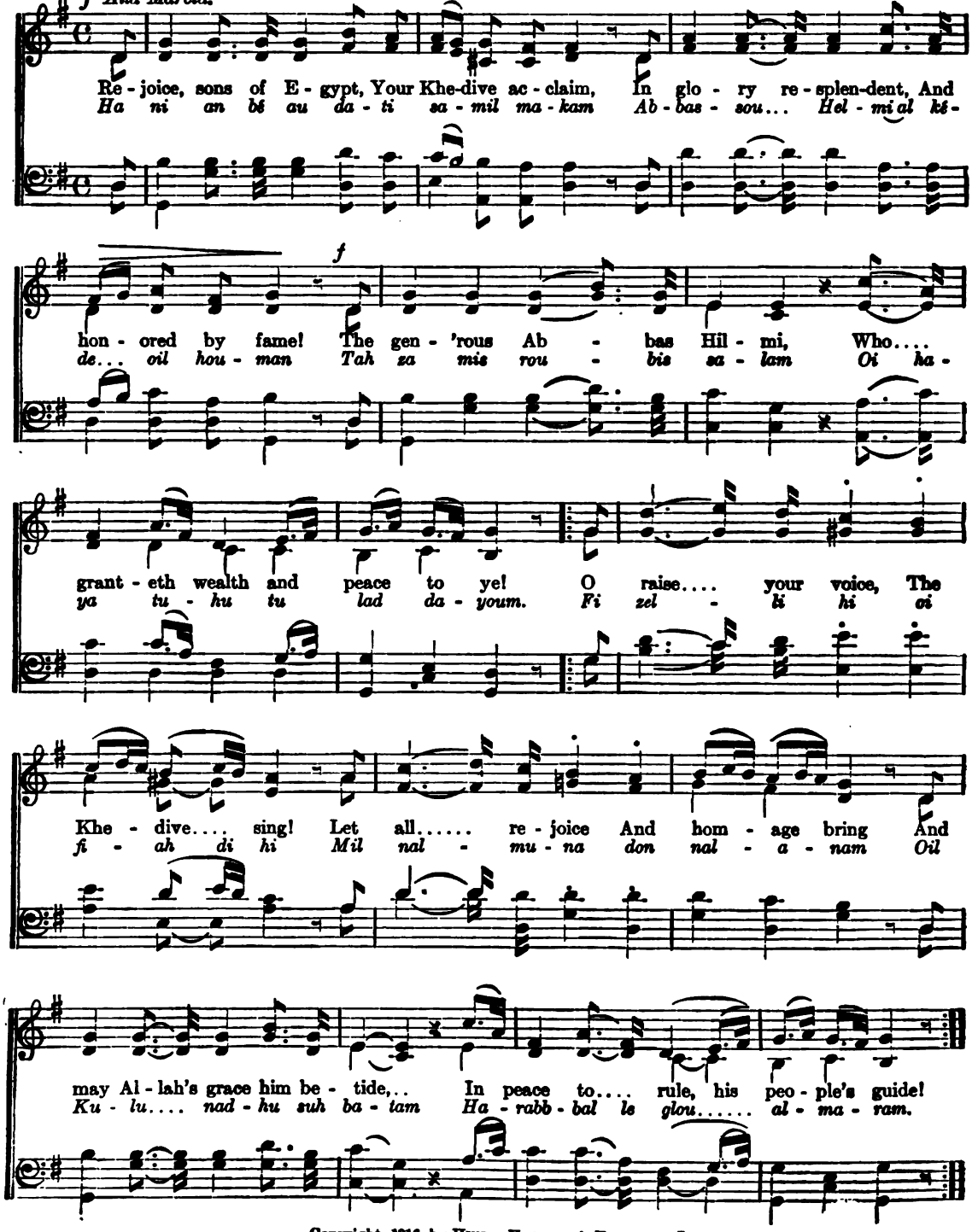
KHEDIVAL HYMN.

English Version by
Frederick H. Martens.

EGYPT.

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

f Alla Marcia.

Re - joice, sons of E - gypt, Your Khe-dive ac - claim, In glo - ry re - splen-dent, And
Ha ni an bé au da - ti sa - mil ma - kam Ab - bas - sou... Hel - mi al ké -
f
hon - ored by fame! The gen - 'rous Ab - bas Hil - mi, Who....
de... oil hou - man Tah za mie rou - bis sa - lam Oi ha -
grant - eth wealth and peace to ye! O raise.... your voice, The
ya tu - hu tu lad da - youm. Fi zel - li hi oi
Khe - dive.... sing! Let all..... re - joice And hom - age bring And
fi - ah di hi Mil nal - mu - na don nal - a - nam Oil
may Al - lah's grace him be - tide,.. In peace to.... rule, his peo - ple's guide!
Ku - lu.... nad - hu suh ba - tam Ha - rabb - bal le glou..... al - ma - ram.

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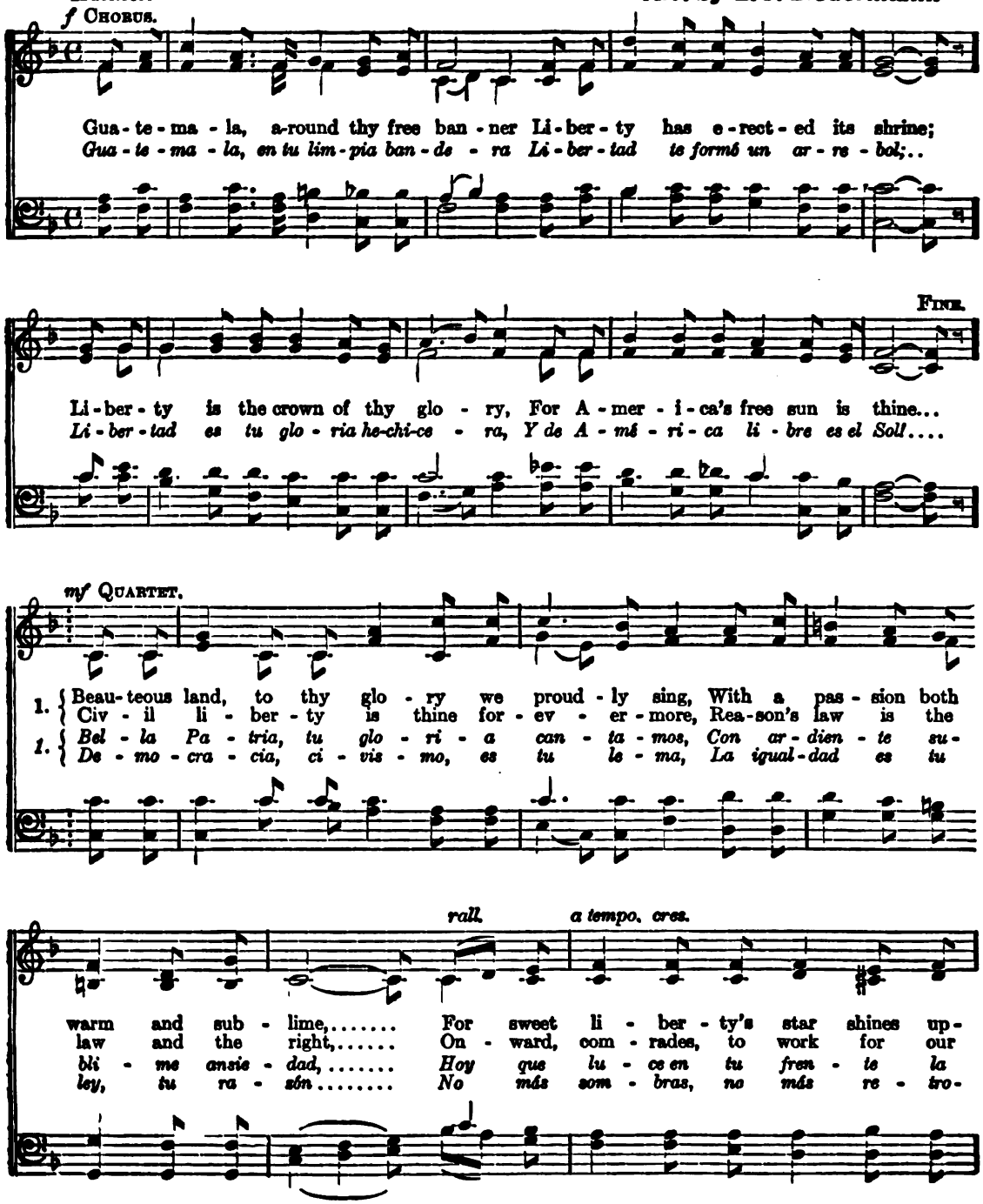
GUATEMALA, AROUND THY FREE BANNER.

GUATEMALA.

Rafael Alvarez.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Maestoso.

f CHORUS.


Gua - te - ma - la, a-round thy free ban - ner Li - ber - ty has e - rect - ed its shrine;
Gua - te - ma - la, en tu lim - pia ban - de - ra Li - ber - tad te formó un ar - re - bol;..
FINE.
Li - ber - ty is the crown of thy glo - ry, For A - mer - i - ca's free sun is thine...
Li - ber - tad es tu glo - ria he-chi-ce - ra, Y de A - mé - ri - ca li - bre es el Sol!....
mf QUARTET.
1. Beau - teous land, to thy glo - ry we proud - ly sing, With a pas - sion both
Civ - il li - ber - ty is thine for - ev - er - more, Rea - son's law is the
1. Bel - la Pa - tria, tu glo - ri - a can - ta - mos, Con ar - dien - te su -
De - mo - cra - cia, ci - vis - mo, es tu le - ma, La igual - dad es tu
rall.
a tempo, cres.
warm and sub - lime,..... For sweet li - ber - ty's star shines up -
law and the right,..... On - ward, com - rades, to work for our
bli - me ansie - dad,..... Hoy que lu - ce en tu fren - te la
ley, tu ra - sín..... No más som - bras, no más re - tro -

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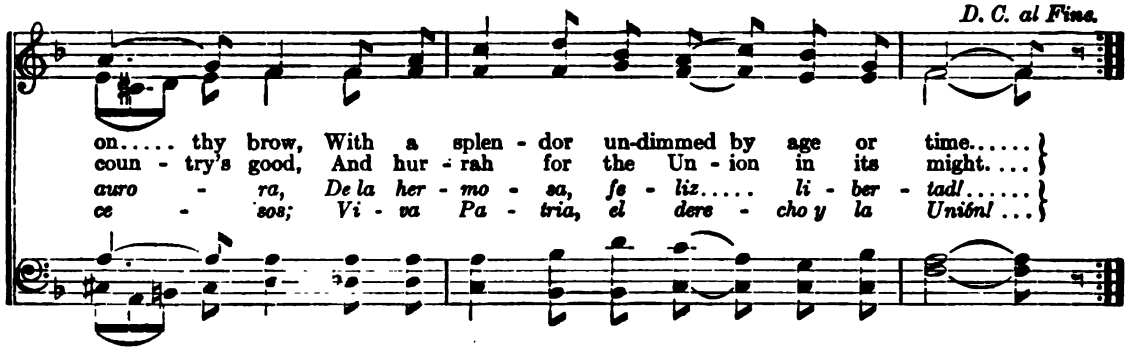
GUATEMALA, AROUND THY FREE BANNER.


D. C. al Fine.
on..... thy brow, With a splen - dor un-dimmed by age or time.....
coun - try's good, And hur - rah for the Un - ion in its might.....
auro - ra, De la her - mo - sa, fe - liz..... li - ber - tad!.....
ce - sos; Vi - va Pa - tria, el dere - cho y la Unión! .....

2. Under aegis of progress and plentitude,
Peace and prosperity will be thine;
Guatemala, O link in thy dear embrace
All thy sons in a band of love divine.
Thy Olympian brow now is grandly crowned
With the circlet of true liberty,
And the love of thy daughters divine has made
Guatemala an Eden of the Free.

CHO.—Guatemala, around thy free banner, etc.

3. Spartan-like in thy noble and happy state,
Fame awaits thee, for progress is king!
Look ahead to glory that must be thine,
In the future 'twill more greatness bring.
Sons of freemen, now greet thee, O motherland,
With ovations both true and sincere;
May the prayers of our hearts always be with thee,
O, our country to us forever dear!

CHO.—Guatemala, around thy free banner, etc.

2. Bajo la égida libre y fecunda,
De progreso, de paz, de igualdad,
Guatemala que se unan tus hijos,
En abrazos de eterna amistad!
La más pura y feliz democracia,
Que corone tu olímpica sién;
Y, al amor de tus hijas divinas,
Sé de América libre el Edén!

CHO.—*Guatemala, en tu limpia bandera, etc.*

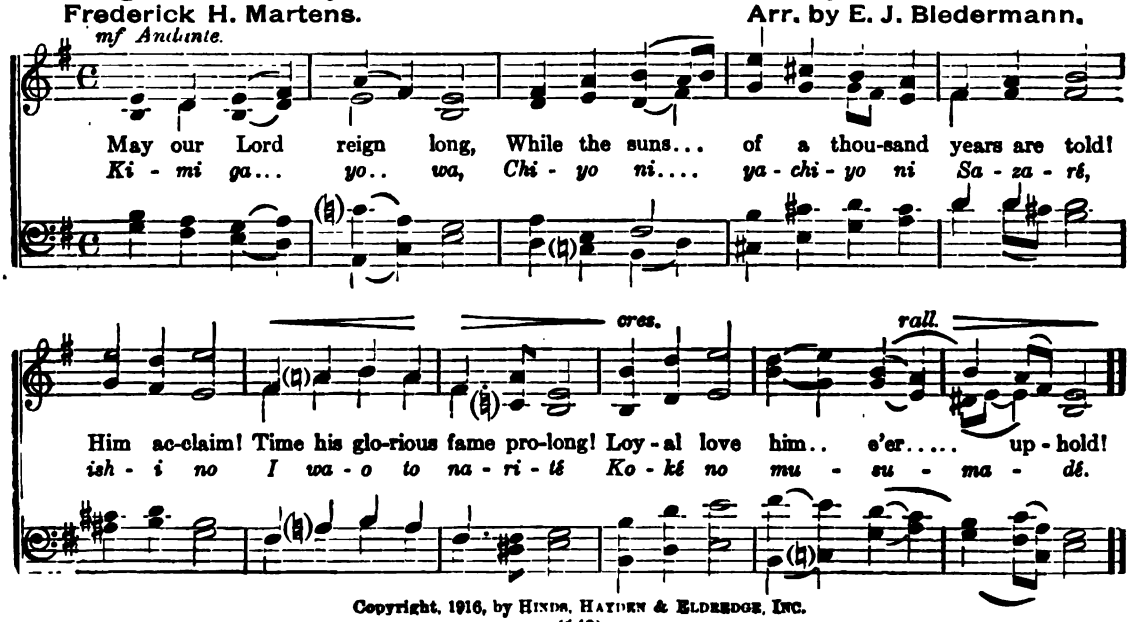
3. Con tu aliento gentil de Espartana,
Llegarás en el mundo á lucir,
Porque marchas buscando el progreso,
Y en tu idea se ve el porvenir!
De los libres recibe el saludo,
Su entusiasta sincera oración;
Y recibe las preces del alma,
Los afectos del fiel corazón!

CHO.—*Guatemala, en tu limpia bandera, etc.*

MAY OUR LORD REIGN LONG.

English Version by Frederick H. Martens.

JAPAN.

Hayashi Hiromori. Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

mf Andante.
May our Lord reign long, While the suns... of a thou-sand years are told!
Ki - mi ga... yo.. wa, Chi - yo ni.... ya - chi - yo ni Sa - za - ré,
cres.
rall.
Him ac-claim! Time his glo-rious fame pro-long! Loy - al love him.. e'er..... up - hold!
ish - i no I wa - o to na - ri - té Ko - ké no mu - su - ma - dé.

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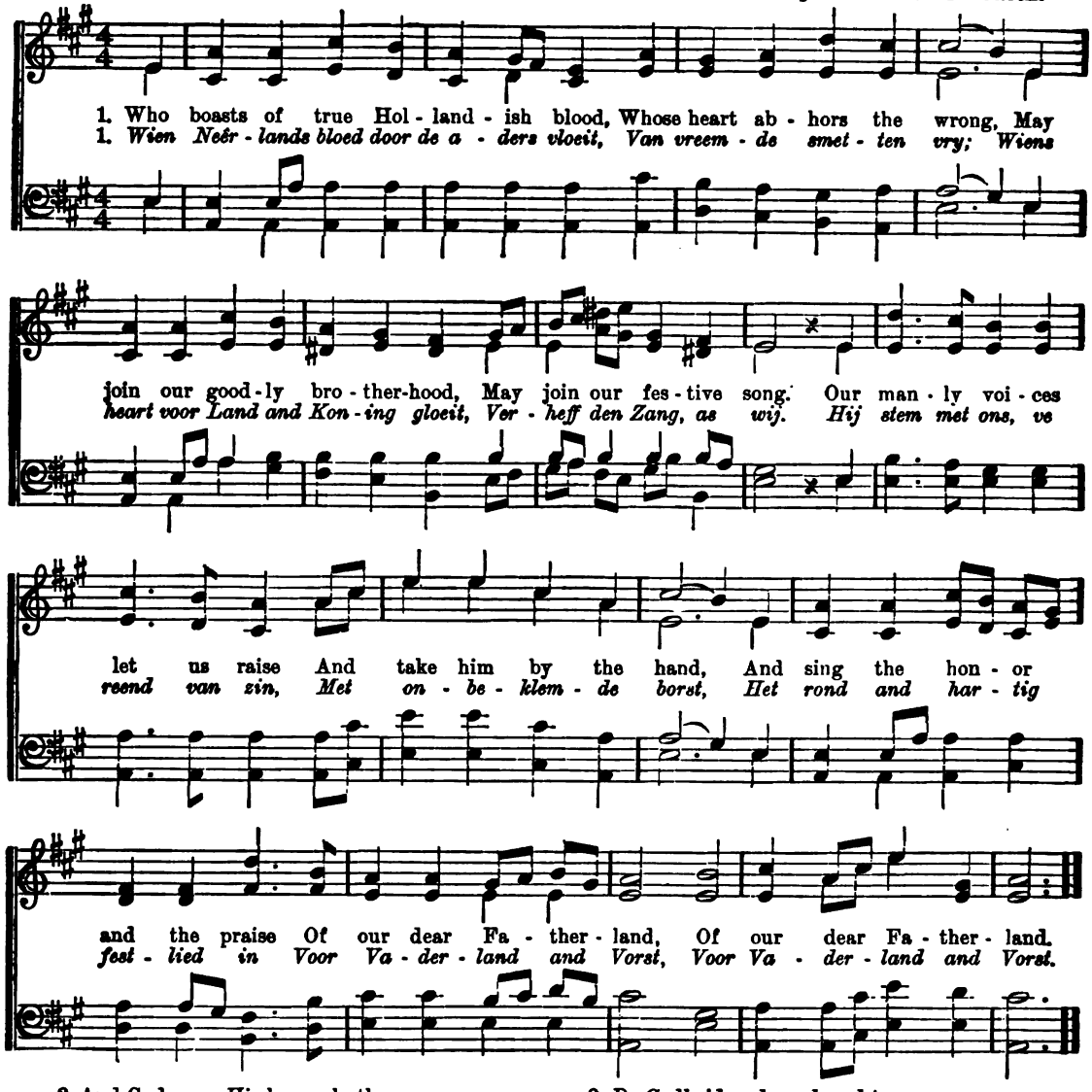
HOLLAND'S NATIONAL HYMN.

Translated by Julian O. Schultz.

1. Who boasts of true Hol - land - ish blood, Whose heart ab - hors the wrong, May
1. *Wien Neêr - lands bloed door de a - ders vloeit, Van vreem - de smet - ten vry; Wiens*
join our good - ly bro - ther-hood, May join our fes - tive song. Our man - ly voi - ces
heart voor Land and Kon - ing gloeit, Ver - heff den Zang, as wij. Hij stem met ons, ve
let us raise And take him by the hand, And sing the hon - or
reend van zin, Met on - be - klem - de borst, Het rond and har - tig
and the praise Of our dear Fa - ther - land, Of our dear Fa - ther - land.
fest - lied in Voor Va - der - land and Vorst, Voor Va - der - land and Vorst.

2 And God upon His heavenly throne,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Will listen to our heartfelt tune
Now and for evermore.
Next, after the celestial choir,
A kindly ear He'll lend,
Accept and grant our ardent prayer
||: For the dear Fatherland! :||

3 O God, protect our brotherhood!
The land, so fair and free,
Where once our little cradle stood,
And where our grave shall be!
O God, from whom all mercies flow,
We pray, Thy loving hand
A thousand blessings will bestow
||: Upon our Fatherland. :||

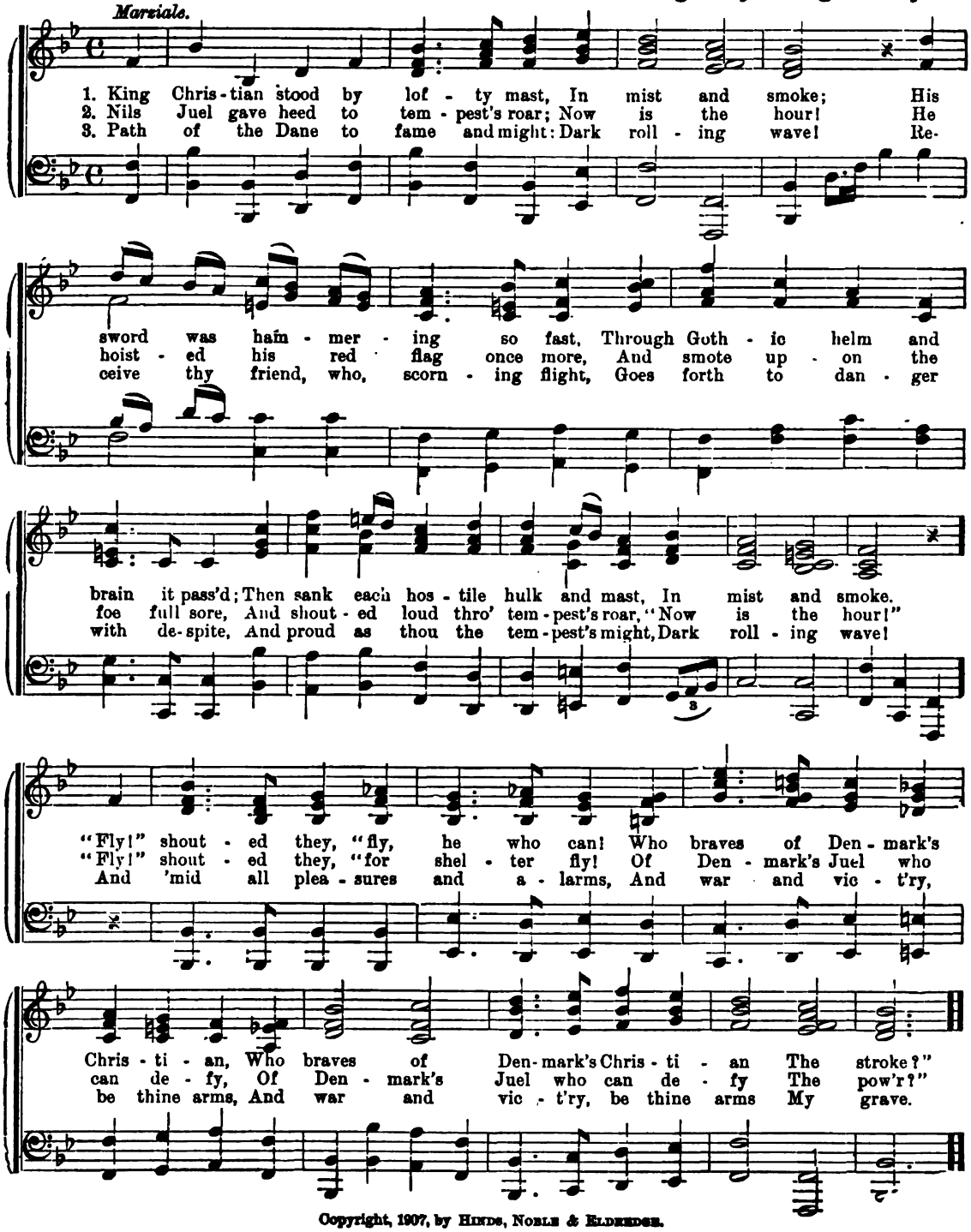
2 *De Godheid op haar hemel troon,*
Bezongen en vereerd,
Houdt gunstig vok naar onzen toon
Het heilig oor gekeerd.
Zy geeft het eerst, na't zalig koor,
That hooger znaren spant,
Het rond en hartig hed gehoor
||: *Voor Vorst and Vaderland!* :||

3 *Bescherm, O God, bewaak de grond*
Waarop onz' adem gaat!
Deplek waar onze wieg op stond,
Waar eens ons graf opstaat!
Wy smeeken, van uw' Vaderhand,
Met diepgeroerde borst,
Behoud voor't lieve Vaderland
||: *For Vaderland and Vorst.* :||

KING CHRISTIAN.

(NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.)

Words by Johannes Evald.

Music by Johann Hartmann.
Arranged by George Rosey.

Marziale.
1. King Chris-tian stood by lof-ty mast, In mist and smoke; His
2. Nils Juel gave heed to tem-pest's roar; Now is the hour! He
3. Path of the Dane to fame and might: Dark roll-ing wave! Re-
sword was ham-mer-ing so fast, Through Goth-ic helm and
hoist-ed his red flag once more, And smote up-on the
ceive thy friend, who, scorn-ing flight, Goes forth to dan-ger
brain it pass'd; Then sank each hos-tile hulk and mast, In mist and smoke.
foe full sore, And shout-ed loud thro' tem-pest's roar, "Now is the hour!"
with de-spite, And proud as thou the tem-pest's might, Dark roll-ing wave!
"Fly!" shout-ed they, "fly, he who can! Who braves of Den-mark's
"Fly!" shout-ed they, "for shel-ter fly! Of Den-mark's Juel who
And 'mid all plea-sures and a-larms, And war and vic-t'ry,
Chris-ti-an, Who braves of Den-mark's Chris-ti-an The stroke?"
can de-fy, Of Den-mark's Juel who can de-fy The pow'r?"
be thine arms, And war and vic-t'ry, be thine arms My grave.

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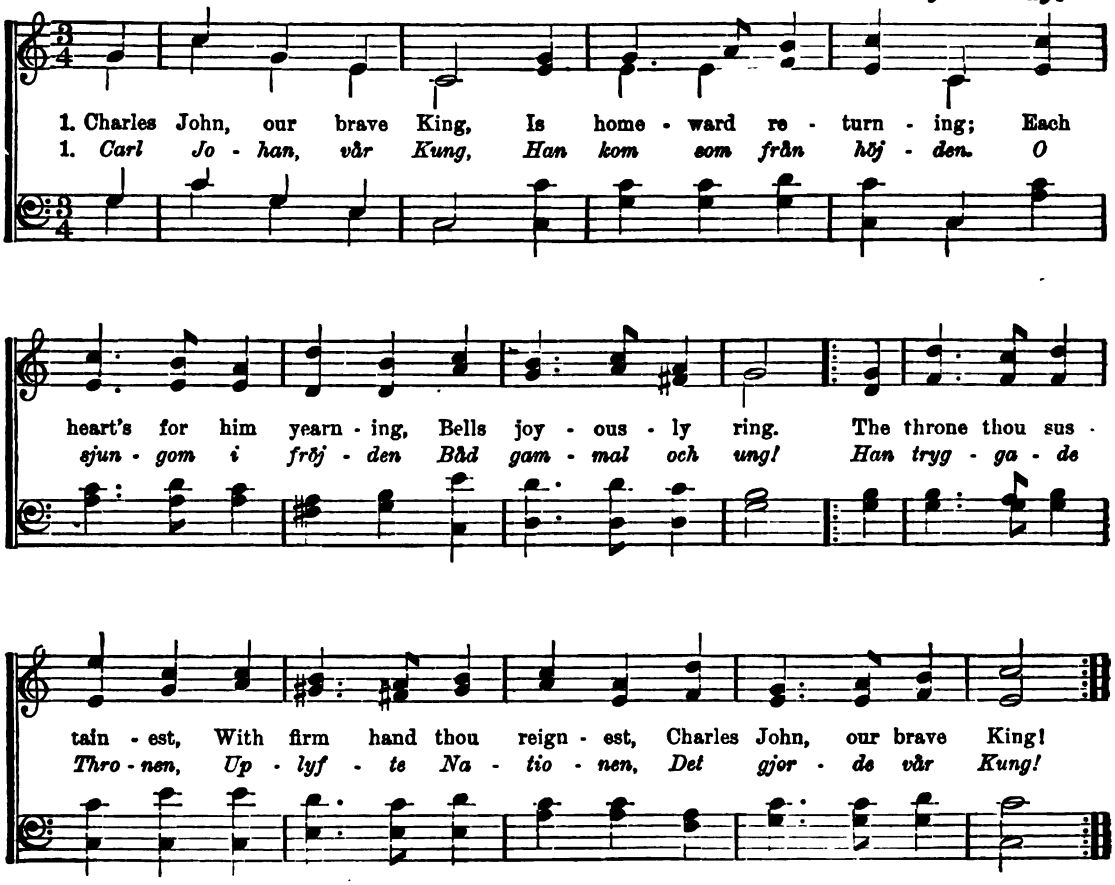
CHARLES JOHN, OUR BRAVE KING.

(SWEDISH NATIONAL HYMN.)

Music by Du Puy.

1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home - ward re - turn - ing; Each
1. Carl Jo - han, vår Kung, Han kom som från höj - den. O
heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
sjun - gom i fröj - den Båd gam - mal och ung! Han tryg - ga - de
tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
Thro - nen, Up - lyf - te Na - tio - nen, Det gjor - de vår Kung!

2 Ha! when our brave King
In battle is leading,
To fame we are speeding!
His praises we'll sing.
‖:In peace he is glorious,
In war he's victorious,
Charles John, our brave King!:‖

3 All hail, O dear King!
Thou raisest thy nation
From all tribulation,
And plenty dost bring.
‖:Our cares thou dost lighten,
Our homes thou dost brighten,
All hail, O dear King!:‖

4 Long live our brave King!
That, free from oppression,
In freedom's possession,
To him we may sing.
‖:'Mongst kings thou art peerless,
Of heroes most fearless,
Long live our brave King!:‖

2 *O följom vår Kung,*
J krigiska tider,
Till modiga strider,
Båd gammal och ung!
‖:*Han vet föra svärdet*
Men känner dock värdet
Af friden, vår Kung.:‖

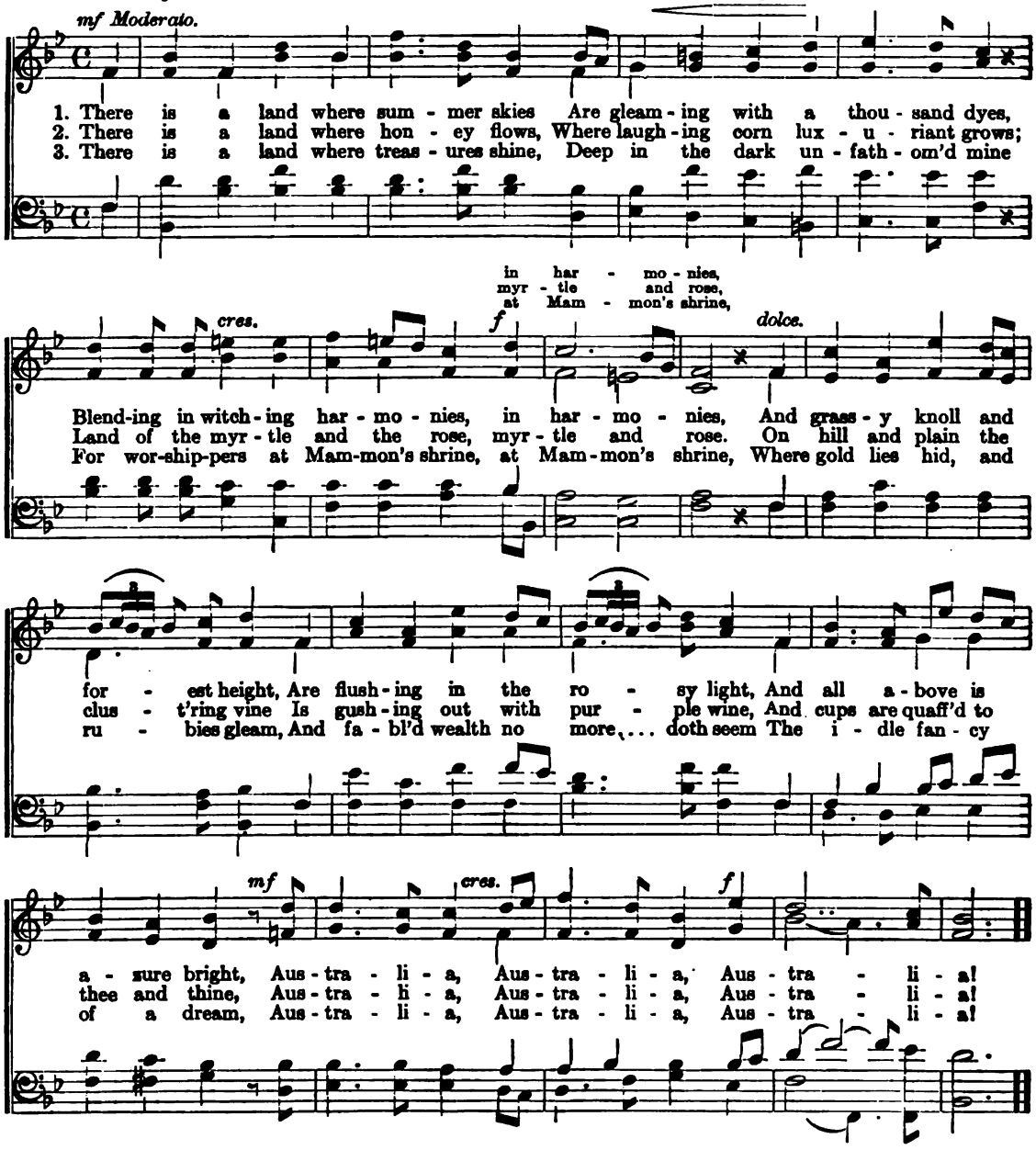
3 *Välsignom vår Kung!*
Han ryckt oss ur nöden,
Till sällare öden
Båd gammal och ung.
‖:*Han bär för vår smärta*
Ett faderligt hjerta,
Välsignom vår Kung.:‖

4 *O lefve vår Kung,*
Till frihetens hägnad,
Till innerlig fägnad
För gammal och ung!
‖:*Bland Kungar den Förste,*
Bland Hjeltar den Störste,
O lefve vår Kung!:‖

AUSTRALIA.

(THE SONG OF AUSTRALIA.)

Words by Mrs. C. J. Carleton.

Music by Carl Linger.
Arr. by E. J. Bonhomme.

mf Moderato.
1. There is a land where sum - mer skies Are gleam - ing with a thou - sand dyes,
2. There is a land where hon - ey flows, Where laugh - ing corn lux - u - riant grows;
3. There is a land where treas - ures shine, Deep in the dark un - fath - om'd mine
in har - mo - nies,
myr - tle and rose,
at Mam - mon's shrine,
cres.
f
dolce.
Blend-ing in witch - ing har - mo - nies, in har - mo - nies, And grass - y knoll and
Land of the myr - tle and the rose, myr - tle and rose. On hill and plain the
For wor-ship-pers at Mam-mon's shrine, at Mam-mon's shrine, Where gold lies hid, and
for - est height, Are flush - ing in the ro - sy light, And all a - bove is
clus - t'ring vine Is gush - ing out with pur - ple wine, And cups are quaff'd to
ru - bies gleam, And fa - bl'd wealth no more, ... doth seem The i - dle fan - cy
mf
cres.
f
a - sure bright, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a!
thee and thine, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a!
of a dream, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a, Aus - tra - li - a!

4. There is a land where homesteads peep
From sunny plain and woodland steep,
And love and joy bright vigils keep;
Where the glad voice of childish glee
Is mingling with the melody
Of nature's hidden minstrelsy.
Australia!

5. There is a land where, floating free,
From mountain top to girdling sea,
A proud flag waves exultingly;
And freedom's sons the banner bear;
No shackl'd slave can breathe the air—
Fairest of Britain's daughters fair,
Australia!

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PATRIOTIC SONG.

English version by
Wilbur Weeks.

MEXICO.

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Non troppo Allegro.

f S: CHORUS.

Won is our in - de - pen - dence! Hail, glo - rious li - ber - ty!
So - mos in - de - pen - dien - tes, Vi - va la li - ber - tad,

FINE.

Hail, this our land of free - dom! Hail, e - qual - i - ty!
Vi - va A - me - ri - ca li - bre, Y vi - va la i - qual - dad.

mf QUARTET.

1. Three cen - tu - ries of bond - age, Three cen - tu - ries op - pressed,
2. Gone are the years of bond - age, Ris - ing in free - dom's name,
1. Tres sig - los o - pri - mi - dos, Tres sig - los de ri - gor,...
2. Des - pues de tan - tos a - ños De es - cla - vi - tud ti - ra - na,

Three ty - ran - ny sup - port - ing, Our cry - ing wrongs at - test!
He - roes the home - land sav - ing, Broke ev - 'ry ty - rant chain!
Los tres de des - po - tis - mo Ha - brá.... mal - dad may - or,
Han ro - to las ca - de - nas Los he - roes de la pa - tria,

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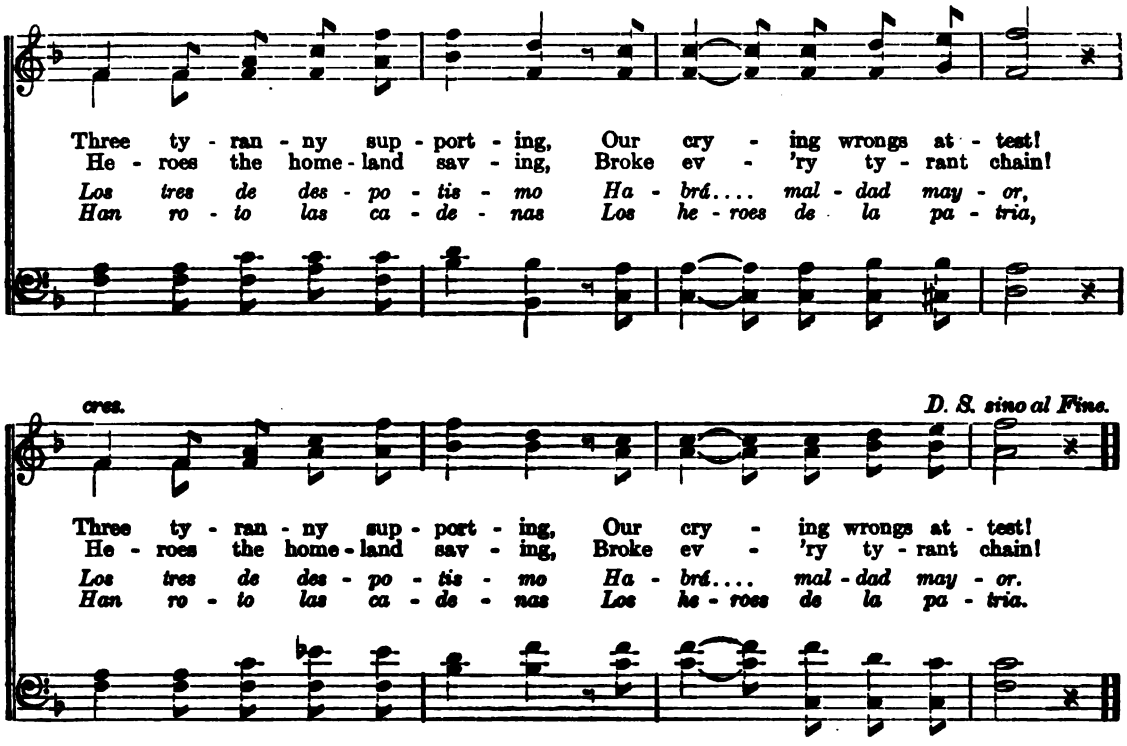
PATRIOTIC SONG. MEXICO.

Three ty - ran - ny sup - port - ing, Our cry - ing wrongs at - test!
He - roes the home - land sav - ing, Broke ev - 'ry ty - rant chain!
Los tres de des - po - tis - mo Ha - brá.... mal - dad may - or,
Han ro - to las ca - de - nas Los he - roes de la pa - tria,
cres.
D. S. sino al Fine.
Three ty - ran - ny sup - port - ing, Our cry - ing wrongs at - test!
He - roes the home - land sav - ing, Broke ev - 'ry ty - rant chain!
Los tres de des - po - tis - mo Ha - brá.... mal - dad may - or.
Han ro - to las ca - de - nas Los he - roes de la pa - tria.

3. Fire, let the guns be speaking,
Fire, let the cannon roar!
Fire, with your valor dauntless
Each foeman overawe!
Fire, with your valor dauntless
Each foeman overawe!
Fire, with your valor dauntless
Each foeman overawe!

CHO.—Won is our independence! etc.

4. Cortez, thy name abhorréd,
Thy thrice accurséd name,
Calls up the blood-stained "Conquest,"
Vision of endless shame.
Calls up the blood-stained "Conquest,"
Vision of endless shame,
Calls up the blood-stained "Conquest,"
Vision of endless shame.

CHO.—Won is our independence! etc.

5. Gone now the years of bondage,
Dark years of toil and pain,
Liberty smiles upon us!
Peace is our own again!
Liberty smiles upon us!
Peace is our own again!
Liberty smiles upon us!
Peace is our own again!

CHO.—Won is our independence! etc.

3. *Fuego, fuego artilleros,*
Fuego. fuego el cañon,
Fuego, fuego respire,
Fuego y viva el valor,
Fuego, fuego respire,
Fuego y viva el valor,
Fuego, fuego respire,
Fuego y viva el valor.

CHO.—*Somos independientes, etc.*

4. *Cortéz, o nombre infame!*
Que recuerda la atroz
Conquista. que los siglos
Han visto con horror,
Conquista, que los siglos
Han visto con horror,
Conquista, que los siglos
Han visto con horror.

CHO.—*Somos independientes, etc.*

5. *Despues de tantos siglos*
De penas y trabajos
Con nuestra libertad,
La paz ya recobramos,
Con nuestra libertad,
La paz ya recobramos,
Con nuestra libertad,
La paz ya recobramos.

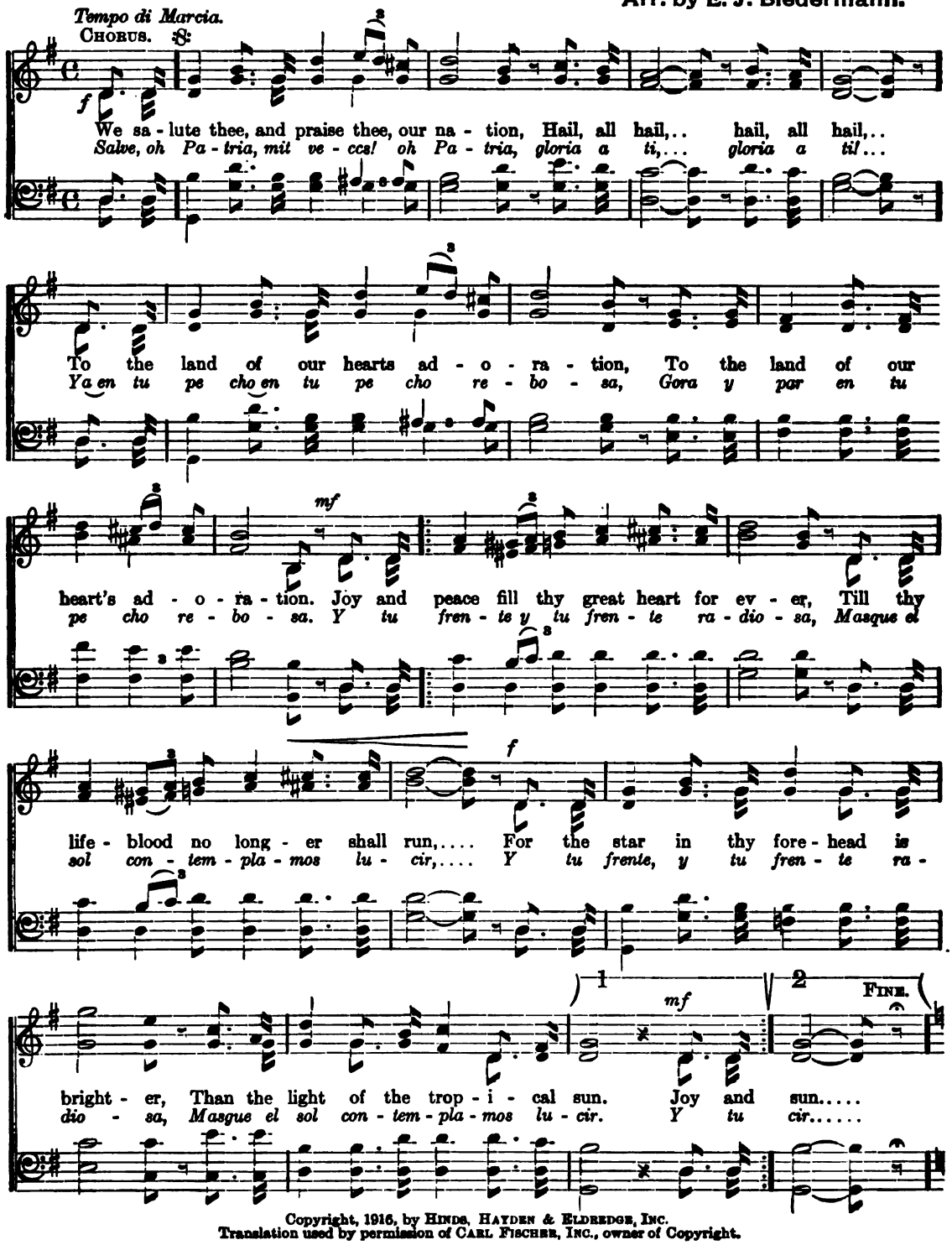
CHO.—*Somos independientes, etc.*

WE SALUTE THEE.

ECUADOR.

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Tempo di Marcia.

CHORUS.

We sa - lute thee, and praise thee, our na - tion, Hail, all hail,.. hail, all hail,..
Salve, oh Pa - tria, mit ve - ces! oh Pa - tria, gloria a ti,... gloria a ti!...
To the land of our hearts ad - o - ra - tion, To the land of our
Ya en tu pe cho en tu pe cho re - bo - sa, Gora y par en tu
heart's ad - o - ra - tion. Joy and peace fill thy great heart for ev - er, Till thy
pe cho re - bo - sa. Y tu fren - te y tu fren - te ra - dio - sa, Masque el
life - blood no long - er shall run,.... For the star in thy fore - head is
sol con - tem - pla - mos lu - cir,.... Y tu frente, y tu fren - te ra -
bright - er, Than the light of the trop - i - cal sun. Joy and sun.....
dio - sa, Masque el sol con - tem - pla - mos lu - cir. Y tu cir.....

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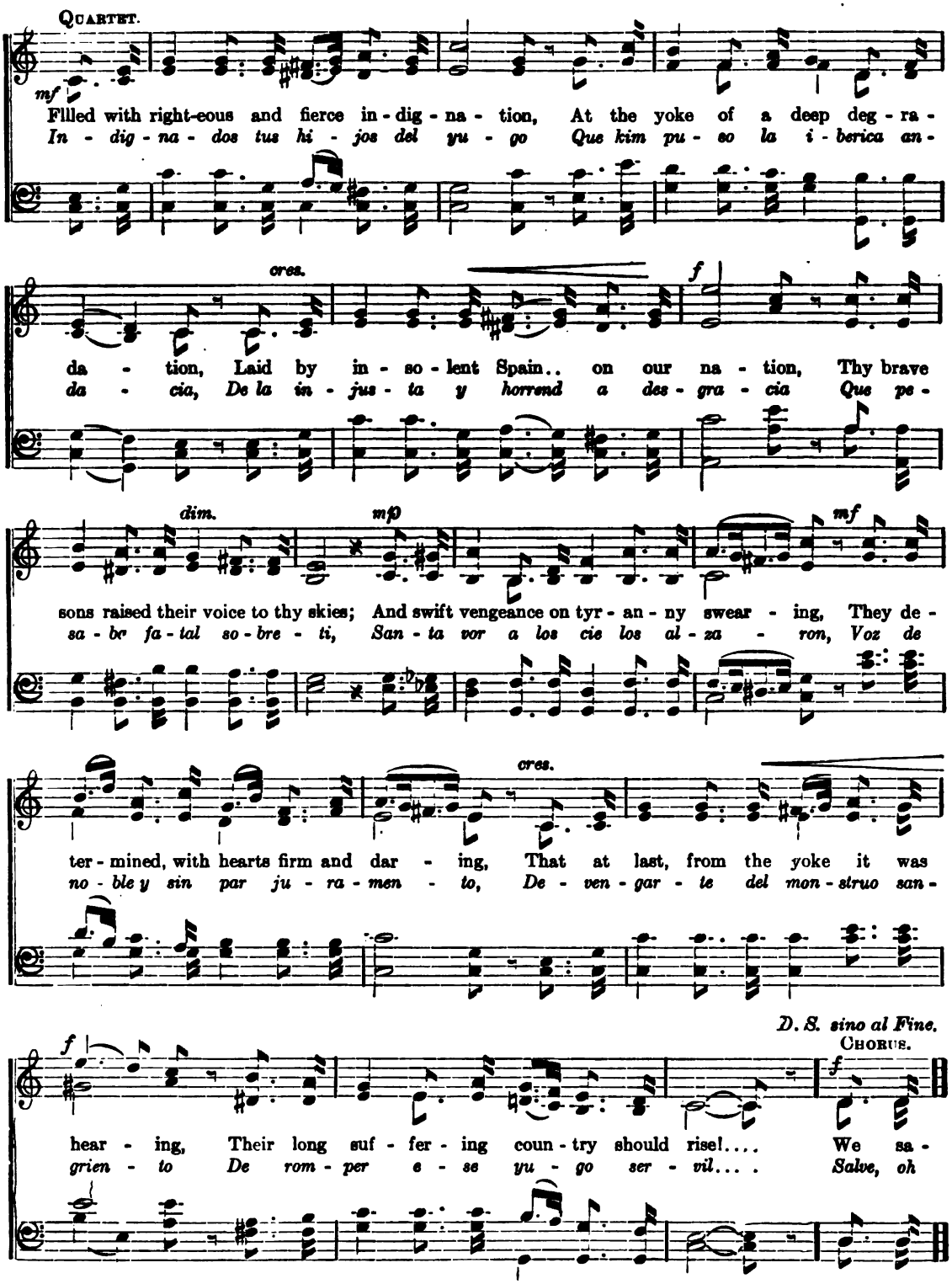
WE SALUTE THEE.

Quartet.
mf
Filled with right-eous and fierce in-dig-na-tion, At the yoke of a deep deg-ra-
In-dig-na-dos tus hi-jos del yu-go Que kim pu-so la i-berica an-
cres.
f
da-tion, Laid by in-so-lent Spain.. on our na-tion, Thy brave
da-cia, De la in-jus-ta y horrend a des-gra-cia Que pe-
dim.
mp
mf
sons raised their voice to thy skies; And swift vengeance on tyr-an-ny swear-ing, They de-
sa-br fa-tal so-bre-ti, San-ta vor a los cie los al-za-ron, Voz de
cres.
ter-mined, with hearts firm and dar-ing, That at last, from the yoke it was
no-ble y sin par ju-ra-men-to, De-ven-gar-te del mon-struo san-
D. S. sino al Fine.
f
Chorus.
f
hear-ing, Their long suf-fer-ing coun-try should rise!.... We sa-
grien-to De rom-per e-se yu-go ser-vil.... Salve, oh

GLORY TO THE BRAVE MEN.

VENEZUALA.

J. Sandaeta.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Allegro marziale.
f CHORUS.

1. Glo - ry to the brave men, so firm, just, and true, Who
1. Gloria al bra - vo pue - blo que el yu - go len - zó, La

broke the bonds of ty - rants and gave us free - dom too. too.
le..... res - pe - tan - do..... la vir - tud y ho - nor. - nor.

mf REFRAIN. QUARTET. *p*

Be - neath the weight of fet - ters, The no - ble wept and groaned, And the
A - ba - jo es - de - nas, Gri - ta - ba el se - ñor. Y el

peas - ant in his cot - tage prays for li - ber - ty.
po - bre en su cho - za li - ber - tad pi - dió.

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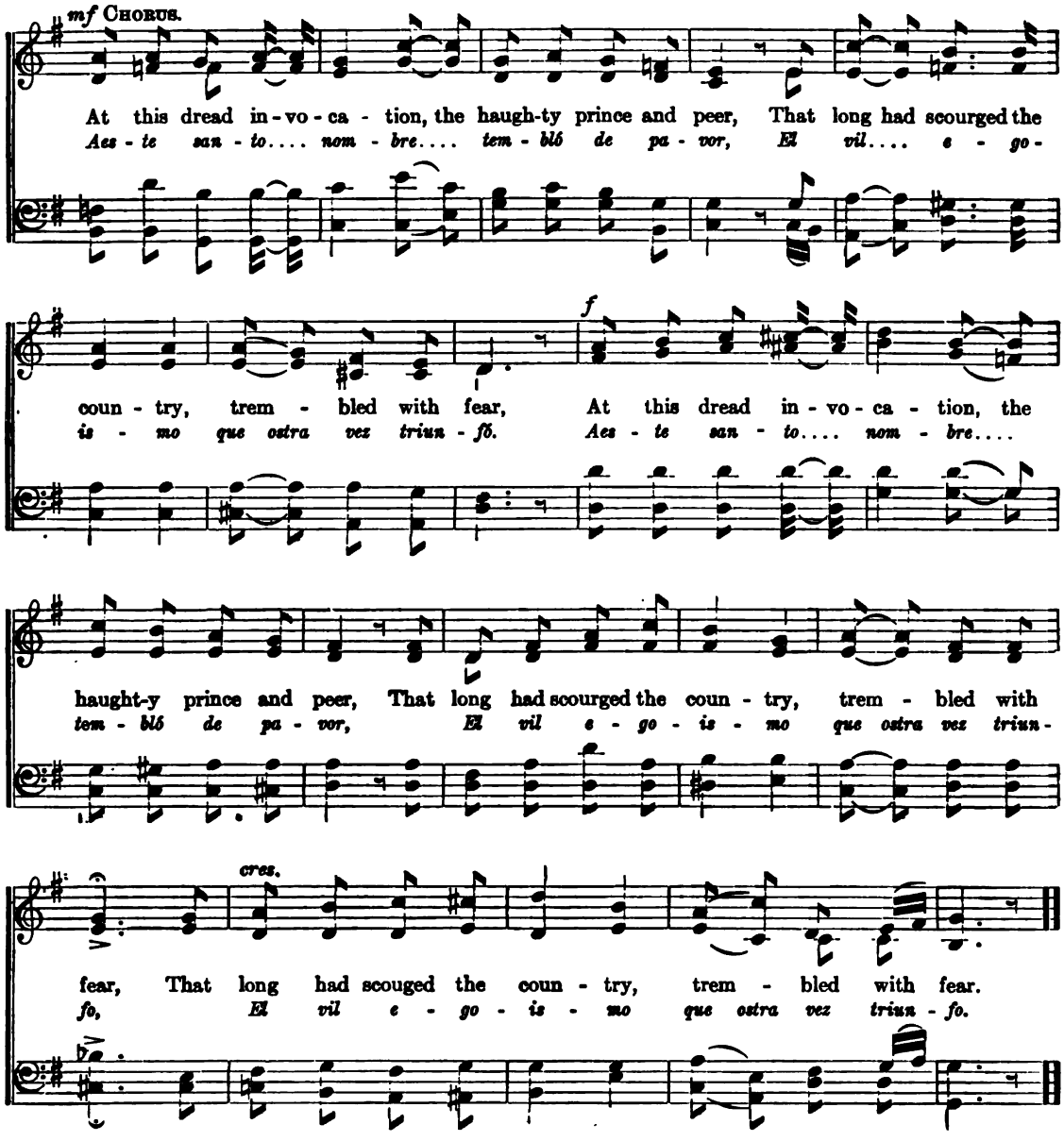
GLORY TO THE BRAVE MEN,

mf Chorus.
At this dread in-vo-ca-tion, the haugh-ty prince and peer, That long had scourged the
Aes-te san-to.... nom-bre.... tem-blό de pa-vor, El vil.... e-go-
f
coun-try, trem-bled with fear, At this dread in-vo-ca-tion, the
is-mo que ostra vez triun-fό. Aes-te san-to.... nom-bre....
haught-y prince and peer, That long had scourged the coun-try, trem-bled with
tem-blό de pa-vor, El vil e-go-is-mo que ostra vez triun-
cres.
fear, That long had scouged the coun-try, trem-bled with fear.
fo, El vil e-go-is-mo que ostra vez triun-fo.

2.

‖: Down with the oppressor! shout long, loud hussas;
In union, brave hearts, is the strength of our cause. :‖
Ref.—Beneath the weight, etc.
‖: And from the empyrean, the God of battles sent
A grand inspiration, the patriot's ailment. :‖

3.

‖: Cemented in bonds, by Heaven's decree,
Our country is one and America is free! :‖
Ref.—Beneath the weight, etc.
‖: And, if the despot's voice be ever heard again,
Remember Caracas and strike with might and main. :‖

2.

‖: *Gritámos con brio, muera la opresion,*
Compatriotas fieles, la fuerza es la union ; :‖
Ref.—*Abajo cadenas, etc.*
‖: *Y desde el empireo el Supremo Autor*
Un sublime aliento al pueblo infundió. :‖

3.

‖: *Unida con lazos que el cielo formó*
La America toda existe ed nacion. :‖
Ref.—*Abajo cadenas, etc.*
‖: *Y si el despotismo la voz*
Seguid el ejemplo que Carácas dió. :‖

NATIONAL HYMN.

English version by Wilbur Weeks.

ARGENTINA.

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Maestoso.

QUARTET.

f

1. Ye mor - tals all hear the clam - or ex - ult - ant, We are free! We are free! We are
2. Hail we the champions, whose fa-ces up - lift - ed Show a val - or that Mars might have
1. O - id mor - ta - les el gri - to sa - gra - do, Li - ber - tad, li - ber - tad, li - ber -
2. De los nue - vos cam - pe - o - nes los ros - tros Mar - te mis - mo pa - re - ce a - ni -

mp

free! The while the clash of the fet - ters torn a - sun - der Marks the
bred! Their breasts ex - pand with the breath.. of their dar - ing, And the
tad! O - id el rui - do de ro - tas cu - de - nas, Ved en
mar, La gran - de - za se a - mi - da..... en sus pe - chos, A su

cres.

thron - ing of E - qual - i - ty! And the earth stirs, and pan - o - plied..
earth.. seems to quake at their tread! In their tombs now the In - cas are
tro - no la no - ble i - gual - dad. Se.. le - van - ta en la faz.... de la
mar - cha to - do ha - cen - tem - blar. Se— con - mue - ven del In - ca las

f

ris - es, Now a glo - rious na - tion re - born! She is crowned with a cir - clet of
wak - ing And the bones of the dead mark the rhyme, Of the march of their chil-dren who
tier - ra U - na nue - va y glo - rio - sa na - cion, Co - ro - na - da su sien de lau -
tum - bas, Y en sus hue - cos re - vi ve el ar - dor. Lo que ve re - no - van - do à sus

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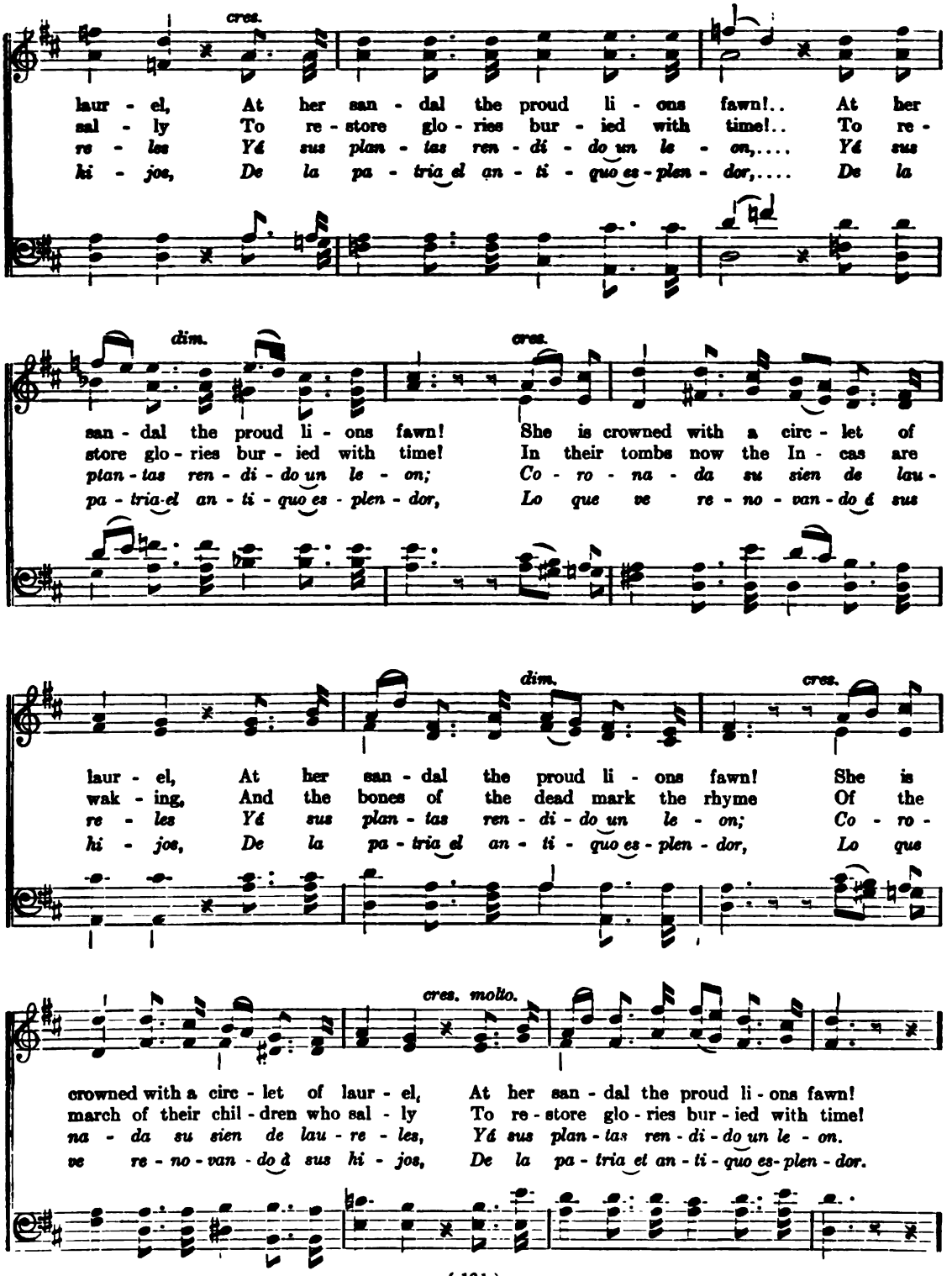
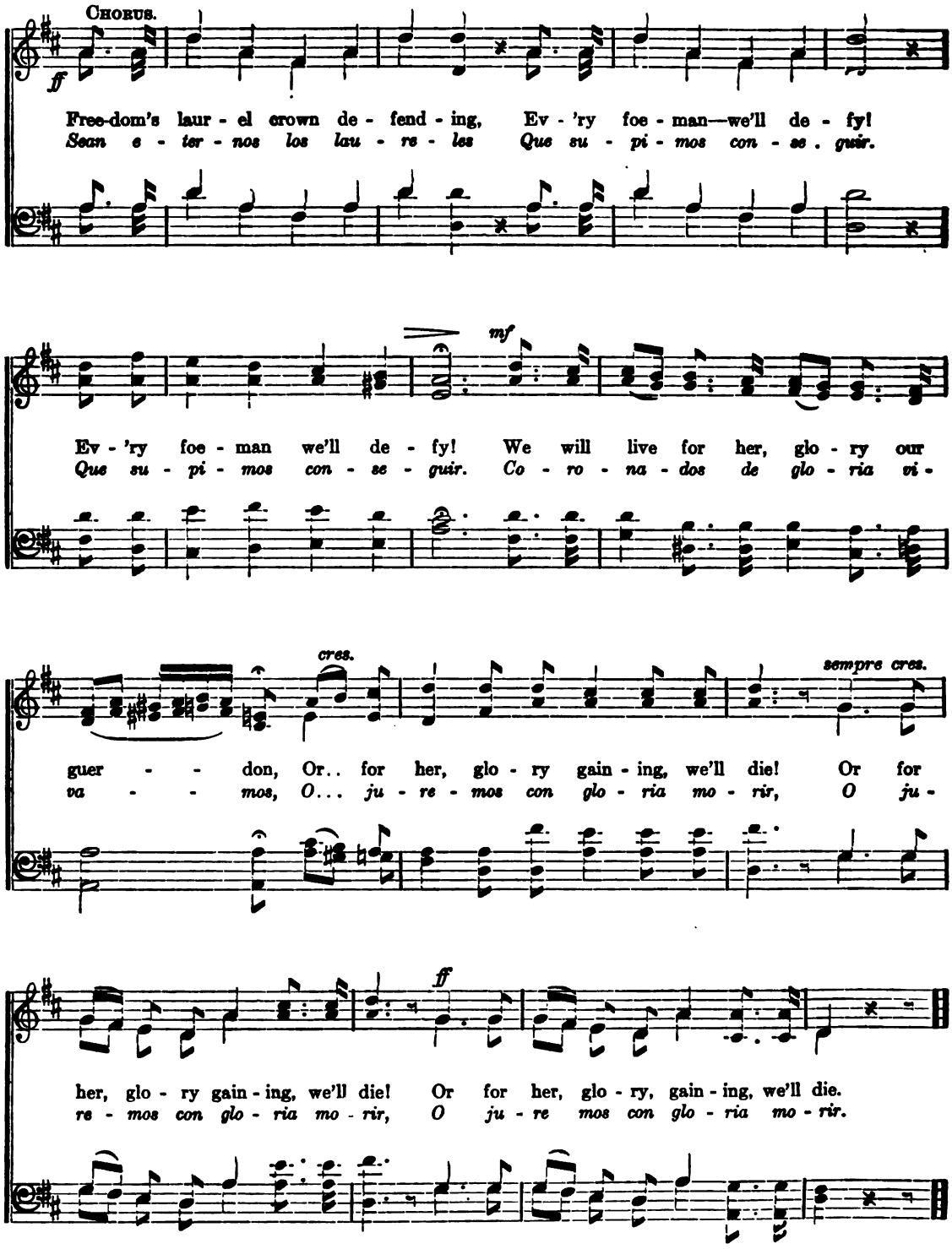
NATIONAL HYMN. ARGENTINA.

cres.
laur - el, At her san - dal the proud li - ons fawn!.. At her
sal - ly To re - store glo - ries bur - ied with time!.. To re -
re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on,.... Yá sus
hi - jos, De la pa - tria el an - ti - quo es - plen - dor,.... De la
dim.
cres.
san - dal the proud li - ons fawn! She is crowned with a circ - let of
store glo - ries bur - ied with time! In their tombs now the In - cas are
plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on; Co - ro - na - da su sien de lau -
pa - tria el an - ti - quo es - plen - dor, Lo que ve re - no - van - do á sus
dim.
cres.
laur - el, At her san - dal the proud li - ons fawn! She is
wak - ing, And the bones of the dead mark the rhyme Of the
re - les Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on; Co - ro -
hi - jos, De la pa - tria el an - ti - quo es - plen - dor, Lo que
cres. molto.
crowned with a circ - let of laur - el, At her san - dal the proud li - ons fawn!
march of their chil - dren who sal - ly To re - store glo - ries bur - ied with time!
na - da su sien de lau - re - les, Yá sus plan - tas ren - di - do un le - on.
ve re - no - van - do á sus hi - jos, De la pa - tria el an - ti - quo es - plen - dor.

NATIONAL HYMN. ARGENTINA.

Chorus.
ff
Free-dom's laur - el crown de - fend - ing, Ev - 'ry foe - man—we'll de - fy!
Sean e - ter - nos los lau - re - les Que su - pi - mos con - se . guir.
mf
Ev - 'ry foe - man we'll de - fy! We will live for her, glo - ry our
Que su - pi - mos con - se - guir. Co - ro - na - dos de glo - ria vi -
cres.
sempre cres.
guer - - don, Or.. for her, glo - ry gain - ing, we'll die! Or for
va - - mos, O... ju - re - mos con glo - ria mo - rir, O ju -
ff
her, glo - ry gain - ing, we'll die! Or for her, glo - ry, gain - ing, we'll die.
re - mos con glo - ria mo - rir, O ju - re mos con glo - ria mo - rir.

3. Hark to the walls and the mountains that crumble,
Crashing down in a ruin complete,
While shout of rage and the thunder of battle
Through the land angry echoes repeat.
For the envy of tyrants is doubled
With a hatred as deep as the grave,
They are raising their blood-dripping banner
And with arms would the freeman enslave!
CHO.—Freedom's laurel crown defending, etc.

4. Lo, Argentinos, they dare to affront us!
Us the scorn of the spoiler to show!
Our fields they trample, too soon celebrating,
Fancied victories they never will know!
Yet the valiant whose oath is abiding,
Who for freedom will fight to the last,
Will oppose to these ravening tigers
Such a wall as may never be passed!
CHO.—Freedom's laurel crown defending, etc.

5. Now to your arms, Argentinos, be fearless!
Let the joy of the fight speed your steel!
When o'er the plains of the Southland are sounding
Battle trumpets their brazen appeal!
Buenos Aires to lead in the combat
All the cities united that stand,
She shall crush with her strength and her valiance
Slay the lion of Spain in our land!
CHO.—Freedom's laurel crown defending, etc

6. Lo, the Argentine banner that's waving,
Vict'ry glories its folds with her light,
The tyrant trembles and stricken with panic
Leaves the struggle in cowardly flight!
And his standards, the arms he abandons,
As the trophies of freedom are owned,
And the nation, in glory uplifted
Now at length is in majesty throned.
CHO.—Freedom's laurel crown defending, etc.

7. And from the North to the South Pole is carried
On the trumpet sonorous of fame,
The word that liberty's cause is triumphant
And the sound of America's name!
In the place of their power now regnant,
Freed the states of the Southland prevail;
And the world's other freemen acclaim them:
"Argentinos, our brethren, all hail!"
CHO.—Freedom's laurel crown defending, etc.

3. Pero sierras y muros se sienten
Retumbar con horrible fragor,
Todo el pais se conturba por gritos
De venganza, de guerra y furor,
En los fieros tiranos la envidia
Escupio su pestifera hiel;
Su estandarte sangriento levantan
Provocando á la lid mas cruel.
CHO.—*Sean eternos los laureles, etc*

4. A vosotros se atreve Argentinos
El orgullo del vil invasor,
Vuestros campos ya pisa, cantando
Tantas glorias hollar vencedor,
Mas los bravos que unidos juraron
Su felix libertad sostener,
A esos tigres sedientes de sangre
Fuertes pechos sabran oponer.
CHO.—*Sean eternos los laureles, etc.*

5. El valiente Argentino á las armas
Corre ardiendo con brio y valor,
El clarin de la guerra cual trueno
En los campos del Sud resons.
Buenos Aires se opone a la frente
De los pueblos de la inclita Union,
Y con brazos robustos desgarran
Al Iberico altivo leon.
CHO.—*Sean eternos los laureles, etc.*

6. La victoria al guerrero Argentino
Con sus alas brillantes cubrio,
Y azorado a su vista el tirano
Con infamia a la fuga se dio.
Sus banderas, sus armas se rinden
Por trofeos a la libertad;
Y sobre alas de gloria alza el pueblo
Trono digno a su gran majestad.
CHO.—*Sean eternos los laureles, etc.*

7. Desde un polo hasta el otro resuena
De la fama el sonoro clarin,
Y de América el nombre enseñando
Les repite— mortales, oid:
Ya su trono dignisimo abrieron
Las Provincias unidas del Sud,
Y los libres del mundo responden;
Al gran pueblo Argentino, Salud!
CHO.—*Sean eternos los laureles, etc.*

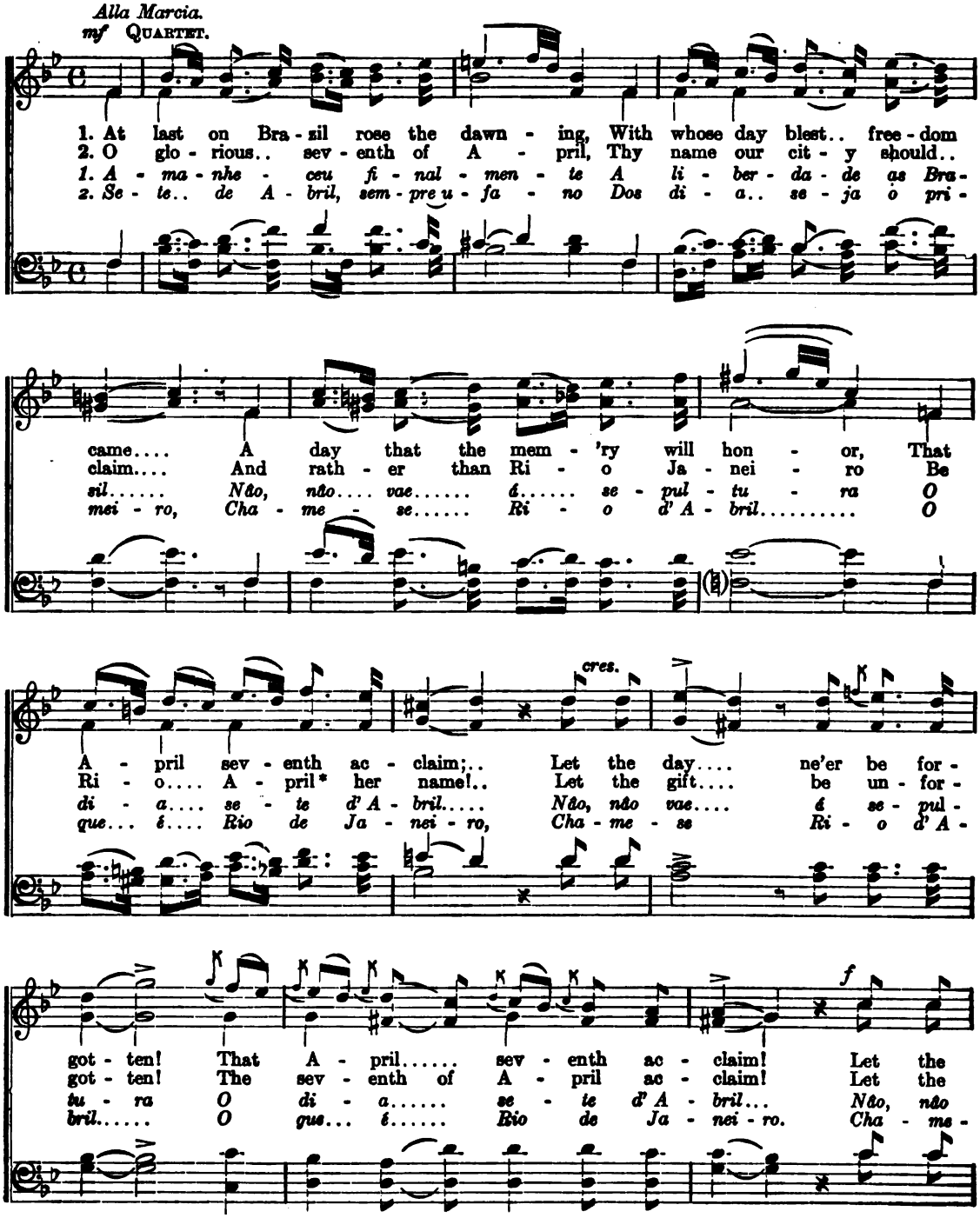
NATIONAL HYMN.

English version by Wilbur Weeks.

BRAZIL.

Arr. by E. J. Biedermann.

Alla Marcia.

mf QUARTET.

1. At last on Bra - zil rose the dawn - ing, With whose day blest.. free - dom
2. O glo - rious.. sev - enth of A - pril, Thy name our cit - y should..
1. A - ma - nhe - ceu fi - nal - men - te A li - ber - da - de as Bra -
2. Se - te.. de A - bril, sem - pre u - fa - no Dos di - a.. se - ja o pri -
came.... A day that the mem - 'ry will hon - or, That
claim.... And rath - er than Ri - o Ja - nei - ro Be
sil..... Não, não.... vae..... é..... se - pul - tu - ra O
mei - ro, Cha - me - se..... Ri - o d' A - bril..... O
cres.
A - pril sev - enth ac - claim;.. Let the day.... ne'er be for -
Ri - o.... A - pril* her name!.. Let the gift.... be un - for -
di - a.... se - te d' A - bril..... Não, não vae.... é se - pul -
que... é.... Rio de Ja - nei - ro, Cha - me - se Ri - o d' A -
f
got - ten! That A - pril..... sev - enth ac - claim! Let the
got - ten! The sev - enth of A - pril ac - claim! Let the
tu - ra O di - a..... se - te d' A - bril... Não, não
bril..... O que... é..... Rio de Ja - nei - ro. Cha - me -

*Word-play: JANEIRO, month of January; ABRIL, the month of April.

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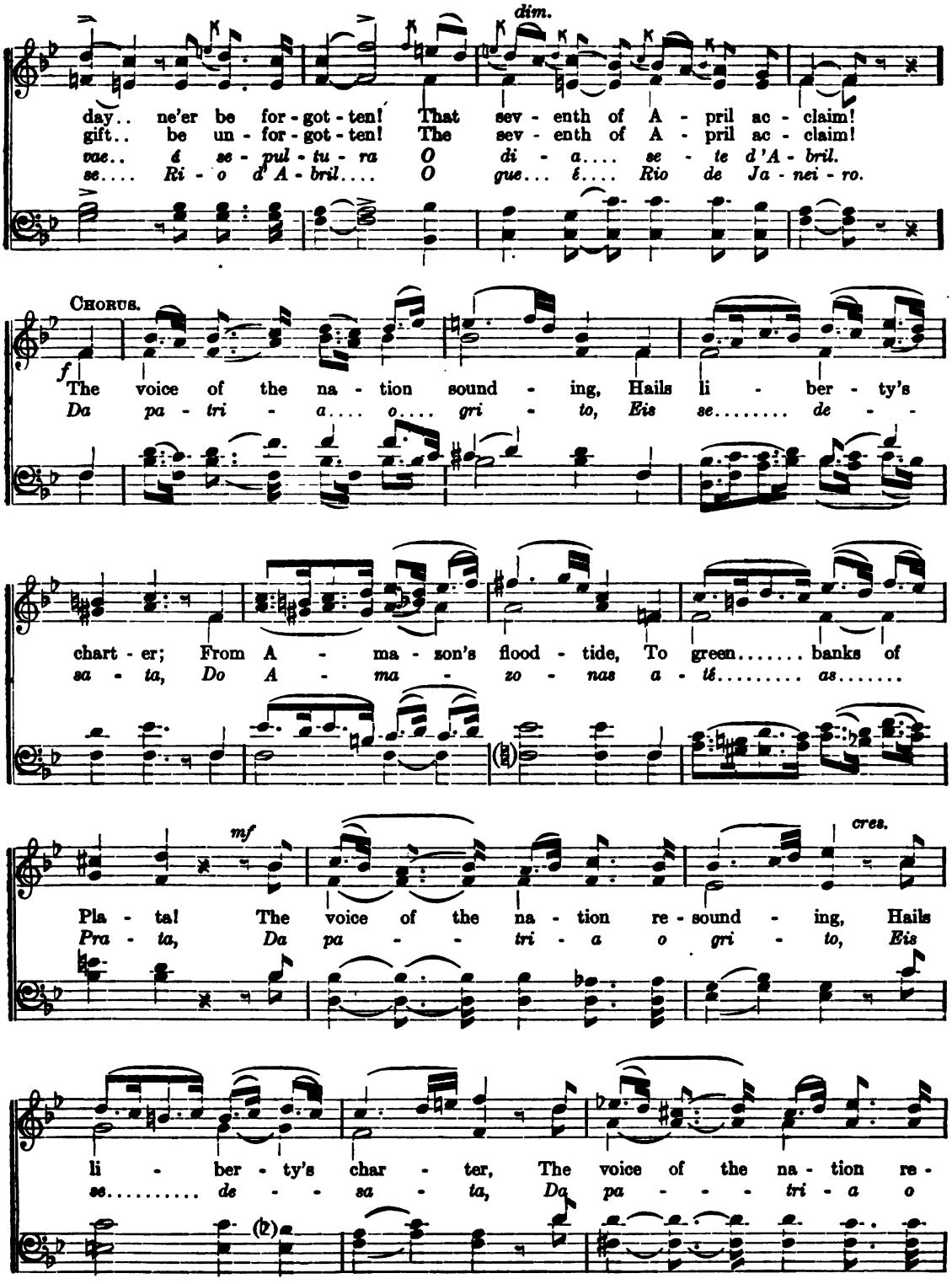
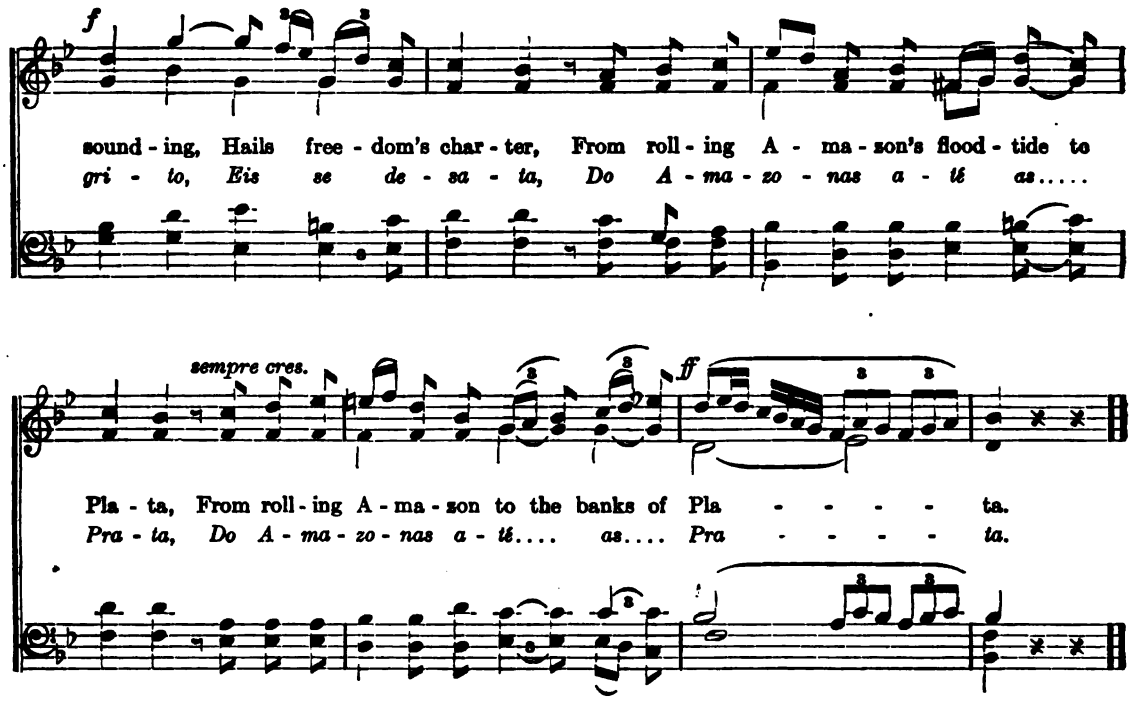
NATIONAL HYMN. BRAZIL.

dim.
day.. ne'er be for-got-ten! That sev-enth of A-pril ac-claim!
gift.. be un-for-got-ten! The sev-enth of A-pril ac-claim!
vae.. é se-pul-tu-ra O di-a.... se-te d'A-bril.
se.... Ri-o d'A-bril.... O gue... é.... Rio de Ja-nei-ro.
Chorus.
f
The voice of the na-tion sound-ing, Hails li-ber-ty's
Da pa-tri-a.... o.... gri-to, Eis se..... de--
chart-er; From A-ma-zon's flood-tide, To green..... banks of
sa-ta, Do A-ma-zo-nas a-té..... as.....
mf
cres.
Pla-ta! The voice of the na-tion re-sound-ing, Hails
Pra-ta, Da pa--tri-a o gri-to, Eis
li-ber-ty's char-ter, The voice of the na-tion re-
se..... de--sa-ta, Da pa---tri-a o

NATIONAL HYMN. BRAZIL.

f
sound - ing, Hails free - dom's char - ter, From roll - ing A - ma - son's flood - tide to
gri - to, Eis se de - sa - ta, Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té as.....
sempre cres.
ff
Pla - ta, From roll - ing A - ma - son to the banks of Pla - - - - - ta.
Pra - ta, Do A - ma - zo - nas a - té.... as.... Pra - - - - - ta.

3. Where prudence and wisdom united,
A monarch's actions declare,
There destiny will be propitious,
The land a blest future's heir!
Destiny will be propitious,
The land a blest future's heir!
Destiny will be propitious,
The land a blest future's heir!

CHO.—The voice of the nation sounding, etc.

3. *U ma regencia prudente,*
Um monarcha brasileiro,
Nos promettem venturoso
O porvir mais lisongeiro.
Nos promettem venturoso
O porvir mais lisongeiro.
Nos promettem venturoso
O porvir mais lisongeiro.

CHO.—*Da patria o grito, etc.*

4. Our souls could not brook enduring
Oppressions that freemen enslave;
And we, thus the whole world instructiug,
One fourth of it liberty gave!
And we, thus the whole world instructing,
One fourth of it liberty gave!
And we, thus the world instructing,
One fourth of it liberty gave!

CHO.—The voice of the nation sounding, etc,

4. *N'este solo não viceja*
A planta da escravidão;
A quarta parte do mundo
Deu a's tres melhor licão.
A quarta parte do mundo
Deu a's tres melhor licão
A quarta parte do mundo
Deu a's tres melhor licão.

CHO.—*Da patria o grito, etc.*

5. And generations to follow
Shall see our country great,
Yet her know in glory still mindful
Of liberty's proud natal date!
Yet her know in glory mindful
Of liberty's proud natal date!
Yet her know in glory mindful
Of liberty's proud natal date!

CHO.—The voice of the nation sounding, etc.

5. *Lançados por mãos d'escravos*
Não tememos ferros vis,
Ferve amor da liberdade
Até nas damas gentis.
Ferve amor da liberdade
Até nas damas gentis.
Ferve amor da liberdade
Até nas damas gentis.

CHO.—*Da patria o grito, etc.*

ALOHA OE.

HAWAII.

Composed by H. M. Queen Lihuokalani.
Arr. by E. J. Biedermann

Andantino.
QUARTET.
mp

1. Proud-ly swept the rain-cloud by the cliff,... As on.. it glid-ed thro' the trees,..
2. Thus sweet mem-o-ries come back to me,.... And bring re-membrance of the past,..
Ha - a - keo eka u - a i na pa - li Ke ni - hi a - e la - ika - na - he - le

poco rit.

Still.. fol-low-ing with grief the Li-ko, The.. a - i - ni - le - hua of the vale...
Dearest one, yes, thou art mine a-lone,... Our.. love for e-ter-ni-ty shall last...
E u - kai ana pa - ka - i - ka li - ko, Pu - a a - hi - hi - le - hu - a o u - ka.

CHORUS, *a tempo.*
mf 2nd time pp.

Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Thou charm-ing one who dwells a-mong the bow-ers,
A - lo - ha, oe, A - lo - ha oe, E ke o - na o - na no - ho i ka li - po,

rit.

One fond em-brace be-fore I now de-part, Un-til we meet a-gain.
One fond em-brace, a ho - i a - e au, Un - til we meet a - gain.

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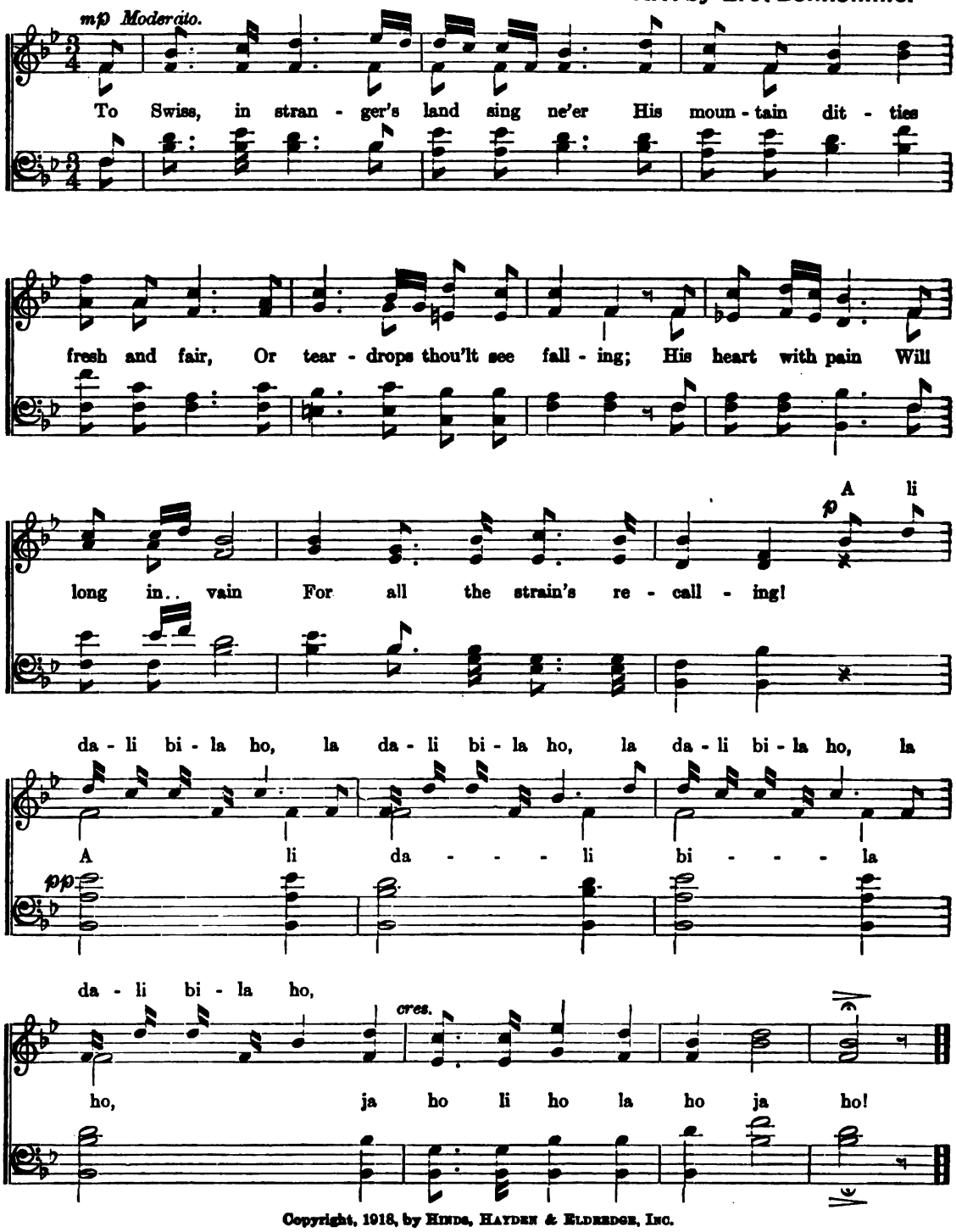
SWITZERLAND.

(HERDSMAN'S SONG.)

Arr. by E. J. Bonhomme.

mp Moderato.
To Swiss, in stran - ger's land sing ne'er His moun - tain dit - ties
fresh and fair, Or tear - drops thou'lt see fall - ing; His heart with pain Will
A li
p
long in.. vain For all the strain's re - call - ing!
da - li bi - la ho, la da - li bi - la ho, la da - li bi - la ho, la
A li da - - - li bi - - - la
pp
da - li bi - la ho,
cres.
ho, ja ho li ho la ho ja ho!

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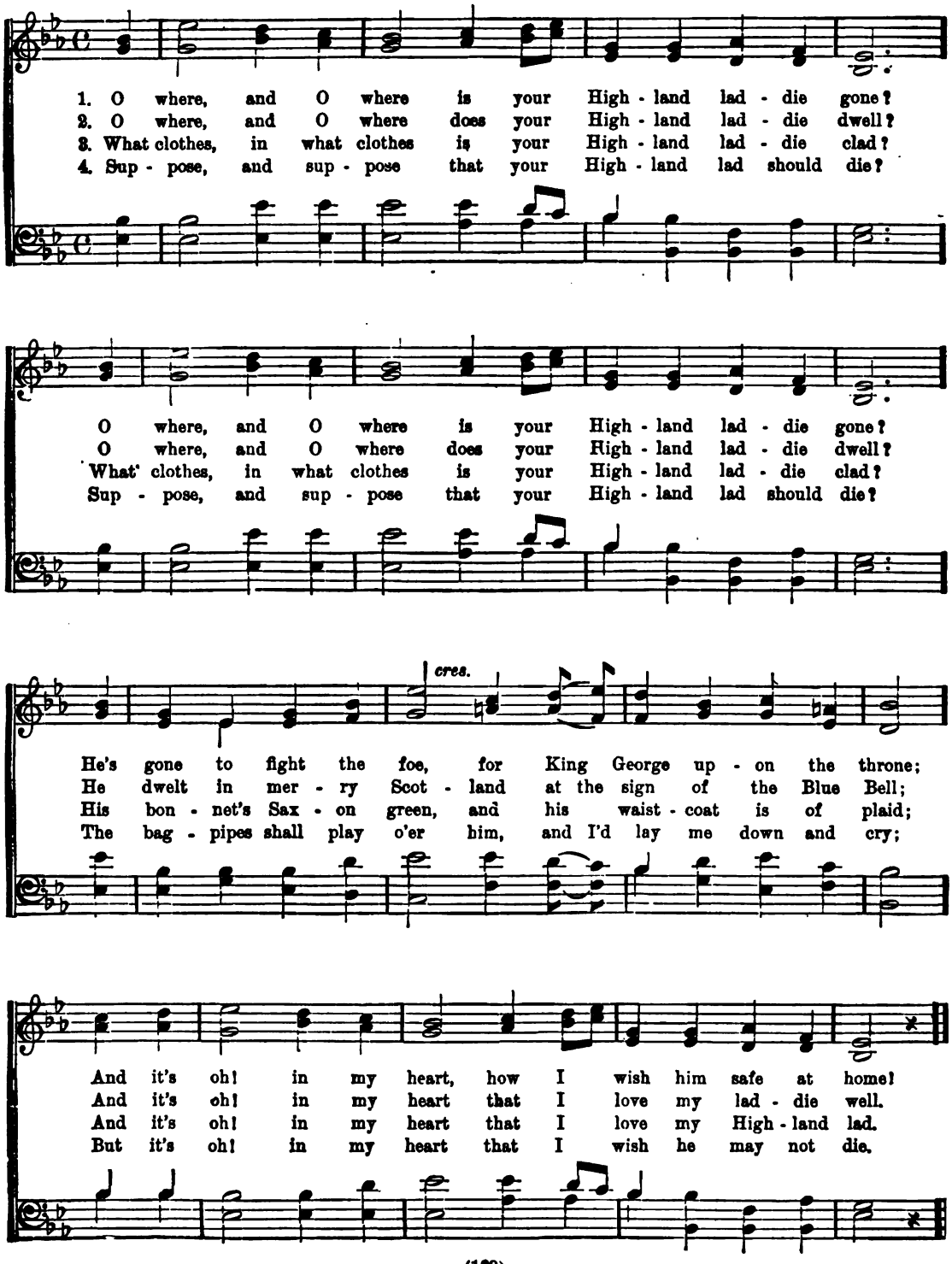
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

1. O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
2. O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?
O where, and O where is your High - land lad - die gone?
O where, and O where does your High - land lad - die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your High - land lad - die clad?
Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High - land lad should die?
cres.
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up - on the throne;
He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat is of plaid;
The bag - pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High - land lad.
But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

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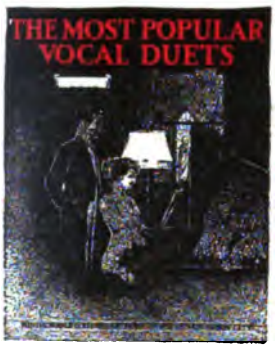
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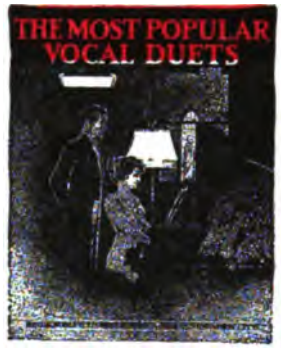

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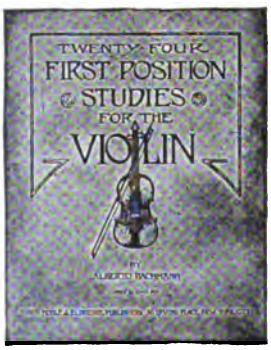

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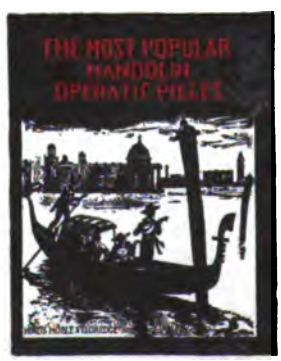

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